

LECTURES, TO YOUNG MEN.

LECTURES

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

IN EXETER HALL,

FROM NOVEMBER 1853, TO FEBRUARY 1854.

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PREFACE.

THE following Lectures are the Ninth of the Annual Series which have been delivered for the YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, and form one of its agencies for promoting the spiritual and mental improvement of Young Men.

As far as is practicable, the arrangement of the Lectures is made with a view to their twofold influence in delivery and publication. Some were specially adapted for immediate usefulness, while the value and beauty of others will be most appreciated through their careful study. To gather together, to interest, and to instruct, audiences such as those to whom these Lectures were addressed, consisting of upwards of three thousand persons, is a great privilege; and the Committee gratefully acknowledge their obligation to the most kind and able co-operation of their valued friends, the Lecturers.

With slight exceptions, the Lectures are published as delivered, and for the sentiments therein expressed, the respective Authors are alone responsible. It is the aim of the Committee to secure unity in the design and spirit pervading the whole, rather than uniformity in details; and they desire that each Lecturer should feel at liberty to set

forth truth in his own manner, in the recognition of the Word of God as the standard of thought, and word, and work.

"It has been remarked by philosophic historians, that religious improvement is the proper precursor of civil and social reform, and that the Reformation preceded what is called the Revolution in England. The observation is just and sound. The principle involved is comprehensive when considered. Christianity is a system of power and wisdom. Its Sun arose and shines as a sun of righteousness with healing on his wings. It is a light that pervades and penetrates, but only affects external relations, as it moves and influences the secret powers and inner forces which it stirs and stimulates into the energy of life and godliness. It is a power that touches the spring and the regulator; it cleans and repairs the works, and oils the wheels, before it cares to adjust the hands; and it provides for the publicity and preservation of a pure and divine standard, by which the truth on earth may ever be regulated by the unerring movements of eternity."

T. HENRY TARLTON,

HON. SECRETARY.

Young Men's Christian Association,

7 Gresham Street, City, March 1854.

*** A Copy of the Ninth Annual Report of the YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, containing Rules, &c., will be forwarded on application to Mr. W. EDWYN SHIPTON, Corresponding Secretary.

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BY THE

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PROFESSOR OF MODERN HISTORY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

IN EXETER HALL,

NOVEMBER 15, 1853.

ON

DESULTORY AND SYSTEMATIC READING.

It is an awful thing to be living in that sacred Presence which we have even now invoked. It is an awful thing to be living under the weight of the many responsibilities which He has seen fit to impose upon us. So, at least, men judge when the evening shadows of life are lengthening and closing in around them ; for, bravely as the spirit may have risen in the youthful anticipation of the tasks and of the trials awaiting us, experience seldom fails to teach that they are very arduous, and that we are very weak. Nor does it teach that lesson with regard only to the self-denying duties of our solitary or of our social existence. We are taught it also with regard to the duties—to most of us so comparatively light and easy—which we owe to the State of which we are members. A ready illustration is at hand.

Each of the last twenty-five years has been productive of changes in the various organs of our Government, so momentous as to amount collectively to nothing less than a political revolution. No one doubts that the years immediately before us are pregnant with similar, and it may be even greater, changes. They whose youth has forbidden their witnessing any except the later scenes of this eventful drama, are assuredly indulging bright hopes of a triumphal catastrophe ; to which, as they believe, their own exertions

will not a little contribute. They whose age enables them to recollect the greater part of that dark tragedy which has been enacted in France in the presence of the two latest generations of mankind, will have such hopes darkened by some melancholy presages. Observing in how many things the French and the English revolutions have already corresponded with each other, they will not be without some forebodings of a similar, but a disastrous, correspondence in their ultimate developements. Misgivings of this kind are among the appointed penalties of longevity; and yet they to whom age has brought wisdom will clearly perceive, and will gratefully acknowledge, in how many things those great national convulsions have been directly contrasted with each other.

In France this part of the divine counsels has been carried into effect by the outstretched arm of the Angel of Desolation and of Death. In England it has been committed to the ministration of the Angel of Mercy. There, the overthrow of dynasties and of institutions has again and again served only to conduct the insurgent people to some new forms of despotic government. Here, after an unbroken series of bold experiments for renovating all the popular elements of our commonwealth, we still retain the solemn trust and the high responsibilities of freedom. It is a trust to be executed in the spirit of gratitude, of vigilance, of humility, and of self-control.

For if the contrasts between the two histories be marvellous, they are, as I have already said, not without some admonitory coincidences. To one of them I especially desire to direct your attention. In France, in the reign of Louis XV., the Present was at war with the Past. New dogmas confronted the old traditions. Zealots for the one were in hostile array against zealots for the other. But the sword was as yet unsheathed, and the guillotine had not

hitherto been erected. It was still the day for calm debate and peaceful arbitrement, and the controversialists on either side were for the moment satisfied to invoke public opinion as the legitimate umpire between them. They by whom this appeal was chiefly made were the master-spirits of that age,—Montesquieu, Voltaire, D'Alembert, Diderot, Helvetius, and Rousseau. They to whom the appeal was chiefly addressed were the majority (the effective, that is, not the numerical majority) of the French people,—the men of active minds, of ardent tempers, and of persuasive discourse,—the men, each of whom, in his own city, canton, or village, ruled over his neighbours in right of his superior force of intellect, or of his greater energy of will. But this natural aristocracy, aspiring and audacious as it was, could hardly undertake to pronounce any oracular decision in favour of any doctrines whatever. Public opinion could not express itself through such lips as theirs, because they were at that time almost universally labouring under a profound, and, as it might have seemed, an incurable ignorance of all the questions in dispute. To qualify such judges to adjudicate upon such topics, it was necessary that some royal road to learning should be hewn out for them.

That arduous task was undertaken by the propagandists of the new doctrines. Those eminent writers (to use the language of Bacon) “took all knowledge for their province,” and the astonished world had to gaze on a strange revolution in the literature of Europe before it was alarmed by a revolution in the European governments. Every subject of human inquiry, however abstruse, was daily interpreted by some author either already known or aspiring to become known to fame. Laying aside her ancient, austere, and venerable garb, Learning appeared in dresses as light, as gay, and as ephemeral, as those which fluttered in the drawing-rooms of Paris. The pocket duodecimo usurped the place of

the ponderous folio. Reading became a favourite recreation instead of an arduous and self-denying duty. Every science and every art was converted from a severe study into an exhilarating entertainment. Grammar, logic, metaphysics, history, philosophy, and even religion, were rendered familiar, easy, epigrammatic, and amusing. With many books in their hands and many words in their mouths, the men of that generation had few facts in their memories, few conclusions in their understandings, and few, if any, high purposes in their souls. Between such a literature and whatever was arrogant, disloyal, impious, and impure, the alliance was immediate and complete. It gave birth to a talk like that of Babel, and prepared the way for a ruin like that of Babylon. The "gipsy jargon" of the Convention was but a new edition of those ready-made substitutes for real knowledge of which the authors of the French "Encyclopædia" had been the inventors." Never did presumptuous Ignorance so completely assume the tone, imitate the gait, and usurp the authority, of Wisdom.

For this mass of falsely pretended knowledge, we shall happily find no parallel amongst ourselves, so long as we look only to our legitimate intellectual rulers; to our men of genius and philosophy—to our Hallams, and Grotes, and Macaulays; to our Hamiltons, and Whewells, and Faradays. No writers were ever more sternly opposed to whatever is plausible, specious, and superficial merely, or more implacable antagonists of all that is either profane, or anarchical, or impure. A passing smile may, perhaps, now and then be provoked by those rapid circumnavigations of the whole world of learning upon which some of them will occasionally embark; but we feel that this is but an amiable weakness, a sort of elephantine gambol, the mere riot of gigantic strength, perfectly harmless to themselves and to others, and always associated in their own minds with the most

unaffected humility. But I am not sure that the fashion of literary omniscience, when it descends lower down in the scale of intellect and of learning, is equally inoffensive. I doubt whether our prevalent habit of reading, of speculating, and of talking about every conceivable subject of investigation, can adjust itself more safely in England, than it adjusted itself in France, to the augmented responsibilities attendant on the vast and sudden increase which has been made both in our political franchises, and in our collective and individual authority in the State. It is a habit which has made no light advance amongst us.

With such of us as can afford the money and the time it is an almost daily practice (I confess it to be my own) to enliven the breakfast-table by a canter on "The Times" over all the topics of the day. Under the guidance of the great journalist we glide smoothly on through the proceedings of all scientific and literary institutions, through the litigations in all our *causes célèbres*, through the sayings and doings of all the noticeable people amongst us, and through those crowded columns which announced the birth, or the approaching birth, of new books innumerable, embracing every subject, and conceived in every form, the best adapted to the double end of stimulating the appetite for reading, and of abridging the toil of patient inquiry. This pleasant morning office over, the Londoner (I find that I am placing myself in the confessional) may walk down to his club, there to contemplate and to marvel at the pyramids of reviews, of magazines, and of suchlike aids to literary digestion, which rise, from table to table, along the entire length of those spacious saloons. If his stroll is completed by a call at the reading-room of the British Museum, he observes that, among the books carried by the Mercury of the place to the students there, small, indeed, is the number calculated to put any strain upon their thinking powers.

If he happens to leave London for any other part of these islands, he admires on each successive railway platform the bookstalls of one and another Mr. Smith (for the book trade is turning into a Smithery among us), rich in what are called Works for the Million,—rich, that is, in Traveller's Libraries, in Household Words, in the Miscellanies of Constable, in the Journals of Chambers, in Penny Magazines, in Pocket Cyclopædias, in Readings for the Rail, in Handbooks and Romances, in the Beauties of this writer, in the Wit of that, in the Wisdom of another, and in some one or more of the hundred and odd volumes in which the History of France may now be read in the shape of so many consecutive novels. As he occasionally descends from his train, our imaginary traveller finds in whatever town he reaches (as, indeed, he might have found in London) notices of lectures to be delivered on every art or science of which Francis Bacon ascertained the state, or anticipated the progress; until at length, wending his way homewards to this interminable city of ours, he perhaps discharges an engagement to deliver here such a lecture himself. At the commencement of it may he presume, most respectfully, to inquire whether this confederacy of the newspapers, the magazines, the clubs, the reading-room, and the railways, not unaided by us lecturers, to render all men knowing and wise at the smallest possible expenditure of mental labour, will really qualify us for any of the serious duties of life, and especially for the vigilant, the humble, and the self-denying exercise of the new powers which we have derived from the English revolution of the nineteenth century?

You will not, I am sure, do me the injustice to suppose that these doubts are suggested by any failure of respect for the persons, or of interest in the studies, of those whom I have the honour to address. They are prompted by my jealousy of whatever seems to me injurious to the intellectual growth

and stature of my fellow-countrymen; in whom I reverence not merely those excellent gifts of reason and of conscience, which are, more or less, the common patrimony of all the children of our Heavenly Father, but those special gifts also of political power, and of the intellectual dominion inseparable from such power, of which Englishmen, and the descendants of Englishmen, are now the sole heirs, with no coparceners on earth. They, and they alone, have inherited, and defended, and matured constitutional liberty. To them, and to them alone, it therefore belongs to give a free and authoritative utterance to the voice of public opinion, and so to exercise that mysterious influence which attests both the contagion of thought and the dominion of thought among mankind. And since to Englishmen collectively now lies the final appeal from every human authority in England, on every question affecting our national welfare and our duties as a people, is it unreasonable to desire, or unwise to express the desire, that the vast apparatus of instruction now happily at our command, may be so contrived, and so employed, as to train us all for the right discharge of this most grave responsibility, by training each of us in at least one branch not of superficial, but of sound learning?

By sound, that is solid, learning, I mean such knowledge as relates to useful and substantial things, and as in itself is compact, coherent, all of a piece, having its several parts fitted in to each other, and mutually sustaining and illustrating one another. I mean that kind of learning which is the opposite of loose, disconnected, unsystematic, gaseous information. I am pointing to a distinction like that between the arts of navigation and of ballooning—the one steadily pursuing a definite and useful end, the other aiming at nothing but an idle and dangerous pastime—the one laboriously, though obscurely, tracking a distinct path through the mighty deep, the other ostentatiously soaring

into the pathless firmament—the one a task for men, the other a toy for children.

Thinking thus of the value of solid learning, I am anxious that we should not be aspirants after the fashionable accomplishment of literary omniscience. 'It is a pretension as extravagant as it is pernicious. Since the creation of our race three men only have appeared on earth in whom it was not a shameless effrontery to say that they "took all knowledge for their province." First among them in time, as in dignity, was that great king who won, by prayer, such wisdom as to exceed all mankind both in natural and in moral philosophy. Next came that Grecian sage who acquired for himself in the realms of thought a dominion far more universal and enduring than that which he taught his pupil Alexander to acquire over the kingdoms of the world. The throne of Aristotle had continued vacant during long centuries, when it was at length ascended by Francis Bacon. But with him that imperial dynasty became extinct. Their boundless dominion was thenceforward broken up into innumerable provinces; the complete possession of the least of which is enough to exhaust the resources, as it ought to be enough to satisfy the ambition, of any ordinary man. The question which it most concerns us to answer is, How shall every such man conquer any one of those provinces for himself?

I reply, place before an intelligent child both an English, a French, and an American globe of the planet on which we dwell. He will ask you, why it is that, in each of the three globes, the same points are touched by all the circles whose planes are parallel to that of the equator; while, in each of the three, the points touched by the several circles running from pole to pole are different. You tell him it is because England, and France, and the United States, have all placed their national observatories at or near their respec-

tive capitals. You add that each of those nations has drawn its own meridian line at this its own chosen point of observation, and you observe that therefore when a geographer of either nation looks at his globe, he ascertains the position of each spot on the earth's surface with reference, as it may happen, either to Greenwich, or to Paris, or to Washington. His own observatory is never out of his mind, to whatever distance his eye may have wandered from it. His own national meridian line is still the basis of all his measurements, however remote they may be from the capital of his country. His map of the world is still to him in every part of it a kind of national map.

The lesson we thus give to our children we may advantageously repeat to ourselves. Take the chart of human knowledge. Fix your own mental observatory on any spot in it which is most convenient to yourself, and there draw your meridian. Whatever other places on that chart you may have occasion to inspect or to visit, let that meridian be the basis to which you refer them, and the line by which you measure them. Your chart of human knowledge will then have, at least for yourself, a certain unity and consistency of plan; countless, and wide apart, and dissimilar, as may be the various regions comprised within its limits.

In what precise part of the great sphere of learning any man may choose to draw for himself this cardinal or initiatory line, is, I think, of little comparative importance. Let it only be drawn with a firm hand, and, when once drawn, let it thenceforward remain unaltered, and the author of it will have the means of grasping, and of binding indissolubly together into one well-cemented whole, all the literary or scientific acquisitions of his future life. Wherever his Greenwich may be, he will be able to ascertain, relatively to it, the bearings, the latitudes, and the longitudes of every

other place in the world of letters which at any subsequent time he may see fit to visit.

For learning is a world, and is not a chaos. The various accumulations of human knowledge are not so many detached masses. They are all connected parts of one great system of truth; and though that system be infinitely too comprehensive for any one of us to compass, yet each component member of it bears to every other component member relations which each of us may, in his own department of study, search out and discover for himself. A man is really and soundly learned in exact proportion to the number and to the importance of those relations which he has thus carefully examined and accurately understood. A well-judging man, therefore, will draw his meridian line, or, to change the figure, will open his trunk line of study in such a direction, that, while habitually adhering to it, he may enjoy a ready access to such other fields of knowledge as are most nearly related to it, and as, by means of it, he can most readily penetrate.

For this, amongst other reasons, I venture to recommend to those of my hearers who may hitherto have been turning over books, reviews, magazines, and newspapers with no definite purpose, and therefore with little if any mental nutriment or mental growth, that they betake themselves to the study of Modern History. Modern History! you exclaim. "Nothing like leather," said the tanner of old; and nothing like the History of these later ages, says the Historical Professor of Cambridge. Well! I admit that my advice does smell of the shop; but of all the smells a man can bear about him, commend me to that. When any one talks of his own trade, he at least usually knows something of what he is talking about. I hope it is so in some little measure with myself. The trade which I now carry on was not, indeed, my original calling. I took it up

in the evening of a life of which the morning had been spent at the Bar, and the noontide in the business of the State. But, from an early period, I had acted on the counsels which I now offer to you. I soon drew my meridian line. I took the History of Europe, since the overthrow of the Roman Empire, as the basis of my readings. To that basis I more or less referred whatever else I read. It was not without some tacit reference to it that I perused many a brief, and wrote still more dispatches; and therefore it was that when the time had come at which it behoved me to quit my public employments, I was judged by others not unworthy, however little worthy in fact, to be associated with such men as Whewell and Sedgwick, as Peacock and Willis, in their high and honourable office (the highest and the most honourable to which I have ever attained) of training up the youth of their and my University for the right discharge of some of the most important functions to which Englishmen are called. To my pupils there I have said, as I now say to you, that history considered as a subject of study has this peculiar excellence, that it may be readily grafted upon every other branch of knowledge, and that every other branch of knowledge may be readily grafted upon it. Whatever may be the windings of a man's path, literary, scientific, professional, or mercantile, they can never conduct him to any point on which his knowledge of the public occurrences of former times will not throw some light, or which will not reflect back some light on those occurrences.

One of the young men whom I see before me has, I will suppose, anticipated this advice, and has resolved to devote his leisure hours to the study of the History of England. A wise and a happy resolution! He could choose no annals better adapted for his purpose. Those of Greece may be more heroical, those of France far more entertaining, those

of Spain more romantic, those of the Papacy more full of solemn warnings, those of Germany more replete with events directly affecting the whole European Continent. But the records of the deeds of our own forefathers teach, above all other such records, how the Church and the State may be well governed, wisely reformed, valiantly defended, and perseveringly maintained. Let the student of our history digress into what other fields he will (for I neither expect nor advise an exclusive culture of that one field), he may still gather in them all something relevant to that his main pursuit. If, for example, he learns to read the language, and becomes acquainted with the manners, of Germany, it will illustrate for him the characters of Edwin, and Alfred, and Athelstane, otherwise hardly to be understood. If he acquires any knowledge of the story of Pope Hildebrand and of his immediate successors, he will the better comprehend the reigns of William the Conqueror, of Henry II., and of John. If he looks into the mediæval poetry, it will reveal to him much of the true character of Richard Cœur de Lion and of his crusades. A summer ramble through this island may render intelligible to him what he has read of the fields of Hastings or of Bannockburn, of Flodden or of Bosworth, of Edgehill or of Marston Moor. Should he conceive a taste for Church architecture, his mind's eye may be enlightened to see that glorious spectacle which the English chroniclers have vainly attempted to describe to him, but on which our ancestors once gazed with a just, though it was a fond and superstitious enthusiasm. He will see the cities of our land crowned with churches like those of Evesham, and many of her quiet meadows embellished with monasteries like that of Fountains Abbey. A visit to Windsor or Beauvoir, or Alton Towers or Hatfield, will enable him to contemplate what was once the living aspect of the great men

with whose actions Hall or Holinshed, or Clarendon or Burnet, have already made him familiar. An armory will show him by what weapons we conquered at Crécy and at Agincourt. Geography will enable him to follow the triumphs of our Henrys and Edwards, or the discoveries of our Raleighs and Drakes, of our Cooks and Ansons. Botany will reveal to him the flora of England, and much of the agricultural resources of England, as they existed in each successive century. Political economy will explain to him many things otherwise inexplicable in our annals; as, for example, the social effects of the dissolution of the monasteries, and of the consequent poor-law; while an attentive perusal of Blackstone will throw for him a flood of light over the whole course of our domestic history. In short, let such a student go where he will, read what he will, enjoy what rational amusement he will, and let him only bring to bear on the elucidation of his main subject all the collateral lights which, in the course of such pursuits, may fall in his way, and he has my full consent to his reading all the pocket libraries which all the Booksmiths of our days have hammered out for the use of railway travellers. Let him but carefully bind together into sheaves whatever he may glean to his purpose from such desultory readings (for some desultory reading must be conceded to us all), and let him accumulate those sheaves to his historical harvest, and he will become as well entitled to the praise of sound learning, and will, in his measure, as certainly enjoy the advantages of it, as if, in the extent and value of his literary wealth, he could emulate those eminent scholars whose names have so long rendered the schools of Oxford and of Cambridge illustrious.

Nevertheless, there must of course be some limits to these deviations from the more direct and habitual course of any man's intellectual pursuits. In order to know any-

thing, one must resolve to remain ignorant of many things. From his occasional digressions from the study of the History of England, the student of that history must resolutely exclude many books and many topics. But there is one such digression which, in my judgment, he should not decline; on the contrary, I think it a digression to be frequently and assiduously made. Yet it is the least rugged of all the by-paths which the historical student can tread. I hold that no man can have any just conception of the History of England who has not often read, and meditated, and learnt to love, the great Poets of England. The greatest of them, such as Chaucer, Shakspeare, Massinger, George Herbert, Milton, Cowley, Dryden, Pope, and Burns, often throw more rich and brilliant colours, and sometimes even more clear and steady lights, on the times and the doings of our forefathers, than are to be gathered out of all the chroniclers together, from the Venerable Bede, to the Philosophical Hume. They are at least the greatest and the best commentators on those chroniclers. If this statement sounds to you like an exaggeration, listen to the defence I have to make of it.

So much has been said and written of late upon the distinction between what is *objective* and what is *subjective* in literature, that we are sometimes tempted to hand it over to the region of Caht or of Shams, or to pitch it into that other and yet darker gulf of "Humbug," into which we are so much accustomed to plunge whatever is strange to our own individual habits of thinking. Yet it is a distinction which has a good measure of sound sense in it. For it is one thing to write about the external objects and events around me; it is another thing to write about the thoughts which those objects and events have suggested to me. It is one thing to look abroad, and another to look within. The first of these employments of the mind is the primary and chief office of

the Historian, the other is the primary or chief office of the Poet. No historian or poet, indeed, is of the highest rank who does not, to some extent, combine in himself each of these mental habits; but every great historian or great poet exercises himself chiefly in the one or the other of them which it is his own appropriate duty to cultivate. For the political, military, and social movements of each generation of men—that is, their history—are the result of the influence exercised over them by the spirit of the age in which they live—that is, the aggregate of the thoughts, feelings, and propensities, which then happen to be dominant in the minds of the people. Those movements are recorded by the Historian; that spirit is expressed by the Poet. The one describes the effects of the impelling power; the other seizes, analyses, and depicts the power itself. History is the complement of Poetry, and Poetry is the complement of History. A divorce between the two is fatal to the beauty and to the life of both.

This may sound a little abstruse, but a few examples will render it clear. • Thus, from the author of the book of Judges we learn what was the progress and what the result of the war between Jabin, king of Canaan, and the children of Israel; but it is from the Song of Deborah we discover what was the devout confidence, what the holy indignation, and what the fierce resentment, by which the conquerors were animated. The acts of Uzziah, Jotham, Ahaz, and Hezekiah, are they not written in the book of the Chronicles of the Kings of Judah? But the passions, good or evil, of their subjects, the exulting joy with which they foresaw the descent of the King of Babylon into Hades, and the faith which made the future advent of the Messiah a present and a glorious reality to them, are they not depicted in the prophecies of the inspired Isaiah? From the writer of the second book of Kings we learn how the Jews

were carried away captive in the days of Zedekiah; but it is the Psalmist alone who makes known to us how they "sat down by the waters of Babylon and wept, when they remembered thee, oh Sion!"

Or to pass to less sacred instances. Homer exhibits to us all the characteristics of his countrymen—their antipathy to their Asiatic neighbours, their love of war, of wisdom, of eloquence, of intrigue, and of nautical adventure. The great tragedians of Greece reveal to us their people's exquisite sense of beauty, and their faith in an awful, an almighty, but an impersonal power, called *Fate*, controlling the Olympic gods, whom they at once admired and despised, worshipped and disbelieved. Virgil discovers to us the rural habits and the refined tastes of the later Romans, and gives us an example of that homage to the new or imperial majesty (the supposed Guardian of Peace and of Law) with which they consoled themselves under their irreparable loss of freedom. Dante gives utterance to the passionate desire of the Italian people to escape, or at least to rebuke, the spiritual tyranny of Rome, and to clothe even the most barbarous of her legends under some forms of solemnity and of grace, beneath which their inherent deformity might be hidden. Ariosto is the interpreter of the spirit of a nation, which, after struggling in vain for civil and intellectual freedom, was seeking relief and self-forgetfulness in the wildest dreams of a sportive imagination. And Goethe represents to us a race of men who, proudly conscious of powers for which, in the great arena of the political world, they had found no successful exercise, were striving to raise themselves above their more fortunate rivals by an ostentatious familiarity with all the mysteries which overhang the daily path of common life, or which connect us with the unseen realities of other modes of existence. Had, then, the great poets of England no corresponding errand to express

the thoughts and the feelings which from age to age had the mastery over the minds of their fellow-countrymen? My own belief is, that they had such a commission, and that they executed it with incomparable skill and beauty.

Will you bear with me if I attempt to vindicate this belief of mine by some few illustrations? Will you acquit me of deviating from my proper subject in search of flowers, if I lay before you some proofs that a man who has concentrated his reading on some one systematic pursuit, may indulge with advantage (if only he indulges with self-control) those desultory habits which would otherwise be fatal to his learning and to his wisdom. My indications of this general truth will, indeed, all be drawn from a solitary topic. I am about to prosecute the hypothesis that I am addressing some one who has taken the annals of our own country as his meridian line of study. I wish to show to him how much those annals may be illuminated by Chaucer, and Shakespeare, and Dryden, and how he may thus render the delights of literature subservient to the most severe of his literary labours. If the general principle can be verified or rendered clear by such examples, every other student will be able to find and to multiply indefinitely other illustrations of it, bearing on the central topic, whatever that may be, of his own inquiries.

Take, then, the period which elapsed between the years 1328 and 1400. They include the French and the Scotch conquests of Edward III.—his improvement of the laws and constitution of the realm—the minority of Richard II.—the insurrection of Wat Tyler—the deposition of the young king—the usurpation of the House of Lancaster—and the preaching and attempted reforms of Wicliffe. You have, I will suppose, studied these events in Knygton, and Heming, and Walsingham, and Cotton; in the glowing pages of Froissart, or in the abridgements of Hume, of Sharon

Turner, and of Lingard; or in the life of Wicliffe by my eloquent, indefatigable, and very learned friend, Dr. Vaughan, the Principal of the Independent College at Manchester. Excellent books, in their various kinds; but after reading them all, what do you really know of the people of England of that era—of their living spirit—of their inner life—of their modes of thinking and acting—of their domestic, their familiar, and their daily habits? Yet, to an historical student, this is a knowledge of far more value than any which relates to the march of armies, to the cabals of Parliaments, to the enactment of laws, or even to the disputes of theologians. Has, then, no one transmitted that knowledge to us?

The seventy-two years to which I have referred exactly coincide with the lifetime of Geoffrey Chaucer—a man of liberal education, engaged in no particular calling, possessed of an easy fortune, and connected by marriage with John of Gaunt, the great friend and patron of Wicliffe,—a man, therefore, who had the amplest means, as he had the keenest wit and the most restless curiosity, for studying the character of his fellow-countrymen. Would you know what was the aspect in which the England of those days presented itself to him?—Read the prologue to his *Canterbury Tales*. There you will find the poet at the Tabard Inn, in Southwark, seated at the landlord's table, one of a large company of guests, some of high and some of low degree. There were present priests, lawyers, physicians, merchants, scholars, nuns, ladies, carpenters, dyers, tapsters, cooks, and seamen. The jolly host, agreeing with his messmates that a pilgrimage to the shrine of Saint Thomas à Becket would be very healthful to the soul, offers to accompany and to guide them thither; but he thinks that their penitence will be none the less effective for a little merriment by the way. So, at his suggestion, they agree that each pilgrim shall tell some good story as they travel along, and that on their return to London the best

story-teller shall be treated by the rest to a handsome supper at the Tabard. The book is an imaginary record of these pleasant tales; of which, however, in passing, I am bound to say that some of them must be unfit for the perusal of any one who properly respects and cherishes his own mental purity, since the remembrance of their dissolute character haunted and agonised the dying moments of their great author. But the prologue is inoffensive. It contains a minute description of his fellow-travellers. Let us see how far they elucidate the history of Edward III. and of Richard II.

First, let me introduce you to the Franklin, or small land-owner of those days, reminding you that the language is that of our forefathers four hundred and fifty years ago, and therefore a little rugged. I will, however, read it as it stands, with the change only of an obsolete word or two:—

“ His bread, his ale, was always after one,
A better envied man was nowhere none.
Withouten bake meat never was his house,
Of fish and flesh; and that so plenteous,
It snowed in his house of meat and drink,
Of all the dainties that men could of think.
His table, dormant in his hall, alway
Stood ready covered all the longe day.”

Now for the Squire:—

“ Embroidered was he, as it were a mede
All full of freshe flowers, white and red,
Singing he was, or flaunting all the day;
He was as fresh as is the month of May.”

Take next the Oxford Clerk or Scholar:—

“ As le-an was his horse as is a rake,
And he was not right fat, I undertake;
For he had gotten him no benefice,
Nor was thought worthy, to have an office.

For him was ever had at his bed's head,
 A twenty books clothed in black or red.
 Of study took he moste care and heed,
 Nor a word spake he more than what was need.
 Sounding in moral virtue was his speech,
 And gladly would he learn, and gladly teach."

The Physician next makes his appearance :—

"He knew the cause of every malady,
 Were it of cold, or hot, or moist, or dry;
 And when engendered, and of what humour,
 He was a very perfect practiser."

We now turn to the Ecclesiastics, and first (as befits her dignity) to the Prioress :—

"She was so charitable and so piteous,
 She would weep if that she saw a mouse
 Caught in a trap, if it were dead or bled.
 Of smalle houndes had she that she fed
 With roasted flesh, and milk, and wassail bread;
 But sore wept she if one of them were dead,
 Or if men smote it with a yarde smart;
 And all was conscience and tender heart."

To the lady succeeds the Monk :—

"I saw his sleeves perfumed at the hand
 With greage, and that the finest in the land,
 And, for to fasten his hood, 'neath his chin
 He had of gold ywrought a curious pin,—
 A love-knot in the greater end there was.
 His head was bald, and shone as any glass."

The Monk is followed by the Friar :—

"Full sweetly hearde he confession,
 And pleasant was his absolution,
 For many a man so hard is at his heart,
 He cannot weep, though sorely he may smart;
 Therefore, instead of weeping and prayers,
 Men might give silver to the poore friars"

Last of all, I introduce the Parson, or, as we should say nowadays, the parish clergyman :—

“ A good man there was of religion,
That was a poore parson of a town ;
But rich he was of holy thought and work ;
He was also a learned man, a clerk
That Christe's Gospel truely would preach,
His parishes devoutly would he teach.
Benign he was, and wondrous diligent,
And in adversity full patient.
His parish wide, the houses far asunder,
But he ne'er left none, for no rain or thunder.
And though he holy was and virtuous,
He was to sinful men not despitous ;
To drawn folk to heaven with fairenesse,
By good example was his businesse ;
For Christe's love and his apostles twelve,
He taught ; but first he followed it himself.”

Now all this is of course fiction ; and what else were the novels of Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne, a hundred years ago ; and what else are those of Mr. Dickens now ? But as surely as Squire Allworthy and Partridge, and Matthew Bramble and Winnifred Jenkins, and Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim, and Mistress Nickleby and Mr. Squeers, are severally portraits drawn by those artists from originals of their own times, so surely are the story-tellers who travel with mine host of the Tabard to Canterbury genuine pictures of the men and women with whom Chaucer was familiar.

Observe, then, what, in addition to the delight of reading such passages of such poetry, is the historical instruction we gain from them. They show us that four hundred and fifty years ago the different ranks of society were drawn much more closely together than at present, since knights and prioresses, squires and serjeants-at-law, are supposed as a matter of course to sit down to supper, in all loving asso-

ciation, with carpenters, tapsters, cooks, sailors, and ploughmen. They show, therefore, that, in that remote age, all Englishmen could respect each other as freemen, while France and Germany were peopled with bondsmen (called by the French *roturiers*), of not much more account than the serfs in Russia, or the ryots in Hindostan, at this day. They show that the middle classes of the rural society, the franklins and squires, were living in great and even excessive abundance, though, as we may infer, with few other than animal gratifications, as these alone are celebrated. They show, however, that even then learning, real or supposed, was the object of respect even to those who were themselves unlearned; and that the learned professions (as we now call them) were held in reverence by those remote ancestors of ours to whom the poet addressed himself—for the wits never trouble themselves to flout and jeer any class of persons, excepting those who occupy a high place in public estimation. These passages further show that our forefathers were already laughing at the superstitions they practised; and that, therefore, even in Chaucer's time, there were not wanting some sure omens of their approaching downfall. They show that the resentment against friars, monks, abbesses, and pardoners, which a hundred years later overthrew the monasteries, was even then working deeply in the national mind. And they further show that Englishmen in the fourteenth century loved and honoured their parish priests, even as we love and honour them now. Much beside this they show, but tell me from what history of England you can learn the same facts, I will not say as vividly and impressively, but even as accurately, and on evidence of as much inherent weight and solid value?

As we are engaged with poetry, you will allow me the poetical license of overleaping at a bound the next two

hundred years, and placing you in England in the year 1600. They have been eventful centuries. They have witnessed the loss of the English dominion in France,—the civil wars of the Roses,—the destruction in those wars of nearly all the old nobility,—the invention of the art of printing,—the revival of learning,—the union of all the European States in one great, though tacit, international confederacy,—the Reformation,—the establishment of it in Great Britain,—and the accession of the Tudor dynasty to the English crown. Elizabeth was now reigning, though drawing near to her end. You may have studied her reign in Camden, Burnet, Heylin, Strype, Sir Simon D'Ewes, and Knox; in Bacon's letters, in Birch's Memoirs, in M. Mignet's beautiful "Life of Mary Queen of Scots," and in other works innumerable. In which of them have you found a living, moving picture of the England of which they write? Have they made you acquainted with the mind which agitated that busy mass; with the cherished hopes and fears; with the character, the purposes, the deep-seated energies, the prevalent opinions, the active moral sentiments, the true heart and soul, of the English people? I think not. But is there, then, no teacher of these vital truths? Had Elizabeth no subject who could exhibit to his own age, and to all future ages, the very shape and body of the time, its form and pressure?

There was then living that man to whom the eternal Fountain of all wisdom had seen fit to impart a soul, in which, as in a mirror, were concentrated all the lights radiating from every point of human observation, and from which, as from a mirror, those lights were reflected back in every possible combination of beauty and sublimity, of wisdom and of wit, of pathos and of humour. Shakspeare, in the full maturity of his genius, was then completing the noblest literary monument which it has ever been permitted

to any uninspired man to erect for the illumination of his brethren of mankind, and, I scruple not to add, for the glory of the Giver of every good and perfect gift. For, though it be true that his plays are occasionally tarnished by some of the impurities of his age (the addition, not improbably, of meaner hands than his own), yet it is also true, that these are but local blemishes, which may be readily swept away, or passed over; that he has written nothing in any of his dramas tending to confound or to impair the eternal distinctions between good and evil, but that he has written much to render virtue inimitably lovely, and to render vice unutterably hateful. But, to return to my more immediate subject, the knowledge of his times, for which we are indebted to him, far exceeds in real importance, whatever else we know respecting them. It is a theme hardly to be approached without the risk of endless redundancy, yet it is not a theme entirely to be passed over in silence.

In that wondrous throng and succession of personages whom his imagination called into existence, many bear foreign names, and are made to act in remote ages or in distant lands. But there is not one of them whose parentage may not be readily traced to the mind of an Englishman of the Elizabethan era. While assigning to each, with exquisite felicity, the modes of thought and action, characteristic of the period and of the place in which they are supposed to live, he depicts them all with an insight into the heart of man, so profound, with a charity so universal, with a variety of portraiture so boundless, and with such a prodigality of mental resources, as to attest, not only that the mighty artist was drawing from the living forms of nature, but that those forms were the noblest, the most picturesque, and the most varied, to which nature had ever given birth in the land of his nativity. Not merely were Falstaff, and Falconbridge, and Richard III., and Wolsey, our fellow-countrymen, but

Hamlet and Othello, the melancholy Jaques and Mercutio, Brutus and Cleopatra—natives of lands and of ages the most remote from ours—are evidently pictures from the easel of one to whom such men and such authors as Bacon, Raleigh, Sidney, and Spenser, were familiar; of one who numbered among his companions such wits as Jonson, and Chapman, and Fletcher, and Donne; and of one who, after growing up in central England, in the days of her greatest originality, had become a resident of London, in the days of her greatest intellectual vigour. While every one of his dramas, and almost every one of his characters, exhibits what is permanent and universal in our nature as men, it also exhibits whatever was peculiar and distinctive in the nature of the Englishman of his own generation. Read them in this light, and how do they illuminate the whole series of the Elizabethan chronicles?

The English ladies of those times present themselves to you under names of which the mere catalogue has an irresistible charm—Miranda, Isabella, Beatrice, Jessica, Rosalind, Juliet, Ophelia, Desdemona—the very models of female grace and tenderness, and strength of heart, and purity. The English cavalier appears on the stage in the persons of Claudio and Benedict, of Orlando and Mercutio, each of them, in his own way, a Philip Sidney, doubly armed with the sword and with the pen. The English statesmen are shadowed forth in the forms of Vincentio, and Bolingbroke, and Hastings, and Stanley, and Polonius—men of large experience, of wide foresight, and of deep subtlety, but ceasing to be worshipful as soon as they pass from their cabinets into the outer world. The English Protestant divines are not dramatised at all, because the poet could or would not descend to the level of a Sir Martin Marprelate; but the monastic English clergy of the Roman Catholic faith (to which, assuredly, he did not himself

belong), are frequently and invariably personated as kind, gentle, and beneficent ministers of religion, under the names of Balthazzar and Lawrence, and many others, to attest his universal sympathy for whatever was praiseworthy and lovely, however much it might be misrepresented, or derided, or even persecuted, by others.

But, passing from the noble and the great, Shakspeare delighted, above all things, to paint the commonalty of his native land,—those to whom we now give the glorious title of the working classes,—those, that is, who earn their own living by the labour of the mind or by the labour of the hand. His parents, though rich enough to afford him the blessing of a good education, were not of such rank as to detach him in early life from the society of the petty chapmen, mechanics, peasants, shepherds, and serving-men of his native town and its vicinity. He has accordingly depicted them in almost all his tragic, no less than in all his comic dramas. Would you enter a party of the small gentry of a country town in England in those days?—there are Master Ford and Master Page of Windsor, with their saucy wives, to receive and entertain you. Are you curious about the fireside amusements of the common people of their times?—you have but to enter into the company of Robin Goodfellow and Peasblossom, Snug the Joiner, Bottom the Weaver, and Snout the Tinker. Is it your fancy to witness the humours of a country magistrate's court under our great Queen?—you have but to listen to Mr. Justice Shallow, and to suppose the incomparable Dogberry and Verges to be acting as his constables. Would you have a notion of the servants' hall as it was then peopled?—Launcelot Gobbo and Grumio, and Fabyan and Tranio, will do the honours of it for you. Or do you prefer a talk with those who handled the spade or tended the sheep of our ancestors?—what better companions could you desire than the gravediggers, or Touchstone, with his

friends William, and Phœbe, and Audrey? Or if you are inquisitive about the tavern festivities of our forefathers, enter the Boar in Eastcheap, or the hostel of Mistress Quickly. Choose for yourself which of the many faces of Old England, or, as it was then called, Merry England, you would have set before you, and Shakspeare will present it to you, not in the shape of solemn dissertation or wearisome statistics, but such as it really was—a scene crowded with living men and women, plying their several tasks, animated by their various passions, wooing, merry-making, trafficking, sorrowing, laughing, scolding, and moralising, just as men and women really did two hundred and fifty years ago. The perusal of his plays, for this purpose, differs from the study of the ordinary histories of our native land, as a visit to the now visible city of Pompeii differs from the examination of a treatise on Roman antiquities. Those dramas are not, however, to be considered only as the most fascinating of spectacles. To those who know how to search for it, they will further impart much, and most significant, historical knowledge.

For example, they show in what high reverence the royal person and authority were held amongst us in the reign of Elizabeth. They show that the great civil franchises which had, even then, been won, and transmitted through centuries, to the people at large, were *not* then among the commonplaces of popular thought, and discourse, and writing. They show that the distinctions of social rank were in those days deeply drawn and scrupulously maintained. They show that the usurpations of the Papacy were vehemently denounced even by those who regarded with the largest charity the ministers of the ancient faith. They show that our forefathers had not learnt our modern affectation of a liberalism so cosmopolitan as to shrink from celebrating, in the loftiest strains, the greatness, the glory, and

the happiness of England. They show that the stage had assumed that public censorship which had once belonged to the pulpit, and which in our days belongs to the press—a censorship, indeed, which even in the hands of Shakspeare was general, and indirect, and cautious, but which he exercised to pronounce sentences not of ephemeral but of immortal authority. They show, above all other things, that the great principle of self-government had already taken full possession of the public mind, and was already in active operation amongst us; that the whole body of the English people, though saying nothing about Magna Charta and anticipating no Bill of Rights, were animated by the genuine spirit of freedom, pursuing their own chosen paths, indulging their own humours, feeling but little pressure from their government, ignorant of all the Continental degradations of caste, and living with each other on terms becoming men, who felt that they were all free, and that in the eye of the law they were all equal. In short, no man can read Shakspeare's plays attentively without perceiving that the dramatist has brought him into a company of persons nearly allied to that extraordinary race of men who acted on the theatre of public life in the very next generation; that the Shakspearian *dramatis personæ* might well have given birth to the Cavaliers and Roundheads of the seventeenth century; that the courtiers and churchmen of his stage are near of kin to the Falklands and the Hydes, to the Wentworths and the Lauds, of the court and cabinet of Charles I.; that his dramatic soldiers, and gentlemen, and philosophers, are of the same blood and lineage as the Cromwells and the Hutchinsons, the Hampdens and the Vanes, the Prynnes and the Bastwicks, of the civil wars; and that the tragic or comic heroes, drawn by Shakspeare from the middle ranks of life, are the legitimate fathers of the men and women who founded the English settlements on the North American continent.

I make no especial reference to the plays which dramatise the wars of York and Lancaster, because the latest of the events to which they refer was more than a hundred years earlier than the birth of Shakspeare, and because he is, therefore, not a personal witness to the spirit of those times ; yet, in passing, I would observe that, even if read as histories, those plays are of the highest value, utterly as the writer of them sets at nought every date and every fact which stands in the way of the dramatic effect which he intended to produce. The peculiar value of them is, that they exhibit the romance of history in its most attractive forms, saturated with the philosophy of history in its deepest principles. The great Duke of Marlborough might have made without a blush his celebrated avowal, that those plays were the only History of England of which he knew anything ; if he could as truly have said (would that he could have said !) that he had imbibed the lessons of magnanimity and of wisdom which they were so evidently designed, and are so admirably calculated, to convey.

Much as Shakspeare abounds in illustrations of the general aspects of English society in his own days, and largely as he contributes to render intelligible to us the general basis or ground-work on which all our historians or chroniclers erected their narratives of particular events, he is, however, not a frequent commentator on the passing occurrences of his own times. Some passages, indeed, there are, familiar to us all, in which he gave utterance to the emotions with which the bosoms of his contemporaries were heaving. Such is Banquo's prophecy of the accession of the house of Stuart to the English and the Irish crowns. Such is the stern rebuke of the tyranny and the superstitions of Papal Rome, provoked by the excommunication which the Pope had fulminated against Elizabeth. Such, also, is the noble burst of patriotic enthusiasm in which, like a true-hearted English-

man as he was, he celebrated the defeat of the Armada; and such (as I believe with Warburton) his superb compliment to Elizabeth (the Crowned Vestal), qualified by an allusion to her rival, Mary (the Mermaid), and to the ruin in which her fascinations had involved the Duke of Norfolk, and the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland. Will you forgive my repeating to you the exquisite language in which Oberon, the fairy king, is made to say all this to Puck his follower?—

“ My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou remember’st
 Since once I sat upon a promontory,
 And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin’s back,
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
 That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
 And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
 To hear the sea-maid’s music?

Puck. I remember.

Oberon. That very time I saw (but thou couldst not)
 Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
 Cupid all arm’d: a certain aim he took
 At a fair Vestal, throned by the west;
 And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
 But I might see young Cupid’s fiery shaft
 Quench’d in the chaste beams of the watery moon;
 And the imperial votaress passed on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy-free.”

But though Shakspeare might thus for a moment stoop from his high career to offer to his sovereign the homage due to her real greatness as a queen, and to her imaginary loveliness as a woman, his was too large a soul to be contracted into the dimensions of a journalist, even if journalism had been a craft with which the stage would, in his days, have been permitted to intermeddle. Yet his commentators dispute whether there are not at least two other memorable exceptions to his habitual silence on the passing events of

his times, and whether we may not read in "King John," and in "As You Like It," the judgments he had formed on the execution of Mary and on the fall of Essex. The inquiry may, perhaps, merit, and reward, your passing attention.

It was on the 7th February, 1587, that Mary laid her head on the block in the hall of Fotheringay Castle. The writers of those days describe, in the strongest terms, the apparent surprise and resentment of Elizabeth on receiving that intelligence. Her grief exhibited itself first in mute astonishment, and then in lamentable wailings. She chased her ministers from her presence. She accused them of having put her dear kinswoman to death, contrary to her fixed purpose. She prosecuted Secretary Davison for having despatched to Fotheringay, without her consent, the death-warrant which he had prevailed on her to sign. She obtained a judgment condemning him to pay to herself a fine of 10,000*l.*, and to be imprisoned during her pleasure; and she actually caused that sentence to be executed to the letter. I suppose that no one now doubts that all this was but base hypocrisy and cruel injustice. But what was the popular opinion of those days? The pulpit and the press were silent, or subservient to the Queen. Did the stage give any utterance to the public feelings?

Warburton thinks that, in the play of "King John," Shakspeare endeavoured to ingratiate himself with Elizabeth by adopting and echoing her charge against Davison. That play first appeared in 1598, that is, about eleven years after Mary's death. In the third act, the king darkly intimates to Hubert his desire for the assassination of his nephew and rival, Arthur. In the fourth act, Hubert apprises the king of the universal horror and discontent which had been produced by the execution of his fatal

orders ; and John, in the following terms, throws on his too ready instrument the responsibility for the murder :—

“ It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life,
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law ; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advised respect.”

Hubert answers :—

“ Here is your hand and seal for what I did.
The King. Oh ! when the last account ’twixt heaven
and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation !
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes deeds ill done ! Hadst *thou* not been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature marked,
Quoted, and signed, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind.
But taking note of thy abhorred aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable, to be employed in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur’s death ;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.
Hadst thou but shook thine head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed ;
Or turned an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me ;
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin ;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name,—
Out of my sight, and never see me more ! ”

Now, observe that the whole of this scene is a pure invention, and that there is no authority in the historians of King John's reign for the participation of such a person as Hubert in Arthur's murder,—if indeed Arthur was really murdered at all,—or even for Hubert's existence. Is it possible that Shakspeare invented such an incident, and such a personage, without perceiving the correspondence of both with the case of Davison? Or could the obvious application of the parable to Elizabeth be overlooked by the audience at the distance of only eleven years from the death of Mary? I do not, therefore, see how we can reasonably dissent from Warburton's opinion that the similitude was not accidental but designed. But neither do I see how we can agree with him in thinking that this speech was written to suggest an apology for Elizabeth. It rather intimated that the real guilt of Mary's execution was hers, and that Davison was comparatively, if not wholly, blameless. It seems to me, therefore, that the evident allusions of this passage of the play to the analogous passage of their recent history, attest at once the courage of the great dramatist by whom they were hazarded, and the discretion of the great monarch by whom they were disregarded. Mr. Charles Knight, however, (to whom, by the way, the literature of his generation owes many high obligations, and especially for his "History of England," the best of all compilations of that kind which has ever appeared among us),—Mr. Knight, I say, rejects Warburton's commentary on this scene as altogether extravagant, because, as he observes, both the poet and the players who had presumed so to comment on so high a measure of state policy would have promptly found themselves in the stocks or in the gaol.

And yet Mr. Knight himself has discovered in "As You Like It" a similar act of audacity, though doubtless much more skilfully veiled. In September 1599, Essex arrived in

England a fugitive from his army in Ireland, and under the heavy displeasure of the Court for his treaty with the Irish rebels. His friends and kinsmen, Rutland and Southampton, shared his disgrace, though, while *he* was committed to the custody of the Lord Keeper Bacon, *they* remained at large, passing their time and soothing their mortification (as we learn from the Sydney Papers) by "going daily to the plays." In the following spring, when the fall of these three eminent courtiers must have been the common topic of discourse, "As You Like It" was first brought on the stage. Read over that incomparable description of the safety and quietness of a life passed in rural scenes and engagements when contrasted with the calamities to which counsellors and statesmen are exposed, and you will perhaps agree with Mr. Knight that Shakspeare intended to direct the thoughts of his audience to the then recent degradation of Essex, Rutland, and Southampton, if not to suggest to the sufferers themselves the possibility of being happy in despite of fortune. With this view of the probable, or at least of the possible, meaning of that most fascinating of all pastorals, listen to the language of the exiled Duke:—

"Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
 Hath not old Custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious court?
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
 The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang,
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
 Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
 E'en till I shrink with cold, I smile and say—
 This is no flattery; these are counsellors
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.
 Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Or hear the moralising of the melancholy Jaques over
"the poor sequestered stag, that from the hunter's aim had
ta'en a hurt;" when "a careless herd, full of the pasture,
jumps along by him, and never stays to greet him."

"Ay, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion! Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"

If Essex read, and if Rutland and Southampton really
heard, all this, assuredly they did not read and hear it un-
moved. Nor, perhaps (as Mr. Knight suggests), did the shaft
from the sounding bow of the poet leave unwounded the
heart of Francis Bacon himself. When writhing, as we
know from his own letters *what* he did writhe, under universal
reproach for his conduct to his benefactor Essex (a reproach
the justice of which we must not too readily admit, high as
are the recent authorities which repeat and echo it), what
censure could sting him so keenly as the song of Amiens in
this drama?—

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because *thou* art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

"Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not."

Now let it be supposed that these constructions of Shak-

spere's latent meaning are erroneous, and that he had no real design to comment in these passages on the memorable occurrences of his own times. Even on that supposition they may sufficiently answer my immediate purpose. They may illustrate to him who, has taken the History of England for his meridian line, or trunk line, of study, how his deviations into English poetry may be made subservient to that his main design; how he may make the chronicles and the drama reflect light on each other; how, even while entrancing himself with these glorious creatures of the imagination, he may gather hints and suggestions numberless, which, while they enhance and justify his delight in the mighty dramatist, may conduct him to a more close and critical inquiry into the annals of our land, to a more distinct understanding, and a firmer remembrance, of them.

My time is rapidly waning; yet, before I conclude, I could wish to give you still another instance of the manner in which our poets may be made the most effective auxiliaries to the readers of our historians. We will overleap the civil wars of the seventeenth century, the government of Cromwell, and the Restoration, and will place ourselves in the reign of Charles II. in the centre of that society with which Mr. Macaulay has made us all so familiar. If any historical writer could supersede the function of the poets of the age he celebrates, and render their aid superfluous to us, it is assuredly Mr. Macaulay to whom that power must belong. For the boundless affluence of his mind, and the restless activity of his imagination, have thrown over his pages a poetical warmth and glow of colouring, and a dramatic rapidity of movement, which forbid the faculties of delight and wonder to take even a transient repose, while the spell of his eloquence is upon us. What, for example, more brilliant, more interesting, more picturesque, and, as it might

seem, more complete and more defying competition than his account of the cabals, the invasion, and the death of Monmouth? Yet, after reading it once again, turn to the "Absalom and Achitophel" of Dryden, which is, in effect, a poem on the same subject, and you will find that even the bold relief in which the historian has chiselled out Monmouth and his associates, becomes tame and inanimate in the presence of the living sculpture in which the poet brings them before you. At the risk of repeating passages which many of us have by heart, I must vindicate this statement by quoting the following delineation of the Lord-Chancellor Shaftesbury, the Achitophel of the poet :—

" Of these the false Achitophel was worst,
 A name to all succeeding ages curst ;
 For close designs and crooked counsels fit ;
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit ;
 Restless, unfix'd in principles and place,
 In power unpleased, familiar with disgrace :
 A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
 Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
 And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.
 A daring pilot in extremity ;
 Pleas'd with the danger when the waves went high,
 He sought the storms ; but, for a calm unfit,
 Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
 Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide ;
 Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest ?
 Punish a body which he could not please ;
 Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease ?
 And all to leave what with his toil he won,
 To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a son !
 In friendship false, implacable in hate,
 Resolved to ruin, or to rule, the state.

Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
 Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name.
 So easy still it proves, in factious times,
 With public zeal to cancel private crimes !
 Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge,
 The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
 In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
 With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean,
 Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress,
 Swift of despatch, and easy of access.
 Oh ! had he been content to serve the crown,
 With virtues only proper to the gown,
 David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
 And Heaven had wanted one immortal song."

With this unparalleled satire, contrast Dryden's eulogy on Sir Edward Seymour, once the Speaker of the House of Commons, and afterwards one of the earliest adherents of the Revolution of 1688, of whom also Mr. Macaulay has given us so vivid a delineation. In "Absalom and Achitophel," he bears the name of Amiel:—

" Indulge one labour more, my weary Muse,
 For Amiel ; who can Amiel's praise refuse ?
 Of ancient race by birth, but nobler yet
 In his own worth, and, without title, great.
 The Sanhedrin long time, as chief he ruled,
 Their reason guided and their passions cool'd.
 So dextrous was he in the Crown's defence,
 So form'd to speak a loyal nation's sense,—
 That as their band was Israel's tribes in small,
 So fit was he to represent them all.
 Now rasher charioteers the seat ascend
 Whose loose careers his ready skill commend ;
 They, like the unequal ruler of the day,
 Misguide the seasons and mistake the way :
 While he, withdrawn, at their mad labour smiles,
 And safe enjoys the Sabbath of his toils."

The comparison of these two passages will probably have suggested to you the fact of the immense superiority of the satirical over the laudatory powers of Dryden. In this respect he was the very opposite of his illustrious pupil and imitator. Parsimonious of his applause, Pope has bestowed no praise which has not passed into a proverb. Dryden's eulogies are almost universally forgotten, but his censures are immortal.

But for any reference to Pope the time would fail me, or I could gladly, however feebly, emulate Lord Carlisle's recent and admirable tribute to his genius. I must not, however, add another to the many deviations from my proper theme into which I may seem to have wandered. Yet what I have been addressing to you has not (in my own apprehension, at least,) been without a certain singleness of design and continuity of purpose. It has been my endeavour to remind you of the high social and moral responsibilities which the recent changes of the Government of this country have cast upon us all. I have attempted to show that, as in the commencement of the French Revolution, the attempt to render all knowledge accessible to all readers disqualified the great body of the people of France for the grateful, vigilant, humble, and self-denying use of their new powers; so a similar attempt in England may, perhaps, be productive here of a not dissimilar result. I have sought to convince you that the selection of some one particular branch of study, and the steadfast adherence to it, is the only method by which any ordinary man can attain to any such solid and useful learning as will qualify him for the right discharge of his public and his private duties. I have insisted, however, that his observance of that method is compatible with the accumulation of very much collateral and subordinate knowledge, which may be rendered conducive to the illustration of his

main and chosen topic. I have added that of all topics which could so be chosen by those among you who have their choice yet to make, and who have no particular propensity to determine it, the History of England seems to me the most convenient; and it has been my aim to illustrate that general remark by showing, in various instances, how a digression to the Poetry of England, for example, would render her history at once more interesting, more intelligible, and more fruitful in true wisdom.

I can anticipate many objections to these counsels, and of all such objections few, perhaps, will more immediately present themselves to many of you than that I am suggesting a plan of intellectual culture for the steadfast pursuit of which Nature has not given you the indispensable talents, nor Fortune the requisite facilities. I answer, that my own observation of life has taught me, that much and frequently as the faults of self-confidence and self-conceit are denounced by our teachers, they are faults far less widely diffused, and far less dangerous in their tendency, than a timid self-distrust and a craven self-depreciation. Think as meanly as you will of the use you have made of your powers, but of the powers intrusted to you think highly and with profound reverence. Of Nature and of Fortune as the authors of them I know nothing. These are mere ideal abstractions—figures of speech inherited from the old Pagan mythology. But I well know that God has given to every one of us far greater talents than any one of us has employed strenuously and to the uttermost; and far greater opportunities than the best of us has always bravely seized and conscientiously improved. If, in virtue of my melancholy advantage over you, to which I adverted in the outset, of having numbered so many years, I might presume to speak as the monitor of those whom I address, my whole exhortation to them might be comprised

in a single word, and that one word would be—“*Aspire!*” But I spare you any further counsels of my own, because I can expand and clothe that single word in the language of one of the wittiest, the wisest, and the holiest of the poets of whom England has to boast. In the words of George Herbert, therefore, let me say, and I will conclude with saying,—

“Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high,
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be.
Sink not in spirit; who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.
A grain of glory, mixed with humbleness,
Cures both a fever and lethargicness.”

Habit.

A LECTURE

BY

JOHN B. COUGH, Esq.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

IN EXETER HALL,

NOVEMBER 22, 1853.

HABIT.

WHEN I received the programme of the Lectures of this Association for the year, I assure you I felt a trembling at the heart, rather unusual for me, when I found my name associated with some of the greatest and most gifted men of this country; and when I remembered that I had given my consent to speak before one of the most important Associations, I may say, in the world—The Young Men's Christian Association of London—I would have shrunk, indeed I would, from the position in which I had placed myself, were it not that I felt that the feeblest instrumentality might be made mighty, by God's power, for doing good.

I am to speak to you to-night upon Habit. Now, I have never been in the habit of arranging my thoughts or ideas previous to coming before an assembly. I did think, however, that on this occasion it was necessary to do it, and I have tried for the past three or four weeks, but without success. I have been speaking five or six times each week, travelling, writing letters, meeting committees; so that positively I have had no time to arrange my ideas: and indeed if I had attempted it, I know not that I should have

* This Lecture, delivered extemporaneously, has been printed from the reporter's notes.

succeeded. I come, therefore, before you simply with the result of my own experience and observation. You must not expect a literary entertainment such as you have been used in this Hall to enjoy; I come only to tell that which I know, and testify of that which I have seen, in reference to the subject under consideration.

Ah! my friends, time is too short, and that great day for which all other days are made is too near, for me to spend time in speaking merely of the term—which itself opens before us a continent of thought—Habit,—that disposition or condition of the mind or body acquired by the frequent repetition of an act. We hold or retain the effect of custom, and this is called habit. We can hardly speak of anything in connexion with our life without speaking of habit. We will, if you please, put habit under two classifications—good and bad habits. I have found, by my own experience and the experience of others, that there is this difference between the two—that a good habit is harder to attain and easier to give up than a bad one; and this is evidence to me of the deep depravity of the human heart. A good habit requires self-denial, and moral courage, and manliness to acquire; an evil habit is just to yield to the feeling of pleasure, without thought, without principle, without care. This Association is formed for the purpose of exerting an influence to save the souls of men; and a higher position than that on the face of the earth you cannot occupy. Therefore, in speaking of evil habits, let me speak of those which, in my opinion, tend more than any other to the destruction of men, soul and body.

I hardly know how to begin this subject unless I bring before you, as an illustration, a young man coming from a religious home—coming from all the tender, hallowed, clustering associations of his early days—a young man, who has been taught to pray at his mother's knee, her soft, warm

hand resting upon his head while he lisped the first prayer his lips ever uttered. Take the young man from the Sabbath-school, and all the blessed influences which cluster around him in that nursery of piety, and bring him into this large, this vast city, with so much of good and so much of evil. He is between the two — between evil influences and good influences. The young man coming from his home goes into one of your shops as a shopman, or a clerk, or in some other capacity. It may be that he has no particular religious principle, but religious truths have been taught him; and I say to you that the effect of early religious teaching is one that will, in a very great degree, prove permanent. I remember myself the days of Sabbath-school instruction. I remember the teachings of a praying, pious mother. That mother was very poor, but she was one of the Lord Jesus Christ's nobility, and she had a patent signed and sealed with his blood. She died a pauper, and was buried without a shroud and without a prayer; but she left her children the legacy of a mother's prayer, and the Lord God Almighty was the executor of her last will and testament. That mother taught me to pray, and in early life I had acquired the habit of praying. She, with the assistance of teachers in the Sabbath-school, had helped to store my mind with passages of Scripture. And, young men, we do not forget that which we learn. It may be buried — it may be hid away in some obscure corner of the heart; but, by-and-bye, circumstances will reveal to us the fact, that we know much more than we dreamed we knew. After that mother's death I went out into the world; exposed to temptation, I fell,—I acquired bad habits; for seven years of my life I wandered over God's beautiful earth like an unblessed spirit—wandering, whipped, over a burning desert, digging deep wells to quench my thirst, and bringing up the dry hot sand. The livery of my master had become to me a

garment of burning poison, bound with the fetters of evil habit—evil habit like an iron net encircling me in its folds—fascinated with my bondage, and yet with a desire—oh, how fervent!—to stand where I had once hoped to stand. Seven years of darkness, seven years of dissipation, seven years of sin! There I stood. “Ah!” says one, “what is the effect now of a mother’s teaching, and of a mother’s prayers—of Sabbath-school instruction, and of your good habits that you formed in early life?” Oh! I stood there—I remember it well—feeling my own weakness, feeling that “the way of transgressors is hard,” and that “the wages of sin is death”—feeling in my heart of hearts all the bitterness that arises from the consciousness of powers that God had given to me wasted, conscious that I had been chasing the bubble pleasure and finding nothing, gaining nothing by it,—there I stood; that mother had passed to heaven. I remember one night sitting with her in the garret, and we had no candle. She said to me, “John, I am growing blind; I don’t feel it much; but you are young—it is hard for you; but never mind. John, there’s no right there, there’s no need of any candle there—‘the Lamb is the light thereof.’” She has changed that dark, gloomy garret, to bask in the sunshine of her Saviour’s smiles. But was her influence lost? No. As I stood, feeling my own weakness, knowing that I could not resist temptation, it seemed as if the very light she left as she passed had spanned the dark gap of seven years of sin and dissipation, and struck the heart and opened it. I felt utterly my own weakness, and the passages of Scripture that were stored away in my mind—buried, as it were, in the memory, came as if whispered again by the loving lips of that mother into my ear. “He is able to save to the uttermost;”—that is what I want. I want to be saved—I cannot save myself—“saved to the uttermost.” “He that cometh unto me I will

in no wise cast out." This was the force and influence of a mother's teaching. It was the force, as it were, of a good habit that had been utterly broken up and destroyed by the acquisition of the evil habits of sin.

But let me come back, if you please, and place the young man here in this city exposed to temptations and fascinations on every hand. If such an Association as this throws not its arms around him, and draws him within its hallowed circle, is he not exposed to temptation in this city of snares? Oh! I sometimes believe that there is not only a fight going on in heaven, but a fight going on upon earth for the souls of men. It seems as if the army of the foul fiend itself was in full array upon this earth fighting against every good influence to draw away the souls of men; and that is by presenting vice in its most attractive form. A minister once said to me at my own house, "John, if every young man would write over his chamber or his office door this simple line, it might do him good, 'No man was ever yet lost on a straight road.'" There is but one right road; every other road leads out of it, and none leads into it. I have found by my own experience, and the experience of others, that if we pursue a wrong path we must come back again to the starting-point, or we shall never get into the right one again, for there is no by-way to it. Now, let the young man take the straight course; he is accosted on this side by the votary of pleasure, and on that by the votary of vice; he is invited to walk along the road that Christian and Hopeful saw—a path in a meadow leading along by the main road—and as sure as he steps out of the right way he begins to acquire evil habits. And, first, habits of *thinking* wrong.

Perhaps he may be invited by some friend to go to the theatre. Some people say the theatre is not necessarily a school of vice; but in my experience, young men, I b

found that in the theatre piety, and religion, and virtue, are almost always held up to ridicule. If the praying, consistent Christian is represented on the stage, he is represented as a sneak, a mean fellow, a prying, impudent Cantwell or Mawworm ; whereas a dashing, reckless, seducing fellow is presented as a gentleman with every noble quality under the sun. Now, the young man fresh from his country home sees these representations ; there is nothing in them of grosser vice, nothing to startle him and make him draw back : there is not a bold word of blasphemy and cursing,—should he hear that he would go no more ; but there is the covert sneer at that which he has considered sacred—there is the flippant quotation from Scripture in terms of ridicule and contempt. To pray is to cant ; to be conscientious is to be a sneak ; and to be consistent in following out virtuous purposes is to be a fool. He sees this ; probably it startles him at first. There is the music—there are the flashing lights—there, perhaps, is the splendid elocution or the fine dramatic power, and if he is of an exciteable temperament, if he is fond of anything like public speaking or declamation, it has there its charms for him. He is drawn there again and again ; and what is its effect ? The very first effect is to break up the good habit of prayer. That I have found by my own experience. I never went to the theatre, and then went home and kneeled down to pray that night—never that I can remember in the whole course of my experience. There are many, many more excitements besides the excitement produced by strong drink. There is the mental excitement. The young man lives, with such associations, and frequenting such places, in a whirl of excitement. I have read, it is true, the motto over some of our theatres, to “hold the mirror up to nature ;” but I consider that mirror neither a concave or a convex one, or else it is a very poor sa- of plate-glass ; for I have very seldom seen nature

represented there, except very much distorted.* He lives, I say, in a whirl of excitement, and then the services of the sanctuary become to him tame; the services of the church or chapel and the evening prayer-meeting, are not exciting enough for him. Mark me, I am speaking now not of the converted man, but the man who may have received a religious education; and if an Association like this can clasp him in its fraternal arms, it may save him from the influences by which he is surrounded in such a city as this—influences that tend to draw him gradually away from the sanctuary, from the chapel, from the prayer-meeting, from the religious association. Now, then, what is the evident consequence of this? I believe that most of the scepticism, so called, in this land is produced, first, by a deviation from the right way, and, then, from a consciousness that the way in which the man is walking is the wrong way, and from a desire to get rid of the responsibility. Let me trace it out. When I say scepticism, I do not mean the bold, brazen-faced infidelity that says, “I believe God is matter, and matter is God; and it is no matter whether there is a God or not;” I do not mean the atheism that prompted Shelley to write in the album at Mont Anvern *atheos*; but I mean that rejection of religious truth that is sufficient to lose a man his soul. Let a young man religiously educated follow these pursuits—let him go into our drinking saloons, into our casinos, and into some of the other places of vicious amusement: he knows he is doing wrong; he knows if he breaks the Sabbath he is doing wrong—no matter what he may say his belief is. Now, there is no happiness without perfect security. We are placed in this world, thank God,

* If any proof were necessary as to the tendency of the theatre *as it is*, I might simply urge, that amongst its representations those works of highest merit in which virtue and vice are most truthfully portrayed, scarcely find any place.

to be happy; there are sources of enjoyment above us, about us, around us, and beneath us; we have capacities for enjoyment worthy of a God to give, and of a man to receive. Young men, did you ever stand up and feel,—I am a man with glorious capacities; I am not an animal. There is no loveliness in the flower to the animal—there is to me. There is no beauty in the landscape to the animal—there is to me. There is no glory in the sunset to the animal—there is to me. I see the day going out in one flood of glory; I look at the silver-tinged clouds, and my heart glows with a sense of enjoyment. Where is this beauty? The animal lifts its dull eyes, and gazes around upon all creation, and sees no beauty. There is no grandeur there, there is no sublimity there, there is no beauty there, no sweetness there. Where is it? It is here in my soul, like an urn full of light, and shedding rays of light upon all creation, and making it beautiful. I thank God that he has given me a sense of beauty. Sublimity tabernacles not in the chambers of thunder, nor rides upon the lightning's flash, nor walks upon the wings of the wind; but it is man's spirit up there in its lofty aspirings, yoking itself with the whirlwind, riding upon the northern blast, scattering beauty all around it on its upward, wondrous, circling way. There are other sources of enjoyment God has given to us. Take some glorious book, and as your eye is fixed on the page, and you turn over leaf after leaf, your body is there—your spirit yonder, roaming in regions hitherto unexplored by you! There is enjoyment. Take God's book—that holy Volume—turn it over, and read it year after year, there is always something new, delightful, and sublime in it; it never is an old book to the man who will read it, loving to seek that enjoyment in it for which God has given him the capacity. We are all seeking for enjoyment, and it is a lawful seeking. But there is no happiness without perfect.

security. When a man is insecure, you know he cannot be very happy. The proverb says, "The righteous hath hope in his death." Yes, but some will say to me, "The infidel hath hope in his death; the man of pleasure hath hope in his death; the worldling hath hope in his death." Yes, but their only hope is, that the Bible is not true. The Christian is the only being on the face of the earth that can meet death with a smile, that can lie down in peace, and have hope in his death, believing in the inflexibility of God's justice, and that he will in no wise clear the guilty. We are all, then, seeking for enjoyment, and cannot have it without security.

Now, how did this operate upon me and others that I knew? We had acquired bad habits,—the iron net had fastened us,—the fetters and gyves were upon our wrists and ankles; and yet we were fascinated with our pursuits. We had heard, and we knew, of those who believed that God was too merciful to punish us eternally for that which we did in such a short space of time as we lived here; and we thought that a very comfortable doctrine, if we could only get hold of it so as to be satisfied. I know for myself, and for some others, that we glared upon the pages of the Bible to find a peg to hang a hope upon, that we might hold our enjoyments that were sinful, and all would be right; but I never could find it. Then the next point is, that we are progressive—and no man can stand still, he is either getting better or worse—we destroyed; or attempted to destroy, the convictions we had that the Bible was true. We read, "Rejoice, oh young man, in the days of thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee," and so on; but we read also, "For all this God will bring you into judgment;"—we did not like that. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die;"—we did not like that. "The wicked shall be turned into hell;"—we did not like that.

We could not enjoy ourselves with all that staring us in the face, if we believed it; and therefore we must undermine that belief. How to do it? Put on one side every evidence of Christianity, everything that would tend to throw light upon the subject,—go to work to pick flaws in the character of professors of religion, and see how inconsistently such a man lived, how small in his dealings such a man was, how very short of the mark of his profession such another man was; and then, with Volney, with Paine, with Taylor, and with Scripture contradictions, we crammed ourselves, as a boy crams himself for examination before he is to enter college, with infidel sentiments; and so coming forth, drowning conscience by dissipation, and clinging to bad habits, and then, walking out (as we professed ourselves) full-fledged infidels, exactly like nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand young men who profess to entertain sceptical opinions, we tried to make ourselves believe that we did not believe, and we could not. Therefore we got very angry at every influence that disturbed us—with the Bible and the religion of the Bible—and the ministers of that religion, all our venom was spit out upon these instrumentalities. Now, I maintain that scepticism and infidelity were engendered in us by the power of evil habit having become a fascination to us, and we were hardly willing to burst our chains, though we felt that they were galling us.

These evil habits are, in my opinion, the influences and the instrumentalities that are doing more than anything else in this city to ruin men's souls. Let us arrive at that point, and we go farther still.

I have spoken of the habit of thinking; and I have spoken of the habit of visiting these places of excitement. Now let me speak of another habit, which I believe is, more than any other, debasing, degrading, and embruting to the

man, physically, and intellectually, and morally. Now I am not going to give you an address fully upon my favourite theme, but I must speak of it before this assembly, for I shall never see you again till we meet in that day when we shall see things as they are. Let me speak of one habit which, in its power, its influence, and its fascination, I consider, stands like a Goliath or like a Saul, head and shoulders above its fellows, in degrading, debasing, and demoralising. I allude to the habit of using intoxicating liquor as a beverage until that habit becomes a fascination. Now, you will allow me, if you please, to give my opinions upon this point freely. I consider drunkenness not only to be a moral evil, but a physical evil; and it depends greatly, in my opinion, upon the temperament, the constitution, and the disposition of the young man, whether, if he follows the drinking usages of society, it becomes a habit and conquers him by its fascination, or not, more than it depends upon his strength of mind, his power of intellect, or his genius. Here is an illustration that I have more than once used in this country; and when I can find a better one, I will drop this and give it you; but I am not going to lose an illustration simply because some here may have heard it from me before. Let us take three young men, and place them in the same position of society, and see which is the most liable to form a habit of drinking which shall bring him to disgrace, degradation, and ruin. Let me describe them if I am able. We have among us men of a cold, phlegmatic temperament,—men that very seldom laugh at anything, and they very seldom see anything to cry about. They have feelings as other people have, but they are moderate in all their manifestations; they are constitutionally moderate men. They are very much like a lot of tunes boxed up in a barrel-organ: you turn a crank, and you get tune after tune, without the slightest variation for twenty years per-

haps ; and if you turn for twenty years longer, you may get still the same music, with a few cracks in the notes. There is the constitutionally moderate man ; his temperament stands between him and excess. He always wants a joke explained to him before he can understand it ; and it is very hard to offend him, for the arrow must be very sharp that will penetrate the thick bosses of his impenetrability. There is a man so constituted that he may use intoxicating liquors without acquiring the habit. He is a moderate man, and is not liable to be drawn into any excess. I read in the "Christian Almanack" the other day, that a gentleman said, "I have drunk a bottle of wine every day for the last fifty years, and I enjoy capital health." "Yes ; but what has become of your companions ?" "Ah !" said he, "that is another thing ; I have buried three generations of them." There is many a man in this city sixty years of age, who, if he looked back upon the past thirty years, could call to mind many who have drunk wine with him at his own table who are now in a drunkard's grave ; and he will be startled if he will let the long fingers of his memory draw into the chambers of that memory the forms and faces of those who have passed away into disgrace and death, while many remain steady, moderate drinkers, for their very temperament stands between them and excess. Then take another man, of a close-fisted temperament, I do not mean to say absolutely stingy, but having the disposition of the two boys of whom the old lady said that if you were to shut them up in a room by themselves they would make a pound a-piece trading jackets. Take a youth like that with his calculating turn of mind, always looking out for the "main chance." He will probably grow up to be a man something like a member of the church they told me of in Albany. He stood up, and began to tell his brethren how cheap it was to be a member of the church, and he said, "I have been a

member of the church for the last ten years, and I am thankful to say that the whole expense of my church-membership has been only about two shillings;" whereupon the minister said he hoped the Lord would have mercy on his poor stingy soul. Now take another young man (I am not speaking of the converted man restrained by the special grace of God), one full of poetry, of a nervous temperament, easily excited, fond of society, a man of genius, power, and intellect, who will make a garden of green things all around him; everybody loves him, he is such a noble-hearted, open-handed, generous-souled fellow. That is the man most likely to become intemperate. He enters into the outer circle of the whirlpool with a gay set of companions, waving the half-emptied gleaming goblet, singing the joyous song, "Throw care to the winds. Ha! ha! Nobody ever saw to-morrow." Round and round they sail, every circle becoming narrower and narrower, and swifter and swifter, until they are drawn right into the vortex and utterly ruined before they dream that they are in danger.

This habit, like all others, fastens itself upon man gradually; it does not clutch him in his claws and bring him a bond-slave at once. Oh! no, it is a gradual process. Every man who is acquiring the habit of using intoxicating liquor to excess is acquiring it by a course of reasoning, and by coming to certain conclusions, by boasting that he possesses certain qualities which his poor unfortunate neighbour never possessed. "Oh! I am not such a fool as to become a drunkard"—as if the intemperate man was always a fool. "I have a mind of my own"—as if the intemperate man had not a mind of his own. "Oh! I can leave it off when I please"—as if he never could leave it off. "I have got natural affections"—as if he was born without. "I have ambition and pride"—as if he came into this world looking below his present position for his future one. Thus men

acquire the habit of looking at an intemperate man as of a nature altogether inferior to themselves—not as a man robbed of certain qualities by the power of a pernicious habit, but as coming from the hands of the Creator utterly destitute of those qualities. It is by such argument from the first point all the way down that these fetters of habit are bound upon him. “I am not such a fool,” is the argument. You know they are not all fools, in the common acceptation of the term, who are ruined by this habit. You say, “I can leave it off when I please.” Perhaps you can. You see a man smoking two or three cigars a-day; you tell him of it, and he says, “I can throw them away when I have a mind.” So when a man drinks too much, he says, “I can quit it when I please, I am not a fool.” Now, when I hear a young man say he can quit a bad habit when he pleases, I make up my mind that he never intends to quit it. He means, “I can do it, but I won’t.” You forget that this habit, as it increases, destroys or paralyses all your power. When Samson was bound three times they said, “The Philistines be upon thee!” and he burst his bonds. By-and-bye he put his head into the lap of Delilah, and she sheared his locks. Then they said, “The Philistines be upon thee!” What did he say? “I will go out and shake myself as at other times;” but his power was gone. God pity you, young man, if you ever begin to feel the fetters of evil habit galling you, and you go out to burst yourself from them, and find the welded iron bands eating into your marrow and preying upon your vitals, until you cry in agony of spirit, “Who shall deliver me from the bondage of an evil habit?”

A man’s power to do a thing is valueless unless he exercises that power. You find me upon a railroad track, you see a train coming, and tell me of it. “Sir, mind your own business, I am not fool enough to be run over; I can get up when I please:” and while I boast of my power, the train

comes up and cuts me in two. What am I then? A self-murderer. I have the power to avoid the evil, I have the warning, but I refuse to exercise the power, and I go before God a suicide. Oh! I tell you, young men, while the power of bad habit may strip you of your energy, may destroy your power, may make you conscious of powers once possessed, and of energy, freshness, and manliness, gone — while it destroys these, it does not destroy your accountability. You are accountable for every power God has given you, for the influence he has given you, and for the position in which he has placed you. Although the power of evil habit may destroy all your power for doing good, you are as accountable for that power as if with all your might and energy you had put it forth, and then too late you will find that “the wages of sin is death.” “I can quit it, but I won’t.” Yes, but another will say, “Oh! when I find out that I am acquiring habits that will injure me, when I find out that I am being injured I will give it up.” I say that that is not common sense—you come to a false conclusion. You acknowledge that these habits may injure you; you do not say, “When they *have* injured me,” but, “When I *find out* that they have injured me.” I tell you, such is the fascination thrown around the man by the power of evil habit, that it must have essentially injured him before he will acknowledge it. Many a man has been to prison for crime before he felt or acknowledged that his evil habit was injuring him. Many a man has been struck down in the very midst of his prosperity and stripped of everything, character, reputation, fortune, health, before he has acknowledged that the evil habit has injured him. You might as well say, “I will put my hand into the den of the rattlesnake, and when I find out that he has struck his fangs into me, I will draw it out and get it cured.” That is not common sense. I remember riding towards the Niagara Falls, and I said to a

gentleman near me, "What river is that, sir?" "The Niagara River," he replied. "Well," said I, "it is a beautiful stream, bright, smooth, and glassy: how far off are the Rapids?" "About a mile or two." "Is it possible that only a mile or two from us we shall find the water in such turbulence as I presume it must be near the Falls?" "You will find it so, sir." And so I found it; and that first sight of the Niagara I shall never forget.

Now launch your barque upon the Niagara River; it is bright, smooth, beautiful, and glassy; there is a ripple at the bow; the silvery wake you leave behind you adds to your enjoyment; down the stream you glide; you have oars, mast, sail, and rudder, prepared for every contingency, and thus you go out on your pleasure excursion. Some one cries out from the bank, "Young men, ahoy!" "What is it?" "The rapids are below you." "Ha! ha! we have heard of the rapids below us, but we are not such fools as to get into them; when we find we are going too fast to suit our convenience, then hard up the helm, and steer to shore; when we find we are passing a given point too rapidly, then we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to land." "Young men, ahoy!" "What is it?" "The rapids are below you." "Ha! ha! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us; what care we for the future? No man ever saw it. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' We will enjoy life while we may, and catch pleasure as it flies. This is the time for enjoyment; time enough to steer out of danger when we find we are sailing too swiftly with the stream." "Young men, ahoy!" "What is it?" "The rapids are below you." Now see the water foaming all around you—see how fast you go; now hard up the helm!—quick! quick!—pull for your very lives!—pull till the blood starts from your nostrils, and the veins stand like whipcords upon the brow! set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail!" Ah! it is too

late. Shrieking, cursing, howling, blaspheming, over you go ; and thousands thus go over every year by the power of evil habit, declaring, "When I find out that it is injuring me, then I will give it up." The power of evil habit is deceptive and fascinating; and the man by coming to false conclusions argues his way down to destruction.

But I find time is passing very rapidly. Let me refer now, if you please, to one or two other points. Let us look at the position of the man who is a slave to evil habit. There he stands. We might fancy that he has a vision. Before him stands a bright, fair-haired, blue-eyed, beautiful boy, with rosy cheek, and pearly teeth, and ruby lip,—the perfect picture of innocence and peace, health, purity, and joy. What is that? That is your youth, all that is your past. Then there comes another figure before him, the youth grown a man, intellect flashing from his eye, the broad, noble brow speaking of genius as he stands in a commanding position, and claiming for himself, by the mighty power that God has given him, an influence over the words, feelings, and conduct of his fellow-men. There he stands, a glorious spectacle. What is that? That is your ideal. Now creeps in a wretched thing, manacled hand and foot; there are furrows upon the face; there is the swollen lip, a fit throne for sensuality, the eyes wildly glaring or bedimmed with film. There he stands; and what is that? That is your present. We may have one more, if you please, to fill up the scene, and that shall be a wretched, emaciated creature. As he opens his breast you see his heart all on fire with the worm that begins to gnaw and that never will die coiled in the flames. What is that? It is your future. Now let me tell you, young men, that the power of evil habit, though it may destroy a man's faculty, does not destroy his consciousness. The curse of the man who feels himself going down the sliding scale is the remembrance of the

past—the remembrance of those bright dreams of ambition. Those dreams, those scenes, are before him, separated from him by a whole continent of grief and gloomy disappointment, and pain of body, and fever of spirit—distinct, but distant as the stars—clear, but cold as the moon that shines on his waking agony or on his terrible repose. For, indeed, it is a terrible repose. Yonder there, he sees the point he once occupied, and the cloud of sin, brewed in the caldron of his own sensual appetite, ready to crush him and press him down deeper, with the consciousness that every particle of the propelling power emanates from himself; and such a slave is he to evil habit, that, shrieking madly, he goes down with the very smoke of future torment almost so near that he can bathe his hands in it. What does a man get in barter for all the enjoyments he has given away—for the miserable, paltry pleasures that are obtained in this world? I believe that a merciful God has set a ban upon certain pursuits, and if we follow them, we are ungrateful to him who has given us so many sources of enjoyment. Take the man that has been all his lifetime a slave to evil habit; what has he got? He has spent his life—his fortune; he has bartered his jewel, sold his birth-right, and what has he got?—nothing but the mere excitement of chasing after that which is not reality. Men talk about enjoyment in these pursuits. There is no enjoyment. The enjoyment is merely momentary and imaginary. No man ever received solid satisfaction in wicked pursuits that he could long enjoy and hold fast. “Aha! aha!” he says, “now I am happy.” It has gone from him. And the enjoyment that men can obtain in this world, apart from the enjoyments that God has sanctioned, are enjoyments that lead to destruction, through the power of fascination, habit, and excitement. It is as if a man should start in a chase after a bubble. Attracted by its bright and gorgeous

hue, a gay set of merry companions with him, it leads him through vineyards, under trellised vines, with grapes hanging in all their purple glory—through orchards under trees, bearing their golden, pulpy fruit—by sparkling fountains, with the music of singing birds. He looks at life through a rose-coloured medium; and he leads a merry chase. In the excitement he laughs and dances, and dives and laughs again. It is a merry chase. By-and-bye that excitement becomes intense—its intensity becomes a passion—its passion becomes a disease. Now his eye is fixed upon it with earnestness, and now he leaps with desperation, pleasure, and disappointment, mingled with excitement; now it leads him away from all that is bright and beautiful—from all the tender, clustering, hallowed associations of by-gone days; it leads him up the steep hot sides of a fearful volcano. Now there is pain, anguish in the chase. He leaps, falls, and rises; scorched, and bruised, and blistered. Yet still the excitement and power of evil habit become almost a passion. He forgets all that is past, or strives to forget it in his trouble. He leaps again. It is gone! He curses and bites his lips in agony. He shrieks the wild, almost, wailing shriek of despair. Yet still he pursues his prize, knee-deep in the hot ashes. He staggers up, with torn limbs and bruised, the last semblance of humanity scorched out of him. Yet there is his prize, and he will have it. With a desperate effort he makes one more leap; and he has got it now; but he has leaped into the crater with it, and with a bursted bubble in his hand he goes to his retribution! Every man that is carried on, a slave to evil habit, seeking for enjoyment in those pursuits that God has not sanctioned, assuredly loses all, and gains—what? He stands before God's bar, and cannot even present the one talent unwrapped from the napkin; but as the result of his influence, power, and intellect, and

position, he presents before the assembled world all he has gained, and that is a bursted bubble! God pity him! There is nothing in it. He has been bartering jewels worth all the kingdoms of the earth; for "what can a man give in exchange for his soul?"—for that which is not palpable to sight or touch?—more foolish far than the Indian chief, who bartered jewels sufficient to purchase a kingdom for some glass beads and plated buttons! Young men, who are slaves of habit, barter jewels worth all the kingdoms of the earth for less than glass beads—less than plated buttons. Let me tell you, too, the influence of evil habit tends most fearfully to demoralise, to destroy, or stultify the man's moral perceptions. Let me make the matter a little personal or practical, if you please. With a committee of gentlemen for two evenings, or two nights—for we did not get through till twelve o'clock—I have been visiting your city. There is a place in this city where young men assemble nightly; and I tell you, young gentlemen, it was to me a fearful and appalling sight. An immense room, capable of holding some 1500 persons, with a very fine band of music at one end. I found young men there as genteel in appearance as any amongst you—young men that presented as fair an exterior as yours. The gentlemen with me knew some of them. "There," said one of them, "is a man in such and such a shop; there is another that I know in such and such a shop; there is another, in another establishment." And what were they doing? In one room were the tables set with the sparkling wine, and right before that assembled crowd of a thousand persons they had no more shame left than to be dancing in the middle of that hall with the common women of the town. I asked, "Why, I should think those young men should be ashamed of it!" "Shame, sir! Three or four glasses of wine will destroy shame." Think of it. There were young men that never would have

been seen in such society, who had more pride of character, if they had no religious principle, had they not been stimulated with wine. The influence, then, of the evil habit of drinking is to curse, and embrate, and stultify, and demoralise, more, I believe, than any other evil habit in the community.

But there are some influences that I might speak of were it not such an assembly as this—some influences bearing particularly upon the character of our young men; and I mourn when I look upon them, and remember what a store of sorrow and bitterness they are laying up for themselves; if they should, by God's mercy, be saved, it must be so "as by fire." For remember, young men, that that which we learn, whether for good, as I said before, or for evil, is not so easily forgotten. Let young men mingle with the dissipated, and the vile, and the impure; let them hear the word of blasphemy and profanity—the word of obscenity and filthiness, until they get accustomed to it, and I tell you that there is a lodgement made there, in their mind and heart, the influence of which they will feel to the day of their death. I was speaking to some young children at a Sabbath anniversary, and an aged clergyman said to me,—“You are right in that, sir; I have been a minister of the gospel for forty years; and a gentleman in the city of New York, in hunting for evidences of the deep debasement and degradation of some portions of the city, and of the wiles and arts thrown around to entrap young men, made a large collection of infamous matters. I went there with some clergymen and looked at them. I am an old man, sir, but as I am living I would give my right hand if I could forget that I had ever seen them”

Ah, young men! remember that. I say to you, in sincerity, not in the excitement of a speech, but in the reso-

lution I have made, and in confession before God, I can say I would give my right hand to-night if I could forget that which I learned in evil society—if I could for ever tear it from my remembrance—scenes that I have witnessed, transactions that have taken place before me, before my face—if I could forget that which I have learned, and that which I have read. Oh, young men! you might as well undertake to take the stain out of the snow as to take away the effect of one impure thought lodged and harboured in the heart. You may pray against it, and, by God's grace, you may conquer it, but it will ever be a thorn in the flesh to you. It will ever be to you a remembrance of the past, and will cause you bitterness and anguish. Is it not a fearful position for a man to lie down to sleep, and to have abominable visions all around him, until he will start from his bed, and wipe his eyes, and pace the floor, and kneel down and pray; and then lie down again, and as he closes his eyes some scene of vile debauchery is there before him; and he will actually fight as if with a real instead of an imaginary foe in his room. Or to sit in God's house, and hear the gospel preached, and, as your heart grows warm with the subject, to hear some passage of Scripture quoted around which clusters an idea so irresistibly ludicrous and absurd, that you find yourself, in God's house, almost smothered with laughter; or else so superlatively horrible that you bow your head, and feel as if every eye was looking upon you, and you had almost whispered the words that seem as if they were uttered in your ear and sink right down into your heart. Or you kneel in prayer to God, and, as you close your eyes, there are around you spectres of the past, pointing to some scene you fain would forget. Oh! there are influences produced by the acquirement of evil habit which are not so easy to break. Young men! remember it is easier to acquire

evil habits than it is to break them. It requires power, it requires nerve, it requires some grace, to be able to break a bad habit.

I have been speaking long enough. I have been speaking of evil habits in connexion with my theme of temperance; and I believe that the remedy for every evil habit is to abandon altogether and entirely that which produces it, whatever it may be. Ah! if you have acquired an evil habit of thinking wrongly on certain subjects, take some good book and pray over it—bend your mind right down to the study of it. If you have acquired the habit of dissipation of mind, going to those places that I have mentioned, strive to acquire habits of a directly opposite character. Seek companionship and association with those who will be “aids to improvement.” Above all, turn to the Lord with full purpose of heart. Seek, oh seek His help, who, as a father, pities and forgives you. By the power of His word and Spirit your heart and your habit, too, may be renewed.

If you have acquired the habit of using intoxicating liquor as a beverage—and I say this in all kindness to young men—avoid entirely that which has produced that habit. “Yes,” but some may say, “I use intoxicating liquors, but as yet I have acquired no habit.” Now, let me just, in the spirit of kindness,—not as a teacher, not as an instructor, not as a dictator, but as one who will never see you all again on the face of this earth, and as one who has suffered and has come out from the fire scorched and scathed, with the marks upon his person, and with the memory of it burnt right into his soul—let me say to you, if you are in the habit of drinking, just try a test that I will give you, and see if you have acquired a habit or not, and whether that habit has become an appetite. There must be one of two things: you are either your own master or not; you can take up the bottle, as the Indian did, and say, “Aha!

"I am your master," and dash it to the ground—or it is your master. Now, will you test it? I will give you a simple method. The next time any young man who is using intoxicating drinks wants them, if you feel any desire for them you may rest assured it is an acquired one—the next time you want to drink, let it alone and see how much you want it. Let it alone—go about your business. You will feel yourself perhaps uneasy, nervous, a little fretful; things do not go exactly right, something is wanting. Now, just let it alone, if you please; sit down quietly to your meals. You feel it necessary to you; if you go to the doctor, probably he will encourage the idea. Now, my word for it, it won't kill you. Just let it alone. What follows? There are some of you that boast that it is not an appetite with you—that you are not getting into a bad habit; will have to fight night and day, perhaps for a month, before you can overcome this desire for stimulus. Now what is that desire but the beginning of an appetite that becomes in some men a master passion?

I would say one thing more, if you please. If there are any here in the habit of using intoxicating liquor, do you not use now more than you did five years ago? You expect, perhaps, to live twenty-five years longer. Now, if you go on increasing in the same proportion during the next five years as you have done during the last, where will you be at the end? Just think of these things. I am not giving you these ideas in the terms of dictation at all, or as a teacher, or as an instructor, but simply because there are so many of the high and the noble, and the lovely and the gifted, who are being brought down to disgrace and death by the power and the influence of an appetite for intoxicating drinks. Now, let me say, I esteem this to be one of the highest privileges of my life, to speak before such an assembly as this, to be listened to in my crude address with such

politeness and courtesy. Let me say to the young men of the Christian Association,—My heart is with you; my prayers to God shall be that you may be eminently successful in drawing numbers of these young men into the fold of Christ; and although you may not see as I do on certain points, yet am I not the man that would dare to say that I occupy a higher position than you do in the Christian scale, because I advocate the principle of total abstinence from all that can intoxicate. By no means. There are some gentlemen here—there are many behind me, and before me, and around me—who drink a glass of wine; they are better men than I am, better men than ever I expect to be; and if I am so happy as to get to heaven, I shall look at them as bright stars near the Throne. I do not say it is a sin in itself to drink a glass of wine. I never have said so, and I do not think I shall so far forget myself as to say so. But what is no sin to one man may be a sin to another. I do not say that if you drink a glass of wine it is sin; all that I ask of you is this—to allow for me the lawfulness of my principle. You say the Bible sanctions wine and approves the use of wine; I agree with you. I am not theologian enough to argue the point whether the wine of the Scriptures was intoxicating or not; I also know that the Bible permits me to adopt the principle of total abstinence from all that may intoxicate; and although it may be lawful for you to drink that glass of wine, it is not lawful for me to drink it. I see differently from you. It may be lawful for you to drink the glass of wine—it is lawful for me to be a total abstainer. And, allow me to add, I believe it is more lawful for me to abstain than it is for you to drink; because if you bring me a permission to drink, I will bring you a caution against it; if you bring me a sanction to drink, I will bring you a warning against it; if you will bring me an approval to drink, I will bring you a reproof; and I will defy you to

bring me one word of caution, or warning, or reproof, in reference to the adoption of the principle of total abstinence. Therefore I only say that it is lawful for me to abstain. I will not say that you commit sin, but I ask you, will you not allow us, will you not permit us, to stand upon this lawful ground? and will you not (I was going to say) take us under your protection? Ours is a merely human instrumentality—I know it; we do not expect to reform and regenerate men by the power of the Temperance pledge or the Temperance Society. No, no, no! But the total-abstinence principle, if adopted, must save a man from becoming a drunkard. He may be a reformed drunkard, a reformed thief, a reformed Sabbath-breaker, a reformed liar; but he may, I know, be no more a reformed man than Judas when he betrayed the Saviour. The total-abstinence pledge will cure drunkenness simply; the grace of God operating upon the heart can alone reform the man, and I maintain that the sober man is in a fitter state to receive religious instruction than when stupified by the drink. And then, is not something necessary, on the high ground of love to our neighbour, of Christian self-denial? Here we stand, in society, in the presence of a desolating evil, overwhelming myriads in its progress. Who shall arrest and roll back the tide? Those who deny themselves even lawful gratifications for the sake of saving others. But I ask, if our enterprise and yours cannot work side by side and in harmony—we going into the ditches and into the gutters after these poor victims, and bringing them to you, and introducing them into your fraternal arms, and you shall draw them under the blessed influences of the gospel, and thus God will sanctify our work as a means to a great end—not simply redeeming the drunkard from the power of his cups, or the man from the power of an evil habit, but putting him in a position where the hindrances shall be taken away to his

understanding, and he shall fully appreciate the blessed principles that it is your high and lofty privilege to promulgate.

Ah, young men, what power you have! I remember reading in a fairy tale, that a whole city was in one night changed into stone. There stood a war-horse, with nostrils distended, caparisoned for the battle. There stood the warrior, with his stone hand on the cold mane of that petrified horse. All is still, lifeless, deathlike, silent. Then the trumpet's blast is heard ringing through the clear atmosphere; the warrior leaps upon his steed, the horse utters the war-neigh, and starts forth to the battle; and the warrior, with his lance in rest, rides on to victory. Now, young men, put the trumpet to your lips, blow a blast that shall wake the dead stocks and stones, and on, on—upward to victory over all evil habits and evil influences surrounding you. God uses human instrumentality; let us bow down and thank him, if he will use us as instruments in his hands for furthering his great cause, co-operating with him and his angels in preventing sin. I thank you, young men, for your attention and courtesy; I thank you for the invitation to speak before you to-night.

Romanism, in its relation to the Second Coming of Christ.

A LECTURE

BY THE

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ROMANISM, IN ITS RELATION TO THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

THE subject on which I have to address you is—The Relation of Romanism to the Coming of Christ. I desire to approach the consideration of it with the seriousness and solemnity befitting a theme of such transcendent importance. My purpose is not simply to entertain, but, by God's help, to edify; not to amuse, but to instruct. We are met together as the members of a Christian Association; and I, for one, should feel that I had sadly mistaken the position which I have been called upon to occupy, if, in addressing this assembly, I were not to aim, first and foremost, to advance the interests of spiritual religion. Romanism, to be properly understood, must be examined in the light of prophecy; to be successfully assailed, must be fought with the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. I wish it to be understood in the very outset, that in exposing or denouncing the errors of Romanism I am actuated by no spirit of hostility to those whose honest convictions may have led them to adopt these errors. I desire as much as possible to abstain from the utterance of a single expression which might be calculated unnecessarily to irritate or to wound. Hatred of Romanism is perfectly consistent with affection towards Romanists. Abhorrence of the chain that enthrals is perfectly compatible with love for the enslaved. We may loathe with intense aversion the disease, at the same time

that we deeply compassionate, and strenuously endeavour to help, its poor victim. We may respect the convictions of those whom we believe to be sincere, even though in error, while we make every exertion to expose the error, and bring them to the acceptance of what we believe to be the truth. It is in the hope of delivering an impressive warning against one of the perils to which we are at the present day peculiarly exposed, of confirming you all in your attachment to Protestant truth, and of stimulating your zeal in behalf of those doctrines which were proclaimed by Christ and his apostles, afterwards submerged for a long season beneath the wave of superstition, but gloriously revived in this country at the time of the Reformation, that I come before you to investigate the relation which subsists between Romanism on the one hand and the coming of Christ on the other.

By Romanism, I mean that whole cycle of corrupt doctrine against which the Reformers contended, and we, their successors, continue to protest. In other words, it is the doctrine which is embodied in the Creed of Pope Pius IV., —the creed, as you are aware, of every member of the Roman Catholic community, and which is developed in the authorised formularies and devotional rites of Roman Catholicism.

By the coming of Christ as referred to in the present Lecture, I mean the second advent, the period to which we look onward in faith and hope, as the dawn of a millennial day which is to terminate in the everlasting extinction of error and supremacy of truth.

Now that there is a relation between Romanism and the second advent I have no question whatever. To ascertain what that relation is will be my object in what follows; being firmly persuaded that the attempt to do so can scarcely fail to be attended with practical advantage. In handling such a topic, it is obvious that the basis of all our conclusions must be derived from Scripture. Romanism,

like every other system of religion, as to its doctrines, must be tried by God's word; and Romanism, as to the place which it occupies in the grand scheme of Providence, must be brought to the same infallible touchstone. The investigation is not so difficult as it might be at first deemed. It will be recollected that an inspired apostle,* in writing to the members of a Christian church, and with the view to comfort them under the experience of bitter persecution, made special reference to the second coming of Christ. He enlarged upon the blissful expectation of the reappearance of the Saviour in glory, when the dead in Christ shall rise from their graves, and living believers on earth be translated along with them to meet the Lord in the air. This doctrine, so full of hope and encouragement, was misapprehended by some and abused by others. There were some who misunderstood the apostle to mean that the coming of Christ was an event close at hand, while others made this erroneous expectation an occasion of disturbing the Church and diverting the attention of its members from the practical duties which their Christian profession demanded.

Hence the apostle felt it necessary to write a second time to the same body of converts, to disabuse them of the error and to confirm them in the right faith. In this letter he besought them concerning the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the glorious hope of the gathering together of God's elect, not to be soon shaken in mind or to be troubled, neither by spirit, nor by word, nor by letter, as that the day of Christ was at hand. He then proceeded to deliver a remarkable prediction, which contains the kernel of the whole subject under discussion. He plainly foretold that the day of Christ, or, in other words, the second advent, would not take place until there had been previously the

* See 1 Thessalonians, iv.

developement of a huge apostasy. He defined with singular minuteness the features of this apostasy, and he authoritatively declares that it will be coextensive with the present dispensation,—that, in short, its destruction is to be one of the distinguishing events which the advent of Christ is to usher in and accomplish.

Now, the whole gist of the inquiry before us turns on the question, Whether or not is the fulfilment of this prediction realised in Romanism? If it is so, then the relation between Romanism and the coming of Christ is at once established; the conclusion is obtained that Romanism is a distinct apostasy, foreseen, foretold, and foredoomed,—the existence whereof is a sign, and the full developement whereof is a landmark, by which we may discern that the dispensations of time are drawing to a close and those of eternity are rapidly approaching.

But let us not prejudge the question. I do not for the present pronounce whether or not the inspired prediction refers to Romanism. All I ask for is a calm and dispassionate comparison of the terms of the prophecy with the undeniable facts in regard of the origin, the principles, and the practices of Romanism. No one can deny that the apostle foretells a great apostasy, that he carefully portrays some of its prominent features, that he plainly asserts that the germs of this apostasy were in existence even at the time when he wrote; and that, further, this apostasy was to be perpetuated through following generations up to the time of the second coming of Christ. Where is this apostasy to be found? Is it Romanism, or is it anything else?

Now, to examine this matter fairly we must deliberately weigh the force of the apostle's language. He says, "That day shall not come except there come a falling away first." The Greek word which is translated "a falling away" is *ἀποστασία*. From this word our English term "apostasy" is

derived. The same word, or a word from the same root, is used more than once in the New Testament.

Now, it is important to inquire, What does an apostasy literally signify? It means a disruption of a portion of a body from the remainder to which it has formerly adhered. It is necessary to mark carefully this distinction. You will perceive at once, that by so doing the field of our present inquiry is brought within a comparatively narrow compass. An apostasy is not an attack upon the Church from without, but a defection from the Church within. Wherever the term apostasy is used in the New Testament it has this signification. It denotes a separation from the Church, not an aggressive movement upon the Church *ab extrâ*. This being so, the prediction with which we are now dealing must have to do with some heresy broached under the name of Christianity, not with any open assault directed against Christianity by some foreign assailant. It cannot refer, for example, to Paganism, nor to open infidelity, nor to Mohammedanism; for these do not answer to the description of a gradual breaking down of a portion of what at least appeared to be a part of the Church. To realise the idea of an apostasy there must be a severance from the Church, more or less extensive, of what has formerly composed a part of the visible Church itself.

There is another critical remark which it is important to make at this point. The apostle is made in our English translation to say, "That day shall not come except there come a falling away first;" but the more literal translation would be, "Except there come THE falling away first." The distinction is important. The apostle is pointing to an apostasy by way of pre-eminence. There were other minor apostasies, even in apostolic days. There have been many minor apostasies in all subsequent periods down to the present. But allusion is here made "to the apostasy," denoting

somewhat of greater magnitude, of wider extent, of more flagrant iniquity, than any which had been before or would be hereafter realised. The apostasy which the apostle was here describing is to be the greatest of all apostasies,—the falling away to which the prophet Daniel of old had pointed,—to which Christ himself referred,—the apostasy which in apocalyptic vision was beheld by the evangelist in Patmos, and which is reserved for destruction by the breath of the Lord, by the brightness of the coming of Christ.

I go on to observe, this apostasy is graphically portrayed under certain distinctive names and by certain marked peculiarities. Without for the moment attempting to pronounce to which of all the apostasies that have ever taken place these belong, I would ask you calmly to consider, what would these titles and lineaments lead you to expect? There are four names which St. Paul applies to the apostasy in question. He calls it (1.) the Man of sin, (2.) the Son of perdition, (3.) the mystery of iniquity, and (4.) that wicked, or that lawless one. Now, throwing aside all preconceived opinion as to the application of these names, I have simply to ask, What is the import of the titles, what would they lead you to look for in the apostasy of which they are descriptive?

Take the first of them—"the Man of sin,"—would not this title seem to imply that the apostasy to which it belongs would be embodied or personified in one visible head? that there would be a supreme chief at the summit of the whole, wielding an authority over every member of the apostasy, and in whom, *i. e.* in whose official acts, all the features of the apostasy itself should be realised? It does not necessarily follow that this must be one individual. In prophetic language empires governed by a succession of kings are frequently denoted by a single emblem. The succession of the Jewish high-priests is denoted by appellations in the

singular number. From whence it is plain that the term, "Man of sin," as also the other names, Son of perdition, and the lawless one, may denote a succession of persons arising one after the other: but at all events, the name signifies that the apostasy would be presided over by one visible head, to whom all of its members should profess allegiance. But the title involves more than this. Surely the term "Man of sin," when employed to characterise an apostasy, must denote a pre-eminent degree of sinfulness. It implies that the apostasy would be remarkable for its inordinate guilt. These two particulars, the extent of its territorial diffusion and the depth of its abomination, combining to vindicate the representation of it as THE APOSTASY, by way of pre-eminence over all other apostasies.

A second title given to this apostasy is, "Son of perdition." Again I would ask, what does this appellation denote in the abstract? One can scarcely fail to be reminded that this is the expressive designation which Christ gave to the traitor Judas. It is assigned to none else on the page of God's word. The term occurs but twice in Scripture—once in reference to the treacherous apostle, and once in reference to the predicted apostasy. Now would not this circumstance by itself lead you to anticipate a correspondence between the character of Judas and the character of the apostasy in question; in short, that the covetousness and the treachery for which Judas was remarkable would be as remarkably exemplified in the great defection from Christian truth which is here portrayed? So that, in like manner as Judas betrayed his Master under the semblance of friendship, so it would come to pass, that under the semblance of Christianity, and with the pretence of friendship to Christ, the dearest interests of truth would be sacrificed by the apostasy to which this title is affixed, "the Son of perdition." But the title still further implics, that the apostasy

of which it is descriptive would be pre-eminently destructive, and in itself be at length conspicuously destroyed. Here, again, the analogy holds; Judas, the son of perdition, was instrumental to put Christ to death, and he himself hopelessly perished. Is it too much to infer from hence that the apostasy to which the same title—Son of perdition—is applied, would slay the disciples of Jesus, and be at last itself openly thrust into perdition?

Again, the apostasy is termed “the mystery of iniquity.” The idea which is involved in this title is that of a peculiar mysteriousness attaching to it, and a mysteriousness which should be made subservient to iniquity, as if the origin, the growth, the secret power of the apostasy, were to be wrapped in obscurity, and all the while the mystery should pander to vice. Strange that under the semblance of Christianity the worst evils should be wrought and the most intolerable abominations be practised!

The fourth specific title given to the apostasy is “that wicked,” or, as the original more correctly signifies, “that lawless one.” The evident import of the title is, that the apostasy, in its head or representative, would claim precedence of all constituted authority, whether divine or human. It would change or set aside laws. It would arrogate a kind of universal supremacy above the control of kings and emperors, and even set aside, as occasion might require, the law of God himself.

You will observe that I have not yet ventured to hint where the original of this picture, drawn by an inspired apostle, is to be found. I have simply taken up the titles whereby he designates the apostasy that was to arise, and endeavoured to gather what those titles in the abstract would lead us to expect. But over and above the several names to which I have referred, there are certain other characteristic features of the apostasy, delineated by the

same inspired hand. For example, it is affirmed of this Man of sin, that "he opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God."

The general idea conveyed in this description is that of an arrogant assumption of authority, in defiance of all legitimate rule. But the expressions are peculiar, and I must glance at them, for a moment, more minutely. For example, when it is said, "He exalteth himself above all that is called God, and that is worshipped;" what is the exact force of the phrase, "all that is called God?" I reply, this is a form of expression to denote civil governments. The circuitous mode of expression, "all that is called God," itself forbids the supposition that the apostle meant simply the Divine Being; besides, "all that is called God" is a phrase elsewhere used in Scripture to denote civil rulers or judges. Thus, in the eighty-second Psalm you find it written, "God standeth in the congregation of the mighty; he judgeth among the gods." In allusion to this very passage, Christ says, "If he called them gods to whom the word of God came." Clearly showing that the term "gods" is thus used in regard of civil rulers. The phrase, therefore, "above all that is called God," denotes the civil authority in general, and the description, "who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God," denotes the hostile attitude which this apostasy would assume towards all constituted authority. The clause, "or that is worshipped," is an amplification of the preceding. The word in the original which is translated "that is worshipped," simply expresses that which is an object of reverence amongst men. Thus the whole phrase "includes every grade or station of civil authority derived from the sovereign, and claiming deference from the subject. It describes all civil rule from that which is called God on the throne, down to every worshipful repre-

sentative of majesty in the executive." It is further said, "So that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God." The interpretation of this phrase will greatly depend upon the meaning you attach to the words, "the temple of God." By some it has been supposed that the kteral temple in Jerusalem is intended. But you never find the apostles, after the death of Christ, call the temple in Jerusalem the temple of God. Moreover, the apostasy which is here predicted was not to reach its maturity until long after that temple should have been demolished. On the other hand, the apostles did describe the Christian Church at large as a temple — even the temple of the living God. The meaning of the expression, I therefore take to be "the professing Church of Christ;" and the import of the whole phrase is, that the apostasy would have its rise and manifestation within the professing Church; that the Man of sin would sit within the precincts of the temple of Christianity, and there arrogate to himself the prerogatives and the honours which belong only to God.

It is very important to remark, further, that St. Paul speaks of this apostasy as already at work, even at the period when he wrote this epistle: "The mystery of iniquity doth already work." At the same time there was some restraining cause in operation which for a season prevented the full developement of the mischief, "He who now letteth will let until he be taken out of the way." The leaven was fermenting, but as yet secretly and almost imperceptibly. The elements of the volcanic eruption were gathering in their might; but as yet the volcano had not yet burst: the storm was brooding, but the desolating torrent was not yet let loose.

We have now, I think, sufficient data for proceeding to inquire whether the annals of the past furnish in any

measure a fulfilment of the inspired prediction. I shall take up the several points in order of the inspired sketch, and examine how far the several doctrines correspond with what may be observed in the origin, the principles, and the practices of Romanism. Let me remind you, then, to begin with, of the definition which has been given of the term "apostasy:" it means a defection from the Church,—a ceasing to cohere to the pure truth of Christianity.

Now, it may strike you at once, *that if Romanism be not pure apostolic Christianity, it must be an apostasy.* There is in Romanism, externally, so much affinity to the Church of Christ; it wears so much of the semblance of Christianity; it makes such a boast of being exclusively the Church; that if it is not in reality and truth what it pretends to be, it must be an apostasy. It is not ostensibly opposed to Christianity. So far from it, it professes to be the very model of Christian doctrine and practice. It arrogates to itself the exclusive right to be called the Catholic Church. So that, clearly, if it is not what it claims to be, it precisely answers to one condition, which is involved in the term "apostasy."

I remark, further, that the expressions which are used by the apostle in sketching the apostasy seem to point to a gradual development, as if the moral darkness was to creep on by degrees, till at length the light of Christian truth was all but extinguished. Now, in this particular, again, I cannot fail to remark there is a correspondence to be traced in the history of Romanism with the tenor of the prediction. That history precisely exemplifies the gradual development to which the language of the apostle refers. The Roman Catholic draws largely upon the presumed ignorance or credulity of Protestants, when he claims for the peculiar tenets of Romanism either the antiquity or the authority of the apostolic age. The errors of Romanism

crept in privily and unawares. The seeds were partially sown in apostolic times, but the manifestation of the error, in its full-blown antagonism to scriptural truth, was not for centuries later. In this respect Romanism appears to tally with the prophetic outline of the great apostasy.

Then I cannot but remark further ; *if Romanism be an apostasy, it is certainly worthy to be characterised as of all apostasies the greatest.* The Roman Catholic will point, in a tone of triumph, to the extent of territory occupied by his Church. He will boast of her having obtained a footing in every clime and on every shore ; he will point to the zeal of her missionaries, in compassing sea and land to make proselytes ; he will show, and with perfect truth, that there is no nation under heaven to which his creed has not been proclaimed, and scarcely an island of ocean where some of its followers are not found. Without the slightest exaggeration, he may tell of the numerical ascendancy of his Church as compared with other branches of the professing Church of Christ. But it should be recollected, if the Roman Catholic would argue that because in the majority as to number, therefore his must be the true Church, then his exhibition of numerical superiority may prove the most disastrous testimony he could have called forth. Majority in numbers is no test of religious truth. Numerical ascendancy is no evidence of doctrinal purity ; even missionary zeal is no infallible criterion of a true Church. There were those in our Lord's day, to whom Christ himself said, " Ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves." On the other hand, if there be only a suspicion that Romanism is an apostasy, then her numerical majority may become a fatal evidence of her identity with what is termed " the apostasy,"—the mystic Babylon, concerning which it is

predicted that "all nations shall drink of the wine of her fornication."

I proceed to the names by which the apostasy is spoken of, intending to examine how far they apply to Romanism. First, there is the appellation—"The Man of sin." I have already shown that this title involves the twofold idea of a personal head and of pre-eminent sinfulness. Now I do not wish to leap at a conclusion; but I ask, if it is not a remarkable coincidence that Roman Catholicism precisely answers to the condition which one part of this title, at all events, seems to demand? *Romanism has a personal visible head.* That head is the Pope. Every Roman Catholic, all the world over, in virtue of his religious creed, owes allegiance to the Pope of Rome. Whatever the form of government, or whosoever the sovereign, the Pope of Rome is to every Roman Catholic supreme; nay, more, with an inordinate grasp at universal dominion, it is enacted, in the canon law of the Church of Rome, "He that acknowledgeth not himself to be under the bishop of Rome, and that the bishop of Rome is ordained of God to have primacy over all the world, is a heretic, and cannot be saved, nor is not of the flock of Christ." There is no question, then, that according to the tenets of Roman Catholicism the Pope of Rome is the visible head of the entire system. The members of the Roman Catholic community, wheresoever to be met with, are, one and all, linked by a chain of spiritual subjugation to the authority of the Pope. So much for one part of the idea which is involved in the epithet, "THE MAN OF SIN."

But is it the case that the other idea, of pre-eminent sinfulness, is realised in Romanism? I admit this is a matter upon which, in all Christian charity and fairness, we are bound to proceed cautiously, and, least of all, to form a hasty or an ill-founded conclusion. The question may,

however, be tried on one issue, against which not even the Roman Catholic himself ought to object. It will not be denied there is no graver accusation to bring against a professing Church of Christ than the charge of idolatry ; and that, if this accusation can be fairly substantiated, there is wanting nothing further to convict of pre-eminent sinfulness. Such a charge ought not to be made lightly, nor to be entertained except on the clearest evidence. I do not, therefore, deem it sufficient for the confirmation of such a charge against Romanism, simply to affirm, that by the constitution of these realms ; by the Established Church of England and Ireland ; by Protestant Christians, of whatsoever community, in every part of the world ; by the united testimony of our martyred Reformers, who sacrificed their lives rather than abate one jot of their protest against Romanism,—that by all these the Church of Rome is adjudged to be both idolatrous and superstitious. But I would have you, the members of this Christian Association, reach your conviction upon the matter in question by an impartial reference to Roman Catholic doctrine, whether as contained in the creeds, expounded by councils and catechisms, or as authorised by the formularies and devotional rites of Roman Catholicism. If, upon reference to these sources, the sin of idolatry does not appear, then away with the charge at once ; if it does appear, then I claim the verdict, “ Pre-eminentlly sinful.”

Idolatry is the rendering to any creature any portion of the homage, worship, or adoration, which is due to God only. The compass of this Lecture will not allow of my showing at length that Romanism does this in regard of the consecrated wafer in the so-called sacrifice of the mass, and also in regard of relics. I will confine myself to but one point. Now Rome, by the decree of the Council of Trent, affirms “that the saints who reign together with Christ offer their prayers to

God for men ; that it is a good and useful thing suppliantly to invoke them, and to flee to their prayers, help, and assistance, because of the benefits bestowed by God through his Son Jesus Christ our Lord, who is our only Saviour and Redeemer ; and that those are men of impious sentiments who deny that the saints who enjoy eternal happiness in heaven are to be invoked ; or who affirm that they do not pray for men ; or that to beseech them to pray for us is idolatry ; or that it is contrary to the word of God, and opposed to the honour of Jesus Christ, tho' one Mediator between God and man ; or that it is foolish to supplicate verbally or mentally those who reign in heaven." In the seventh and eighth articles of the creed of Pope Pius IV., it is laid down thus : " Likewise that the saints reigning together with Christ are to be honoured and invocated, and that they offer prayers to God for us, and that their relics are to be had in veneration." " I most firmly assert, that the images of Christ, of the Mother of God ever Virgin, and also of other saints, may be had and retained, and that due honour and veneration are to be given them." To a Protestant ear this sounds very much akin to idolatry. But it is said, on the other hand, that the honour which is given to the creature is distinct from what is rendered to God ; that, in short, there are three kinds of veneration. " Latria," which is due to God only ; " dulia," which is ascribed to saints and angels ; and " hyperdulia," which is due, as they affirm, to the Virgin Mary. There are two weighty objections against this fanciful distinction. First, it is unscriptural ; and, secondly, in practice it is impossible. How, I ask, is it possible for an uneducated Romanist to split such a hair as this, and never overpass the limits, whether of " dulia" or " hyperdulia," in his veneration of a relic or of the Virgin herself ? Besides, if we examine the books of devotion of the Church of Rome, not only is the distinc-

tion laid aside, but evidence of the grossest idolatry stares us in the face. I turn, for example, to the Breviary, and from "The Office for the Feast of the most sacred Name of the Blessed Mary," I extract the following instruction, which, I presume, all devout Roman Catholics consider themselves bound to obey: "O thou, whosoever thou art, that findest thyself rolling rather on this world-tossing ocean amid storms and tempests than walking on land, turn not thine eyes away from this refulgent star if thou wouldst not be overwhelmed by the storm. If, then, the winds of tempest rise against thee, or thou runnest on the rocks of tribulation, look to the star, call on Mary. If thou art tossed on the waves of pride, or ambition, or detraction, or envy, look to the star, call upon Mary. If, troubled at the enormity of thy sins, or confounded by the defilement of conscience, or terrified with horror of the judgment to come, thou beginnest to be swallowed up in the abyss of sorrow or the gulf of despair, think of Mary. . . . In perils, in straits, in adversities, think of Mary, invoke Mary,—following her, thou missest not the way; asking of her, thou needest not despair; keeping thy thoughts on her, thou canst not err. She holding thee up, thou fallest not. She protecting thee, thou needst not fear. She guiding thy way, thou feelest no weariness. She being propitious, thou reachest the end of thy journey."

Now, I ask, if this is not to give to the creature what is due to the Creator? Is not this the guilt of idolatry? It is impossible, in a single lecture, to advance even a tithe of the evidence which bears on this painful theme. I cannot, however, refrain from allusion to a well-known publication, entitled "The Glories of Mary," being a translation from the Italian of Alphonsus Liguori, now a canonised saint of the Church of Rome. It has been authoritatively declared by the Church of Rome that all the writings of Alphonsus Liguori contain "*not one word worthy of censure.*" Surely,

then, it is fair to judge of the sentiments of Romanism by the writings of a man who was canonised by the Church of Rome in the year 1839, and in regard of whose writings Rome has affirmed that they are deserving of all praise, and not one word of them is worthy of censure. Now, amongst the assertions which Liguori makes, and which, you will bear in mind on the authority of the Church of Rome, deserves no censure, I find the following : “ It is the opinion of many, and I hold the opinion to be true and indubitable, that all God’s graces are dispensed through the hands of Mary, and that all the elect are brought to salvation through this divine mother. In conformity with this opinion, *it may be said that the salvation of all depends on preaching devotion to Mary, and confidence in her intercession.*” Again, the following idolatrous language is addressed to Mary by the same author : “ Nothing resists your power, because the Creator of all honours you as his mother, making your glory his own. Mary owes her Son an infinite gratitude for choosing her for his mother; but it is not less true to say that Jesus Christ has contracted a species of obligation towards her for the human existence he received from her, and in recompense for this benefit he honours her by hearing her prayers.” The same writer adopts the following blasphemous address to Mary : “ *O great Queen, it is by you the miserable are saved; and because their salvation is your work, they shall form your crown in heaven.*” What can approach nearer to idolatry than this ? What can extenuate this blasphemy, endorsed though it be by Rome’s imprimatur, “ IT CONTAINS NOT ONE WORD WORTHY OF CENSURE ?” Is Rome, or is she not, open to the charge of idolatry ? Can you come to any other conclusion than that she is ? And I ask you if, in the exercise of a calm and dispassionate judgment, the title “ Man of sin,” as embodying the twofold idea of a visible personal head and of pre-eminent guilt, is not a title to which

Rome has the best possible claim? Her show and pretence of Christianity, combined with her palpable departure from apostolic truth, convicts her of apostasy. Her visible organisation under one supreme pontiff, arrogating to himself universal supremacy; her world-wide diffusion, and the tremendous guilt which is involved in her perfidy to him whom she professes to serve, as that perfidy is exhibited in her honouring the creature above the Creator — all this combine to swell the evidence that Romanism is *the* apostasy on which an inspired apostle has written this appellation, "The Man of sin."

The second distinctive title given to "the apostasy" is "the Son of perdition." This title, as I have already said, implies a pre-eminently distinctive character in the apostasy itself; and it implies, further, that the apostasy is doomed — not to be reformed, but to be destroyed. Romanism, as a religious system, is pre-eminently destructive. It should never be forgotten that the points of difference between Romanists and Protestants relate to the very fundamentals of true religion. We differ on the primary question, as to the right method of approach to God. We differ essentially as to the rule of faith. We differ as to the sacrifice of Christ. We differ as to the method of justification. We differ on the equally important matter of a believer's sanctification. Now these are not trifling or subordinate questions. They are of vital importance. Wilful error concerning them is incompatible with salvation. If the Church of Rome be in error on these points, as we believe she is, she must be instrumental to destroy souls. Romanism is, moreover, the more to be dreaded, because of the cunning intermixture in her system of truth and error. There is truth enough to keep the error in disguise. There is enough of the drama of Christianity to hide from the unwary the features of Antichrist. Other forms of error are comparatively innocuous.

because the error is so palpable ; in Romanism the deadliest poison is held and administered in the most attractive vehicle.

Again, Romanism is of all religions the most persecuting and intolerant. When you hear of a certain Grand Duke infatuated enough, at this time of day, to imprison and persecute Protestants, you are apt to regard him as a monster of cruelty ; but this is not to do him justice,—you ought to judge of him as a pre-eminently consistent Roman Catholic. He is brave enough, or, if you please, rash enough, to act up to his creed. His creed is a persecuting creed. By the third canon of the fourth Council of Lateran, “ All heretics, by whatsoever name they may be known, are condemned ; and such as are condemned are to be delivered over to the secular powers, or their officers, to receive due punishment.”

This decree has never been repealed. It has been acted upon wheresoever Rome has had the power to do so, as history bears testimony. Witness the slaughter of the Albigenses in the thirteenth century, by command of Pope Innocent III., for no other reason than because they had adopted views ten thousand times more innocent than those of their persecutors, and embraced errors “ which, according to the worst imputations, left the laws of humanity and the peace of social life unimpaired.”* Witness the annals of Queen Mary in this country, of Charles V. in Germany, of Louis XIV. in France. Witness the massacre of the Irish Protestants in 1641, when, on the testimony of a Roman Catholic writer, 8000 Protestants were butchered in one day. Witness the massacre of St. Bartholomew, in commemoration of which the Pope caused a medal to be struck. Witness the atrocities which attended the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Witness the horrors of the Inquisition ; and although the march of civilisation and the force of public opinion have done much to curb the exercise of its

persecuting spirit, yet witness the embers of that spirit still prepared to burst into flame, as attested by the groans from Tuscany of the victims of Rome's hatred to the word of God.

It is nothing to say in reply, Protestants have persecuted in their turn. I admit they have done so. Individual Protestants have done it, but it is not the religion of Protestants to persecute ;—we abhor persecution. There is not a sentence in any Protestant creed or canon which sanctions recourse to any kind of coercion to alter or compel men's religious opinions. Rome, on the contrary, in the plenary exercise of her boasted infallible authority, has proclaimed the lawfulness of persecution. She has never repealed the proclamation ; she has shown, in numberless ways, that it is for lack of power, not of will, that she does not more often use the unhallowed weapon.

The third title by which the apostasy is designated is "the mystery of iniquity." The epithet denotes a peculiar mysteriousness which is to characterise the apostasy and to be made subservient to the purposes of iniquity. Romanism fully answers to this description. There is, indeed, a system of which the appropriate title is "the mystery of godliness." The gospel of Jesus is that mystery. It is an ineffable mystery of wisdom and power,—of truth and loving-kindness. A mystery belongs to the origin, the procurement, and the application of the plan of salvation. The contrivance of the scheme is a mystery. Its execution through the obedience unto death of the Incarnate Word is a mystery ; and not less so is the application of the scheme to any single case. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth, so is every one that is born of the Spirit." The consummation of the plan is involved in mystery, and yet we know that the whole of the marvellous scheme is a mystery of godliness. Divinity presides over its every part, and the tendency of

the whole is to elevate man from the degradation of sin to the recovery of the image of God in which he was at the first created.

Now in direct antagonism to this mystery of godliness, stands the mystery of iniquity. Such is Romanism. Mysterious in its origin, growth, developement,—mysterious in the influence it exerts, in its mode of working, in its power of accommodation to every variety of human circumstance, rank, or disposition. The whole is a mystery of iniquity. It defrauds its disciples of privileges to the free enjoyment whereof every man is entitled; by feigned words it makes merchandise of men's souls. It usurps prerogatives which belong to God only, and wields them for the oppression of its victims. It makes sinning easy; and by the very instrumentality through which it professes to impose hindrances in the way of iniquity it makes the practice of iniquity more facile. I have no hesitation in affirming that the more carefully you investigate the practical working of the entire Romish system, the more irresistible will the conclusion appear that "mystery of iniquity" is a title to which the Church of Rome has an undoubted claim.

And what shall we say of the fourth specific appellation which the apostle gives to the apostasy, namely, "that wicked, or lawless, one?" The import of the title is self-evident. It points to an arrogant assumption of superiority to all law and authority whatsoever. Now here, again, the accuracy with which this accusation may be proved against Romanism is vividly clear. Let Rome speak for herself. In her canon-law it is authoritatively laid down, "The crowns of kings have not pre-eminence over ecclesiastical equis, but are subordinate or subservient to them." "Whatsoever decrees of princes are found injurious to the interest of the Church are declared to be of no authority whatever." There goes the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill then at once. "It

has no authority whatever," *ipse dixit* the Pope of Rome. Again: "The bishop of Rome hath authority to judge all men, and specially to discern the articles of faith, and that without any councils, and may assoil them that the council hath damned; but no man hath authority to judge him nor to meddle with anything that he hath judged, neither emperor, king, people, nor the clergy, and, it is not lawful for any man to judge of his power." "It appertaineth to the Church of Rome to judge which oaths ought to be kept and which not." So says the canon-law of the Church of Rome. I ask, can clearer evidence be wanted, that, in theory at least, the Church of Rome claims to be independent of all law and to have the right to trample under foot all constituted authorities whatsoever, as it may from time to time suit her convenience or interest to do so?

Nor has she failed in practice to exercise the authority which she thus theoretically claims. Pope Gregory VII. deposed Henry IV. of Germany, in the year 1075, in the following terms: "For the dignity and defence of God's holy Church, in the name of Almighty God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I depose from imperial and royal administration King Henry, son of Henry, sometime Emperor; and I absolve all Christians subject to the empire from that oath whereby they were wont to plight their faith unto true kings, for it is right that he should be deprived of dignity who endeavours to diminish the majesty of the Church."

Pope Gregory IX., in the year 1239, excommunicated the Emperor Frederick II., and absolved his subjects from their oath of allegiance.

Pope Paul III. once and again excommunicated and deposed Henry VIII. of England.

Pope Pius V., in the year 1570, issued his memorable bull against Queen Elizabeth, in which he declares, "He that reigneth on high, to whom is given all power in heaven and

in earth, committed one holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, out of which there is no salvation, to one alone on earth, namely, to Peter, the prince of the apostles, and to Peter's successor, the bishop of Rome, to be governed in fulness of power. Him alone he made prince over all people and all kingdoms, to pluck up, destroy, scatter, consume, plant, and build. . . . We do out of the fulness of our apostolic power declare the aforesaid Elizabeth to be cut off from the unity of the body of Christ ; and, moreover, we do declare her to be deprived of her pretended title to the kingdom aforesaid, and of all dominion, dignity, and privilege whatever. . . . And also the nobility, subjects, and people of the said kingdom, and all others which have in any sort sworn to her, to be for ever absolved from any such oath, and all manner of duty, allegiance, and obedience. . . . And we do command and interdict all and every the noblemen, subjects, people, and others aforesaid, that they presume not to obey her, or her monitions, mandates, or laws ; and those who shall act contrary be involved in the same sentence of anathema." Can you need a fuller exemplification of the canon-law, which affirms, "The bishop of Rome may excommunicate emperors and princes, depose them from their states, and assoil their subjects from their oaths of obedience to them and so constrain them to rebellion ?" Has there ever been heard of any apostasy in the Christian Church which more minutely tallies with the descriptive title, "that wicked," or "that lawless one ?"

One word in reference to the remaining features in the inspired portraiture of the apostasy. What has been said on the application of the title, "the lawless one," holds equally as to the next prominent feature, namely, "who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped." Rome does this. She rudely violates the sacredness that surrounds the throne, and mocks

alike at the authority of kings and of civil rulers of every degree. It is added, "So that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God." "The temple of God" is a phrase to denote the Christian Church. The apostasy, then, which is here portrayed must have the semblance of Christianity. Rome has this beyond all doubt. It would further appear that this apostasy would claim to exercise divine prerogatives. Rome does this. Hear her own words. In the Catechism of the Council of Trent, it is affirmed, "In the priest, who sits as his legitimate judge, the penitent should venerate the person and the power of Christ the Lord, for in the administration of the sacrament of penance, as in that of the others, the priest discharges the functions of Jesus Christ."

But, again, the apostle affirms, "The mystery of iniquity doth already work: only ye know what withholdeth that he might be revealed in his time, and he who now letteth, will let until he be taken out of the way." According to this statement, all the elements of the future apostasy were then in existence, only they were held in check by the presence of some controlling force. This description most remarkably tallies with the facts of the case as regards Romanism. The germ of many of the more prominent errors of Popery can be detected even in apostolic times. It was necessary even for the apostles to warn their converts to flee from idolatry, to beware of a voluntary humility and a worshipping of angels, of a vain distinction of meats, a neglecting of the body, an observance of the traditions, the doctrines and commandments of men. The very fact that an inspired apostle deemed it necessary to prescribe that a bishop should be the husband of one wife, implies that the Romish doctrine of the celibacy of the clergy was not altogether unknown; above all, it was needful to warn of erring upon the grand and fundamental question of a sinner's

justification before God. At the same time it is evident that Romanism never put forward all its pretensions, it was not fully developed in its criminal opposition to divine truth until the seat of the Roman empire was transferred from Rome to Constantinople. "The grandeur of the emperor and of antichrist could not stand together." As soon as the emperor departed from Rome, antichrist began to be revealed. Thus history confirms the interpretation I have given, and contributes her quota of evidence to fix the application of the whole prophecy to the system of Romanism.

It is time that I should briefly remind you of the result of the foregoing investigation. An inspired apostle had spoken to the members of a Christian Church of the second coming of Christ. His words were misapprehended, his statements perverted. In order to correct the mischief thence resulting, he again wrote to the same body of Christians, and predicted, in the clearest manner, that prior to the second advent there would be an apostasy, of which he proceeded to give minute outlines. He declared that the rudiments of this apostasy were already in existence, but that their development would not take place till the removal of a certain restraining cause. He declared that this apostasy would continue till the end of time; and only then be destroyed when the Lord himself shall reappear.

All this is clear matter of fact. I have endeavoured patiently to examine the inspired prediction. I have taken title after title, and one characteristic feature after another, and endeavoured to find out where the prediction finds its fulfilment. The result is, that I find an unmistakeable correspondence in all that we know of the origin, the growth, the pretensions, the principles, and the practices of Romanism, with the picture which the apostle drew. If he did not intend that portrait for Romanism, it is an unheard-of

coincidence that it should be so faithful a likeness. The evidence of the history, the doctrine, and the character of Romanism, all goes to establish the identity of Popery with the predicted apostasy. This is not a modern or a novel interpretation. Many parts of it were held in an early age of the Church. So confident was the belief, and so prevalent the opinion, that it was the Roman empire by which the development of antichrist was restrained, that, according to Tertullian, it was a prayer in the liturgy of the Church, that the Roman empire might stand long, in order that antichrist's coming might be long deferred. The interpretation I have given was the belief of Wickliffe, of Luther, of Cranmer, of Latimer, of Ridley, of Jewel, of John Knox. All agree in this, that the Romish apostasy is antichrist. It was this belief which kindled the zeal, sustained the courage, and upheld the constancy, of the noble band of our martyred reformers. Their blood would not have flowed so freely had they not recognised in Romanism the antichristian apostasy. They felt, that in withstanding Popery they were waging battle against a system which, more than any other, defrauded Christ of his glory, and robbed the gospel of its preciousness. Our resistance to Popery must rest on the same basis. Popery is unchanged. Nothing in her past history tends to weaken the force of the testimony which the prediction I have been reviewing delivers against her. I thank God that the heart of this Protestant nation is, as I believe, sound to its very core. The spirit of Protestantism is not dead. The blood of the martyrs yet flows in our veins; the light that was kindled by the flame-shroud of Latimer has not been extinguished. Let the necessity but arise, and I believe there would be no lack of witnesses for God and for truth, who would not shrink from the martyrs' pile, if the cause of Protestant truth were to demand the sacrifice. On the other hand, let

us not imagine that the spirit of Popery is dead either. Never were its assumptions more arrogant, never was its aspect more threatening. I look at the Continent of Europe. Jesuits inspire the Papal councils and wield its two-edged sword. In Naples, Ferdinand, the model king, has been forced, through their ascendancy, to break his oath to the people; her patriots are perishing in dungeons, and her children are now taught a catechism which teaches that every Protestant should be put to death here and will perish everlastingly. In Austria, the Imperial power is at the feet of the Jesuits. In Tuscany, the civil power is subordinated to the ecclesiastical. In France, we have seen Rome accommodating itself to every phase of popular revolution; its priesthood one while blessing the trees of Liberty to hail the inauguration of a republic, and then in turn rallying around the throne of the emperor. In Prussia, Frederic William caressed the Popish hierarchy for their political support, allowed the full restoration of the Jesuits, and within the last few months the Pope has been giving laws to the Prussians on the subject of mixed marriages, exactly opposite to the law of the land. In Spain, Protestantism has just been proscribed under the severest penalties. In Holland, he has parcelled out the kingdom into dioceses, introduced the bitterest strifes, and defied the royal power. If I turn to this country—the home of the Bible and the palladium of Protestant truth—all the energies of Papal Christendom are directed to the reconversion of England. In this country, fifty years ago, there were but four vicars apostolic, with between one and two hundred priests. Now Rome possesses here a cardinal archbishop, twelve bishops, and twelve hundred clergy. Since the aggression of 1850, there have been added forty-four convents, sixty-one chapels, and eighty-eight priests.

Rome is not asleep. Young men of this Christian Association, we must not be asleep either. "We must examine Popery in the full light of revealed truth. Thus surveying her, I am not surprised at her power, her subtlety, her progress. We are prepared to expect it all. She must be verified to be the foredoomed apostasy, by the extent of her dominion and the greatness of her guilt. That she has obtained a footing in every nation, and reared her altars on every shore, is one link in the evidence by which her oneness with the predicted apostasy is proved. All the mystery which hangs around her, and which she so much loves, is another link in the chain of testimony. That she should be at one time apparently crushed, and yet exhibit such a marvellous reviviscent power; that she should be at one and the same time impotent at the heart of her empire, and yet exhibiting in free Protestant nations tokens of unabated vigour; that, in spite of every exposure of the "lying wonders" she has practised, and of the contradictions to common sense in which she demands implicit faith, she should still be successful to entrap many of the wise and the intellectual; all this, mysterious though it be, is explicable by the truth of prophecy, but not otherwise. It constitutes a part of the mystery by which it was foretold that the apostasy would be characterised. Her marvellous facility of accommodation to the varying tastes and habits, the prejudices or predictions, of mankind,—her prodigious versatility, combined with so much fixity,—her unvarying aim pursued with such ever-varying expedients,—her matchless dexterity in weaving together truth and error,—her faculty of concealing the deadliest weapon in the most attractive sheath,—her power of decoying a man into the most appalling slavery by holding out the bait of a peace of mind nowhere else to be realised but in her communion—her resources for practically lulling the conscience so as

to make crime easy :—all this contributes to make Romanism of all apostasies at once the most iniquitous and the most perilous.*

Learn, Christian young men, to regard Popery in its true aspect. Be valiant for the truth as it is in Jesus. God forbid that I should be instrumental to awaken one harsh sentiment or unchristian disposition towards Roman Catholics ! The greater their error, the more they are entitled to our pity and compassion. But I call upon you to hold no parley with Romanism. Do not attempt to meet it half-way. Love the Romanist and try to do him good, but let him not doubt for a moment your abhorrence of the error which deceives, and the chain that enthrals him. Take a true estimate of the prospects of Popery. Contrast its darkness with the brightness of the coming day. Popery will continue till the advent of Christ. It will never be reformed. Many who are now amongst its captives, will, through the wonders of grace, be marvellously extricated. Multitudes are even now responding to the call, "Come out of her, my people !" I do not despair even of whole countries over which she now tyrannises being nobly enfranchised. But as a system Popery will continue till the Lord comes. The first streak of light that shall break on the horizon, as the pledge of the rising of the Sun of Righteousness, shall be a sign that Great Babylon is about to be destroyed. The first note of the echoing trumpet of the archangel, which shall wake from earth the responsive shout, "Behold he cometh"—that sound shall be the knell of Romanism. Her deeds shall come into remembrance. The blood of the martyrs which is found in her shall be avenged. The usurper shall be hurled from the throne which he has dared to mount. The antichrist shall be swept to perdition, that Christ in his glory may reign for ever and for ever, King of kings and Lord of lords. Young men of this Christian Association,

which side are you prepared to take in the approaching struggle? There are but two sides,—truth and falsehood. You must either be ranged on the side of the Lamb or on the side of Satan. You must elect between the two. Neutrality on this question is treason. As the professing servants of Christ bearing his name—wearing his livery, I call upon you to be uncompromising and decided. You will experience the blessing of decision when the Son of Man shall appear. Fear not, I entreat you, the reproach of men. Trample under foot the fear of man which bringeth a snare—rise to your high, your immortal destiny, and determine, God helping, to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth, so shall you be led onward to victory—onward to immortality—onward to glory!

The Waldenses.

A LECTURE

BY

THE REV. WILLIAM LANDELS,

OF BIRMINGHAM.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

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THE HALDANES.

THE object of my Lecture, as many of you have inferred from its title, is to give some account of Robert Haldane, of Airthrey, and his brother, James Alexander. It is not my intention to institute a comparison, or to draw a contrast, between the two. I shall not measure them by the great men of their own or any other age. Neither shall I attempt to describe their mental qualities, nor even to narrate chronologically, except to a very small extent, the incidents of their history. I shall rather endeavour to give you an account of the work they did—to analyse their character—to lay before you, with some degree of distinctness, its different features—to draw such a portrait as will enable you to form some conception of what they were, in the hope that the representation will supply some healthful stimuli, show you some things which you ought to admire and imitate, although allied, it may be, to defects which you will deem it your duty to shun.

As a faithful likeness of either brother will give you a sufficiently correct conception of the other, it is not necessary that I should divide your attention with a double portrait. In their labours they were so closely allied—there is so much resemblance in the broader features of their character, although differing somewhat in its more delicate shades that

a twofold description, though it might gratify curiosity, would serve no practical purpose; and, accordingly, in my attempt at delineation, I shall generally speak of them both in the same terms.

I. HISTORICAL.

Their ancestry, in so far as it aids us in forming a conception of their character, by showing us what attractions they were enabled to resist for the sake of religion, deserves a passing notice. They were descendants of an ancient Scottish family, distinguished at one time for deeds of prowess. They could trace their genealogy through many generations to some of those Scandinavian heroes who, migrating into this country, were destined by Providence to infuse into its inhabitants some of that energy by which they are now distinguished, and of which the Haldanes inherited no inconsiderable degree. This much it is right to state, though it would neither be possible in our time, nor consistent with our purpose, to trace all the branches of the genealogical tree that are given in their biography.* Such questions are of no great interest to Christian young men. We have learned, I trust, to value them according to their worth. Our estimate of men is based on what *they are*—not on the wealth or the rank of their fathers. It is of small moment whether they can trace their descent from a line of beggars or a line of kings, from the great or the small, the famous or the obscure, the noble or the serf—whether their blood be a ground of boasting or only serves

* The book to which the lecturer is chiefly indebted for his knowledge of the Haldanes, and to which reference is frequently made in the lecture, is, "The Lives of Robert Haldane, of Airthrey, and of his brother, James Alexander Haldane. By Alexander Haldane, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-law."

to deepen their blush; for, ultimately, they all terminate in the same centre, and originally sprang from the same source. Rich and poor, high and low, the most mighty and the most abject, the most honoured and the most despised, may, after the manner and on the authority of Scripture, trace their genealogy to Adam, and through Adam to God. The peasant's does not terminate lower, and the king's cannot reach higher, than that.

Robert Haldanè was born in the year 1764, and was rather more than four years the senior of his brother. About a fortnight before the birth of James, their father died, and about six years afterwards their mother followed him to the grave; thus leaving them orphans, the one at six, the other at ten years of age.

Both parents appear to have been pious; and judging from the glimpses we obtain of their mother in this biography, we have difficulty in forming an estimate of the loss they sustained in being so early deprived of her counsels and care. The loss of a mother is in most cases irreparable. Few of us know how much we are indebted to her influence for our best feelings and our noblest purposes. There is a power in the relation to which no man is insensible; and generally, it is exercised for good, to a greater or less degree. The mother may not be eminently pious, may not, in the highest sense of the term, be pious at all; but there is such a susceptibility to goodness in the female heart, such a promptness in recognising it, such a cordiality in her approval of it when discovered, that few men, in their first struggles towards the right, are uncheered by the consciousness that their success will be gratifying to the maternal heart. And when we are of age to understand the mysterious and sacred influences of that relation; when we grow up to learn, from our own observation or our own care, how they cared, and watched, and toiled for us; how their

patience bore with our peevishness, and their watchfulness anticipated our wants ; how our sickness awakened their solicitude, and our recovery rewarded their toil ; when pleasing and hallowed memories of the past are revived, who can tell how much we are indebted for our good resolutions, for our most successful struggles against evil, for the salutary remorse which has attended our falls, for aught that is good and heroic in our lives, to the consciousness of a mother's worth, and of the pleasure she will derive from our consistent and upward course ?

But the mother of the Haldanes was no ordinary woman. Naturally endowed with great strength of purpose, grace had adorned it with a sincere and fervent piety. She attended to the religious instruction of her sons while she lived, and added to instruction the force of her example, while she followed both by earnest prayer. And most affecting it is, to see her kneeling by their bed after they are supposed to be asleep, and pleading as a mother can, not for their wealth or earthly distinction, but that they might be guided through a world she was soon to leave, and after a life of devotedness to God's service, raised to an eternity of joy.

Those qualities which rendered her removal so great a loss, rendered her training equally valuable so long as it was enjoyed. Brief as the period was, we trace its influence throughout the whole of their after-life. While living without God, their mother's memory ever and anon presents itself as a guardian angel, gently upbraiding them for their folly, and winning them to a wiser course. Long after her death, the elder brother would call to mind that kneeling form, that pleading countenance, those earnest prayers ; and the younger tells us that time never entirely effaced the impression which her care produced. In faith she instilled instruction into their opening minds ; in faith she prayed that

her instructions might bear fruit; in dependence on the Divine promise she committed them to God's care; and though the wish of her heart was not immediately realised, the sequel proved that her confidence was not misplaced. The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob,—the God of all parents who put their trust in him, and the God of their seed, did not fail to “bless the lads.”

Deprived of both their parents at so early an age, they were yet mercifully exempt from many of the sorrows which frequently fall to the orphans' lot. Temporally, their circumstances were all that might be desired, and there were relatives both kind and competent, who charged themselves with the oversight of their mental and moral training. Their maternal grandmother, called by courtesy Lady Lundie, and her sons, Colonel Alexander, and Captain Adam, afterwards Viscount Duncan, the hero of Camperdown, watched over them with something like parental care. On their boyhood we need not dwell, as it presents nothing to distinguish them from multitudes of similar station. Suffice it to say, that after receiving their education first at the High School, and then at the University of Edinburgh, both brothers, at seventeen, though, of course, at different times, entered the navy, where they continued, the elder for about three, the younger for about nine years, and distinguished themselves in a manner of which we shall presently take notice.

The most important event of their lives took place in both cases about the same time, when the one was in his twenty-seventh, and the other in his thirty-first year. As yet we have seen them only in what the Scriptures call a state of nature. They have not felt the throbbings of the inner and higher life. They are strangers to the heaven-born principle which distinguishes the children of God from the children of the devil. They are not without serious impressions: the tones

of a mother's voice linger in their ears, like strains of unearthly music from a far-off land, telling them of something higher and better than their present life. A mother's form comes up before the eye of their memory. The influence of a mother's prayers surrounds them; and now and again they are reminded of her instructions and her counsels; but as yet their impressions have issued in no decided results. Now, however, we perceive some symptoms of an approaching change. Shadows on the brow of the younger as he sits in the cabin, or paces the deck, of the Melville Castle—solemn musings on his responsibility as the commander of so many men—feelings tinged with melancholy, as he sets out on his voyage, while his young wife is left behind, are soon followed by the earnest inquiries of a sinner seeking the Saviour, and these by the apprehension of Christ, and the peace which passeth all understanding. The elder brother, expecting the regeneration of humanity from the French revolution, was doomed, as you might suppose, to bitter disappointment; but the thoughtfulness thus excited led to a happy result. Grasping at a shadow, as he tells us, he found the substance. And so within a short time of each other, though in different ways, both pass through the crisis of being—experience, a change in feeling, in thought, in motive, in the principles and ends of action—a change the issue of which eternity alone will disclose.

As the principal events in their history after this will have to be noticed in what we say of their work, I shall pass over the interval between their conversion and their death, and simply add here, that the elder died in 1842, in his seventy-ninth year, and the younger at the age of eighty-three, in the year 1851.

II. THEIR WORK.

The life-work of the Haldanes, as described in this volume, is sufficient to commend their history to the study of every Christian, and especially of Christian young men, in this age of unparalleled activity. They were eminently men of action. Placed by Providence in a sphere where they were exempt from the necessity of toiling for their own maintenance, they did not think of spending their lives, as some do who are similarly situated, in indolence or pleasure. Not for their own ease, not for their own enjoyment, had they been ushered into being, but to do God's work, and to make the world happier and better. Were not gigantic forms of evil stalking around them, dishonouring God and cursing man? Had not God endowed them with faculties which were intended for exercise? That physical power, that mental energy, that courage which towers in presence of difficulty, that worldly substance—for what have they been given but that they might do battle with the rampant evil? That gospel which has saved them, is it not equally adapted to the salvation of others? Have they not received it that they might publish it to their fellows? Will not God be glorified by its diffusion? And do not they occupy an awfully solemn position, standing as they do between two eternities, having just sprung at God's bidding from the womb of the one, whence voices issue, telling them solemnly to be in earnest, and about to pass away amid the shadows of another, where every man is rewarded according to his works? With such convictions as these, life to them was no pleasure-hunt, no butterfly-chase, as it is to some—no feverish dance, as it is to others—no disturbed and broken dream, as many find it; but a stern and ceaseless, though not unwelcome task. Far more deeply than some who play

with the words, they felt what the poet has sung, and their lives were the expression of the feeling :

“ Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream ;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal ;
‘ Dust thou art, to dust returnest,’
Was not spoken of the soul.”

It is true, we cannot attribute to them the protracted studies by the midnight lamp, the voluminous writings, added to professional duties, in themselves sufficient for ordinary men, which taxed the spare form and dried up the strength of Richard Baxter ; nor the herculean labours of their countryman, John Knox, during the latter years of his life. They knew nothing of the incessant journeys and multitudinous meetings of a Wesley ; nor did they ever approach to the almost superhuman energy which characterised the preaching of a Whitfield ; nor will their labours, either for number or magnitude, bear comparison with those of many whom we might name. Still, they were men of work. They had not, indeed, crushed the instincts of their nature, and severed themselves from the ties of their kind, as some have done. One passion had not been allowed to become so predominant as to extinguish every other ; for they were not fanatics—they were not mere zealots—they were men. Innocent enjoyments were not unwelcome. They had their hours of recreation : they could contribute to, and delight in, the enjoyments of the domestic circle. Though they felt that their strength should be usefully employed, they did not think it dutiful to overtax it always. They generally proportioned their

labours to their ability, like men who thought—and thought wisely—that life is to be husbanded, and not worn out as rapidly as possible. But though their labours were regulated, they were steady and persevering. Though quiet, they were determined. They kept their object always in view. They were so constantly employed in doing good, that with Paul they might have said, “This one thing I do.” And, after evening shadows began to hover around them—when their hairs were grey, and their limbs were feeble, and their frames were bent, and their eyes were dim—yea, even to life’s latest hour, their hands were full of their Master’s work.

There are some men to whom exertion seems more natural and easy than to others. They possess an amount of physical and mental energy which renders incessant activity an essential of existence. The great thing is, to direct it into a proper channel: that secured, their usefulness follows; otherwise they become productive of mischief. You have so much steam-power—shall I say?—which will either expend itself in disastrous explosion, or render useful service. They are like the electric force, which will either run on your errands with incredible swiftness, or leap in thunder-bolts from the clouds to scathe and destroy. The Haldanes were men of this stamp. Enough is said here to show that, in their boyhood, their native energy found scope in the performance of mischievous tricks on a magnificent scale. And, during their naval career, when it was more under the control of their judgment, it led to such an energetic discharge of duty as distinguished them from their fellows, and gave promise of speedy promotion.

An impression prevails somewhat extensively, especially among young men, that those who become religious are generally deficient in manly qualities. In the estimation of many, they are men of no mental vigour, no independence

of thought, lacking in courage, without the spirit of enterprise—men, in short, of no capability—fusing sentimentalists, who seek to atone for their practical incompetence by a bigoted adherence to a time-honoured and respectable, but now worn-out faith, and by religion to acquire that importance with which their own capacity fails to invest them. Evangelical religion, it is thought, is quite suitable for them, but has nothing to commend it to those manly youths whose strength of thought and will qualifies them for efficiently performing their part, and thus attaining to distinction, in an arena where the head that wisely conceives, and the hand that promptly executes, and the heart that boldly dares, never fail to command success.

However much the character of professing Christians may seem to justify this supposition, it certainly finds no countenance in the lives of the Haldanes. I would point to them as embodiments of the very opposite of the qualities which it attributes to religious men. The elder brother, during his brief naval career, gave repeated indications of that high regard for duty, and disregard of consequences when duty summoned to action, by which Wellington is said to have been so remarkably distinguished. Take the following as specimens. On one occasion, when an old sailor, during an engagement, cautioned him that he was making himself a mark for the enemy, as he stood with a lantern in his hand directing the proper elevation of a gun, "he indignantly repelled the admonition, telling his well-meaning and sensible adviser that in the discharge of duty he should disdain to think of personal danger." At another time, when "ordered to take his post on the fore-top-gallant mast, and remain until recalled, the mast sprung; and as there was no order to descend, he expected at every blast to be hurled into the deep. Another midshipman thought himself justified, under the circumstances, in retiring to a safe position.

Not so his companion, who remembered his commander's maxim, 'never to make a difficulty' in carrying out an order. He remained there, as did an old seaman," until on an order being given to shorten sail, the commander, Captain Jervis, discovered and released them from their perilous position. These facts, though of no great importance in themselves, are not without significance as indications of character. They at least discountenance the notion which so extensively prevails. They indicate the existence of manly qualities—something of that sterling stuff out of which men are made.

James, who was much longer in the naval service, had more opportunity of exhibiting similar qualities. There was a thoroughness in all he did, which showed plainly that, place him where you might, he would be no cipher, but a power either for good or evil. He had the manliness, as some would call it, when in London, to worship most devoutly in the temple of Fashion; when in India, to plunge into the amusements and luxury to which the friendship of the Governor-General and others facilitated his access; when in St. Helena, on a homeward voyage, to fight a duel with a cavalry officer, a notoriously successful shot, without the slightest symptoms of trepidation. We can conceive, no doubt, of a more manly course than these facts indicate. It might have manifested greater courage to shun, than to worship in the temple of Fashion; to resist, than to yield to the fascinating seductions of Indian dissipation; to consent to be branded as a coward, than to violate the law of God, by placing in jeopardy his own and a brother's life, and, happily, public opinion is now beginning to acknowledge that such is the case. But, with his notions, the duel did manifest the lower kind of courage which some (and we wish to take them on their own grounds) would call manliness; it testified to the possession of qualities which, under the guidance

of better principle, might be usefully employed. An incident occurred not long after this where his courage was much more legitimately exercised. "At the close of 1793, the Indian fleet was detained, by various causes, in the Downs and at Spithead, from Christmas to April following." During the detention a mutiny broke out on board the Dutton, which threatened to be attended with serious consequences. The captain and lieutenant had left the vessel, and the inferior officers having lost their command were firing pistols overhead. "Serious apprehension was felt lest the men should gain access to the powder-magazine, and madly end the strife by their own death and that of all on board. One of the two medical men had serious thoughts of throwing himself into the water to escape the risk. It was at this critical moment that Captain Haldane, of the Melville Castle, appeared at the side of the vessel. His approach was the signal for renewed and angry tumults. The shouts of the officers, 'Come on board; come on board,' were drowned by the cries of the mutineers, 'Keep off, or we'll sink you.' The scene was appalling, and to venture into the midst of the angry crew seemed to be an act of daring almost amounting to rashness." Ordering his men to veer round by the stern, in a few moments Captain Haldane was on the quarterdeck. His first object was to restore to the officers composure and presence of mind. He peremptorily refused to head an immediate attack on the mutineers, but very calmly reasoning with the men, sword in hand, telling them that they had no business there, and asking what they hoped to effect in the presence of twenty sail-of-the-line, the quarterdeck was soon cleared. But observing that there was still much confusion, and inquiring where the chief danger lay, he was down immediately at the very point of alarm. Two of the crew, intoxicated with spirits, and more hardy than the rest, were at the door of the powder-magazine threaten-

ing with horrid oaths that, whether it should prove heaven or hell, they would blow up the ship. One of them was in the act of wrenching off the iron bars from the doors, whilst the other had a shovel full of *live coals* ready to throw in! Captain Haldane, instantly putting a pistol to the breast of the man with the iron bar, told him that if he stirred he was a dead man. Calling at the same time for the irons of the ship, as if disobedience were out of the question, he saw them placed, first on this man and then on the other. The rest of the ringleaders were also secured;” and, in a word, the mutiny was quelled through the courage and energy of Captain Haldane.

As might have been expected, the same force of character which these facts exhibit was manifested by the Haldanes throughout their religious course; for conversion is not a change in the nature, but in the direction, of our faculties. Napoleon thought that certain statues of the apostles might be made most useful by being converted into current coin and sent about doing good;—Robert Haldane, with a liberality seldom equalled, sold his estate of Airthrey, which he had beautified until its improvements, combined with its natural advantages, rendered it celebrated throughout the surrounding neighbourhood, that he might spend its price in the promotion of the cause of Christ; and could he have obtained permission from the government, it was his intention to go to Benares, taking with him a staff of missionaries, whom he engaged to support, and to devote his property and his life to the evangelisation of heathen tribes.

His brother James, leaving the navy that he might have more opportunity of attending to the claims of religion, had scarcely found peace himself, when he commenced preaching the gospel to others. A tour in the northern parts of Scotland with Mr. Simeon of Cambridge, and another with

John Campbell, for the purpose of establishing Sabbath-schools in the west, made him acquainted with the want of gospel-preaching in the established Church, and with the consequent low state of religion ; and in 1797, he set out on the first of a series of evangelistic journeys, in the course of which he visited every district of the country, from the Orkneys in the North, to the banks of the Tweed. Penetrating into the most remote and unfrequented parts, he sometimes, after travelling and preaching by day, could find no better accommodation for the night than the mud floor of a Highland cottage. He was opposed by the clergy—dragged unjustly before magistrates—interrupted and assailed by men who called themselves gentlemen. Men of less nerve would have faltered before such opposition ; but his constitutional qualities, and his naval experience, render him admirably qualified to grapple with and to master it. He had confronted death without fear ; he had for years contended with the boisterous ocean, and controlled the more unruly passions of hundreds of untutored men ; and he was not the man to quail before magisterial frowns or clerical intolerance. In spite of their opposition he went from place to place, preaching now in churches or in chapels, as the case might be, and now in the open air. Crowds flocked to hear him, drawn at first perhaps by curiosity ; but often those who came to wonder remained to weep and to pray ; and sometimes in the drizzling rain they stood listening with intense interest to his clear, faithful, and searching exhibitions of truth. Thus he scattered the good seed throughout the length and breadth of the land, and with results bearing a closer resemblance to those which attended the preaching of Whitfield than anything in modern times.

To the movement thus commenced the attention of his brother, who had been frustrated in his missionary purposes,

was naturally directed; and to its maintenance and organisation he devoted the property originally designed for India. A fortune of sixty or seventy thousand pounds was, in the course of a few years, cheerfully spent in training hundreds of young men for the ministry, in building chapels or tabernacles, as they were called in various parts of the country, and in printing and circulating myriads of gospel tracts and other religious publications.

At first it was their intention to confine themselves to the promotion of evangelistic efforts, and to remain members of the Church of Scotland; but when, in 1799, a body of Christians, many of whom were the fruit of the younger brother's labours, withdrew from the communion of that Church to unite on Congregational principles, the Haldanes were among the number. Of the first Congregational church thus formed James was chosen the first pastor; and afterwards his brother was associated with him in the office, the duties of which they continued to discharge till the close of life.

Nor did their zeal flow through these channels alone. By men who had such sympathy with Christ, every movement fitted to advance his cause, whether at home or abroad, was deemed worthy of support. They were connected with the committees of various religious and benevolent institutions; they took part through the press in many of the religious controversies of the day; they fought a hard and long-contested, but ultimately successful battle, with the Committee of the Bible Society for the circulation of the word of God without infidel introductions or apocryphal appendages. The elder brother, in 1816-17, fulfilled a long-cherished purpose of visiting Geneva, and Montauban in the south of France, in both of which places he laboured among students and ministers, who, although preparing for or en-

gaged in the ministry, were utterly ignorant of the way of salvation, with singular success.

In addition to these more active engagements, they published treatises on the Evidences of Christianity, on Inspiration, on the Atonement, on Assurance, on Faith, commentaries on the Galatians and the Romans, some of which have been pronounced, by competent critics, the best of their kind, with various other works, which it would be tedious to name. And thus, with one thing and another, as you cannot fail to perceive, imperfect as this summary has been, and much as we have necessarily overlooked, they led from first to last a right busy life.

And with what glorious results their efforts were crowned. Robert Haldane's visit to France was the commencement of a new era in Continental religion. The state of the French Reformed Churches at the time was most deplorable. Geneva, once "the glory of the Reformation, the battle-field of light and darkness, the Thermopylae of Protestantism, from whose Alpine heights the light of gospel-truth streamed with brilliant lustre athwart the blackness of Papal superstition," had fallen "from her ancestral faith, and proved how vain are historic names, orthodox creeds, and scriptural formularies, where the spirit has ceased to animate the lifeless frame." The scene of Calvin's labours had degenerated into a nursery of Socinianism. "It is asked," says Rousseau, "of the ministers of the Church of Geneva, if Jesus Christ be God? they dare not answer. It is asked, if he was a mere man? they are embarrassed, and will not say they think so. A philosopher, with a glance of the eye, penetrates their character. He sees them to be Arians, Socinians, Deists." And while this was the case with Geneva, Montauban, the centre of theological education for the French Reformed churches, was in a similar condition. The professors were

Socinians with the exception of one or two, who bore comparatively feeble testimony against, and could do little to counteract, the false doctrines of their colleagues; and the ministers being trained in such a school, evangelical preaching, as was to be expected, was seldom or ever heard in any of the Reformed churches of France.

It required no small degree of boldness for one solitary man to assail these strongholds of Rationalism, and great confidence in the word of God to assail them with the Bible alone; but the result proved that the boldness was not unwise, nor the confidence unwarranted. He conversed privately with the ministers to whom he could gain access, invariably supporting his statements by appeals to Scripture; and in his own room expounded the Epistle to the Romans to such students as chose to attend. Believing the foolishness of God to be wiser than man, and the weakness of God stronger than man, he did not attempt to soften down or qualify those doctrines at which their prejudices rendered them most likely to take offence, but presented them in all their naked force, as they are found in the pages of Revelation; and seldom has fidelity to the word of God been more signally rewarded. Of twenty-one students who attended his expositions at Geneva, only one did not appear to be impressed; and the greater part, notwithstanding the opposition of their professors, notwithstanding the risk, nay, the certainty, that their temporal prospects would be blighted, avowed themselves converts—not in theory merely, but as the subjects of a saving change—to evangelical truth.

At Montauban he realised similar success. The Dean of Faculty there, M. Daniel Encontre, was one of the ablest mathematicians in France. Filled with the pride of science, he felt it exceedingly hard to bow to the humbling doctrines of the gospel; but on parting with Mr. Haldane he grasped his hand, and said with emotion, "I am a great sinner, but

"I have a great Surety,"—a confession of faith in two of the fundamental truths of Christianity, which showed that in his case the crisis was past—that having renounced self-trust he had taken refuge in Christ. Another, the pastor of a church, who had at first visited Mr. Haldane for the purpose of refuting his doctrines, when in the course of conversation the great truth of a complete atonement dawned on his mind, stopped suddenly, as they were walking together, and vehemently exclaimed, as many of us, I trust, have felt, "It is too great to be true," and from that moment became a decided Christian. But not to dwell on particular cases, it has been reckoned that through this visit upwards of sixty ministers, among whom were many men of mark, such as Merle D'Aubigné, Malan, Monod, and others, were brought to a knowledge of Christ. Nor was this all. The gospel could not be received by such men without multitudes feeling its influence. Their conversion was the commencement of a work which is still going on; and which, we trust, will continue to progress, until it has rescued France at once from her infidelity and the Popery, which has made her infidel, and wrought out for her a regeneration which, in philosophies and forms of government, she has long sought in vain.

But Scotland, after all, was the principal scene of their labours, and to Scotland we must look for the principal results. You may form some conception of the condition of the country, at the time of their conversion, from a description by Dr. Hamilton, of Strathblane: "Many of the clergy," he says, "were genuine Socinians; many of them were ignorant of theology as a system, and utterly careless about the merits of any creed. . . . When they preached," (which was as seldom as possible, for they always took help when it could be found,) "their sermons generally turned on honesty, good neighbourhood, and kindness.

To deliver a gospel sermon, or preach to the hearts and consciences of dying sinners, was as completely beyond their power as to speak in the language of angels. . . . The coldness and indifference of the minister, while they proclaimed his aversion to his employment, were seldom lost on the people. The congregation rarely amounted to a tenth of the parishioners, and the one-half of this small number were generally, during the half-hour's soporific harangue, fast asleep." Of course, to this state of things there was some exception. Here and there you might have found faithful ministers in the established Church, and by Dissenters, also, evangelical truth was held and taught ; but these exceptions only served to make more manifest the general destitution. This was the state in which the Haldanes found Scotland ; and those of you who know aught of its present condition, will form a conception of what they did, when I say that they left it very much what it is now.

It is true that other agencies and other influences contributed to effect the change. But to the Haldanes belongs the credit of being the originators, and for a length of time the soul, as well as the principal supporters, of the movement. "There can be no doubt," says a distinguished writer connected with the Free Church, "that, during the eight years when they moved on as an unbroken phalanx, multiplying their tabernacles, sending out their reinforcements of ardent evangelists, they stirred to its depths the quiescent mind of Scotland." The very fact of such men preaching, and especially in the open air, was fitted to excite a powerful interest. The earnestness which that fact indicated, and which was manifest in the solemnity of the preacher's manner, could not fail to produce a favourable impression. His direct and simple statements, easily understood, went forcibly home to the conscience ; and, although

the truths he proclaimed, presenting such a contrast to what they were accustomed to hear, at first excited their wonder, in numerous instances they took hold of the mind, and continued working there, until the scales fell from their eyes, and they passed out of darkness into marvellous light. Thus, by evangelistic and other efforts, a salutary influence was exerted so extensively, that districts in which religion was all but unknown underwent a transformation resembling that which the prophet describes, "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fig-tree—and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree;" "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

In 1808 they changed their views on the subject of baptism. After this their usefulness in Scotland does not appear to have been so great as before; and some attributing their diminished usefulness to, are not slow to censure them for, the change in their sentiment and practice. Now, I am not here to say whether they were right or wrong. I have my own opinion on that question, which in fitting time and place I should not hesitate to express; but I shall not violate the confidence of any one who may differ from me by obtruding it on you now. We admit that Churchman and Baptist may be alike conscientious, and that admission is sufficient to protect these men from *our* censure. Right or wrong, we cannot blame them; for we know that every man has a conscience whose dictates he is bound to obey. While there is a standard of right, which is uninfluenced by man's opinion, it is, nevertheless, his first duty to be true to himself. No consideration of usefulness or consequences can justify, in Churchman, Independent, or Baptist, the slightest deviation from a course which, according to his judgment, God hath enjoined. The younger Haldane, as I infer from a statement of his biographer, was at one time

influenced by considerations of this nature; but before long both brothers became convinced that the "more simply they followed the Lord the more useful they should in reality be." And who dare deny that they were right? Can it be supposed that their usefulness would have been greater had they proved traitors to their convictions?—that they would have laboured more successfully while blushing under the consciousness that they were living a lie? You cannot adopt a principle so subversive of integrity—so jesuitical in its nature. Your better nature rises indignant at the thought. What! do evil that good may come? Practise falsehood that we may propagate the truth? Persuade others to respect their sense of right by proving traitors to our own? Become painted sepulchres, that we may destroy the hypocrisy and corruption of the world? Establish and extend the kingdom of God by practising the wiles of the devil? Yes, when God has given us over to a reprobate mind, and we have learned to call evil good, and good evil; darkness light, and light darkness!

It is admitted that, after their baptism they were less prominent in the religious history of Scotland, and that the results of their labours were of a less striking character; and it may also be admitted that their usefulness was in reality diminished; but it is denied that the diminution was exclusively, or chiefly, owing to the change in their sentiments. That, in so far as it diverted their attention from evangelistic efforts, would lessen their usefulness in that direction, and the divisions it occasioned tended in a different way to the same result; but these temporary hindrances would soon have been surmounted, had not other causes combined to render them less prominent actors on the religious stage. Their individual efforts became of less consequence as their results were multiplied. The young men whom they introduced into the ministry, holding their doc-

trines, and animated by their zeal, rendered the preaching tours of the younger brother less necessary, while prolonged absences from home became less consistent with his increasing duties as pastor of a church. Moreover, the national Church had been aroused from its slumber, and within its pale greater men had arisen as the champions of evangelism. It was just after this that Chalmers burst like a meteor on the ecclesiastical horizon, his mighty energies devoted to the propagation, while they were quickened by the influence, of the faith which he once despised. And while he was attracting all eyes in the capital of the west, Dr. Andrew Thomson, of Edinburgh, with an equal energy and a clearer logic, though less gorgeous imagination, was in the zenith of his glory. Around these central luminaries various stars of greater or less magnitude were revolving; and when there were so many, and some possessed of superior talents to their own, preaching the gospel as freely and faithfully as they did, it was hardly to be expected that the Haldanes could retain the same prominence, or exert the same influence, as when, among all the ministers of the Church of Scotland, there were scarcely any who held it so purely, and none who preached it so faithfully, as themselves.

Then that aspect of Gospel truth to which they gave prominence, although admirably adapted to the state of Scotland at the commencement of their course, had not the same adaptation to the state which afterwards obtained. You are aware of the tendency of the human mind to extremes, and of the consequent reaction by which great movements are generally succeeded. When men were taught to trust, not in the Saviour's merits, but in their own virtue, nothing was so fitted to counteract the error as the assertion of man's entire dependence on God for salvation. By-and-bye, however, a great part of the thinking community of

Scotland had rushed to the extreme of theological belief. From many of the pulpits in which Moderatism had inculcated a heathen morality, men were addressed as if they were mere machines, having no power to comply with the requirements of the Gospel, and assured that, notwithstanding their utmost efforts, there was no hope except for a few whose salvation had been eternally decreed. So extensively did this preaching prevail, and such was its influence, that many regarded the decrees of God as the cause, and not a few appealed to them in vindication, of their sin. It was evident that the doctrines, which had formerly been so influential, could not be so well adapted to this new state of things, yet, so far as I can learn, the Haldanes never saw the importance of giving prominence to that aspect of the truth which the change had rendered necessary ; but rather opposed those who did, and thus failed (as one must confess with regret) to keep pace with the progress of a movement, in the origination of which they had the honour of taking the most prominent part.

These statements I have ventured to make as affording some explanation of their diminished usefulness, but not, by any means, for the purpose of conveying censure. To do that, in connexion with their success, is not my province. After all they did we are not the men to censure them for not doing more. We should wait until we can lay claim to a tithe of their usefulness ere we dare to pronounce them worthy of blame.

III. THEIR CHARACTER.

Having glanced at their success, we now proceed to notice those traits of character which serve chiefly to account for it. In some measure, no doubt, it was owing to their station and wealth ; but when you have pointed to these,

you have not found its secret. That was far more connected with character than circumstances; and, just in so far as you prize it, does it commend to you the qualities by which they were distinguished.

One feature, appearing throughout the whole of their life, and most easily detected, is their *remarkable decision*. I do not stop to inquire how far this is a natural, how far a moral quality. It is enough for my purpose, that while it is frequently the result of natural constitution, it may be fostered by moral training, and is always strengthened by high moral principle. Where it is merely natural, it does not always assume a praiseworthy form. Sometimes it is simply stubbornness—the blind and dogged determination not to yield, although yielding should be duty, and persistence sin. When it is the result of moral training, and connected with high moral principle, it appears as a clear, strong conviction, leading to prompt, energetic, determined action. It is the unflinching adherence to what the judgment pronounces right at all hazards and at whatever cost. It is the inflexible perseverance which no difficulty, no defeat, no disaster even, can cause to relinquish for a moment the purpose it has intelligently formed.

Generally considered, it is essential to character of every kind. The man who has no decision is properly nothing. He yields to every external pressure. He changes his opinions with every varying statement. He is one of the best of hearers, for he agrees always with the last speaker. He alters his purpose with every change in surrounding circumstances. He forms plans which he never executes; commences works and leaves them unfinished. Of all men he appears to me to be nearly the most despicable; and, in preference to this, I could almost say, “Young men! be something; be not mere cyphers in your generation; be powers either for good, or—Take your stand with rock-like

firmness in the position which you think it right to occupy, and let it be known that you are not like the ductile clay, which yields to every pressure, but like the granite rock, against which the storms may beat and the waves dash in vain."

Your hearts are set on success. The word is dear to you all. Whatever may be the course you have chosen, or are about to choose, however varied may be your pursuits, success is the goal which you wish to reach. And let me tell you that without this quality success in any undertaking cannot be achieved. Your wavering man, however favourable his circumstances, invariably fails; the man of unbending decision, however formidable the opposition with which he has to contend, generally succeeds. Obstacles disappear at his bidding, mountains become plains before him, hostile influences are pressed into his service, reverses are made the stepping-stones to victory. Other men insensibly fall into the current of his inflexible will. He bends circumstances to his purpose, and creates his own position. It

" is a Roman virtue
That wins each God-like act, and plucks success
Even from the spear proof crest of rugged danger."

You have seen the determination which the Haldanes displayed in some instances previous to their conversion; but that bears no comparison with the decision which characterised their religious course. "Christianity," said Robert, "is everything, or it is nothing. If it be true, it warrants and commands every sacrifice to promote its influence. If it be not, then let us lay aside the hypocrisy of professing to believe it." And this was not a mere sentiment with him, as it is with many, but the principle on which he framed his life. And how characteristic of the

man was that reply of James to the magistrates of Ayr, who threatened him with imprisonment to prevent his preaching out-of-doors. "Depend upon it," said they, "you will be arrested." "And depend upon it," said he, "I shall be punctual to my appointment." And so he was. The same determination to do what they believed to be right appears in every important step of their history. It was this that made them content to be accounted madmen by men of their own station; it was this that led them, on questions of Church polity, to pursue a course which severed them from the sympathy and the fellowship of some of their most intimate friends; it was this that led them to contend for the circulation of an unadulterated Bible, with men whom they highly esteemed. In all these things they showed themselves men whom nothing could induce to sacrifice principle to policy—who would not, on any account, forsake the straight line of duty for the by-paths of expediency—who would not be turned aside from the purpose they had prayerfully and intelligently formed, either by the opposition of foes or the alienation of friends. Others might temporise from a regard to consequences, and shape their course to escape the frowns and secure the smiles of men;—with them right was right, irrespectively of man's opinion, and by the right they would abide, whether others frowned or smiled. They might be misunderstood, they might be misrepresented, they might be shamefully slandered,—divisions might be produced where they longed for union—organisations weakened which they were anxious to maintain—consequences might ensue which, humanly speaking, were bitterly to be deplored—but, though not insensible to these things, though they had no desire for incessant warfare, though they felt the alienation of those who once were friends, and mourned over the destruction of their plans, such considerations were never allowed to influence their

course. Everything else must yield to a sense of duty—that was always imperative.

Such a character deserves to be copied, and in an audience like this it cannot be too highly commended. The young man for this or any age must know how to take his stand on the rock of right, and remain there, breasting the storm if need be, looking with calm and unfaltering eye o'er the raging billows, heedless of the thunder's distant muttering and the lightning's nearer flash. "Can it be done safely," did you say? Safely! my brother? Is there not a God who controls the affairs of men? Is not right stronger than wrong—truth than falsehood? Do you not see, even in the maze which society now presents, that good, as it struggles with surrounding evil, is ever rising, rising, rising—that, like a Hercules, it is strangling one after another of the serpents that are coiled round it, and trampling them under its feet? Safely! To be sure you can. Temporary inconvenience you may have to endure—present loss you may sustain; but, in the long run, you are safe, for right will yet triumph over wrong, and good over evil—ay, and the man who acts this part will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has aided and hastened their triumph—even in this crooked world. Safely! And what though you could not do it safely? I do not profess any stoical indifference to pain; I do not profess to be insensible to the repulsiveness of death, but I do say—God helping me—I would think it better to die doing right than to live by doing wrong. Better that all powers should be leagued against you—better that the universe should conspire to crush you, than that you should prove traitors to your better self—that you should have a judge within telling you ever, "You have done wrong—you have done wrong," and thus be forced to wander through eternity, like a doomed and stricken spirit, seeking rest in vain from the hell in your

own heart. Safely ! They are only the faint-hearted and the craven who suggest danger and inexpediency. Your brave, true man only asks, Is it right ? They will threaten you with temporal loss, I know — with the displeasure of your employers, with dismissal from your situation, with the withdrawal of customers, with the alienation of friends, with all things which timid and selfish men fear : let your answer be ever, Is it right ? Stand by the right, whatever sacrifices or sufferings it may involve. Though the world should assail — though friends should misunderstand you — though your firmness should be mistaken for obstinacy and your faithfulness for conceit — though difficulties should thicken around you — though clouds should gather over you — though the earth should rend beneath you — though the very heavens should fall — yea, —

“ If thy rich heart is like a palace shattered,”

still faithful to duty, immovable as the rock, defiant and brave, —

“ Stand up amid the ruins of thy heart,
And with a calm brow front the soledin stars.”

Look at the eagle in his flight, as, strong in his mountain vigour, heedless of the pelting hail, defying the flashing fire, he pierces the thunder-cloud and soars towards the sun, until he leaves the storm raging far beneath him, and, floating in the calm of the upper air, draws light from the fountain of the sun, and basks in his golden beams. So let it be with you, my brothers. Be true to the right, as the eagle to his aim, and you will breast successfully the surges of opposition, pass through clouds of detraction unhurt by the shafts of malice, until, standing with the storm beneath your feet, you enjoy the calm which flows from the testimony

of an approving conscience, and summer in the blissful smile of the God whom you adore.

“ Never give up ! though the grape-shot may rattle,
 Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst ;
 Stand like a rock, and the storm and the battle
 Little shall harm you, though doing their worst.
 Never give up ! if adversity presses,
 Providence wisely has mingled the cup,
 And the best counsel in all your distresses
 Is the stout watchword of — Never give up ! ”

This remarkable decision of the Haldanes would not have been very praiseworthy had it not been accompanied by, and based on, what, for want of a better term, we may call *sober-mindedness*. It cannot properly exist except where there is strong confidence in one's own judgment. He only can pursue a straightforward course, and aim steadfastly at a given object, who is confident that he has judged rightly. And such confidence is only becoming where there is that extensive acquaintance with the relations of things which is acquired by close and patient investigation, and where the arguments for and against any given course have been carefully and deliberately weighed. In other circumstances such confidence is no better than the self-conceit of the fool, who is wiser in his own esteem than seven men who can render a reason.

It is a mistake to suppose that this sobriety of thought is incompatible with energy of action, and to expect determined action only where men rashly resolve. You see a young man who is impatient when opposed, who fires at the slightest provocation, who leaps to conclusions ere he has examined his premises, and acts before he thinks, and you expect determined action of him, perhaps. For my part, I have no such expectation. I expect that that enthu-

siasm which was so easily excited will as speedily evaporate. Give me the man who, while he does, not lack intense feeling, has self-control enough to restrain it until he has carefully and deliberately thought—who exercises his judgment ere he forms his plans, and who then causes his intense feeling to flow in the channel of which his judgment approves, and I will expect determined action of him. The first is like the mountain-torrent: what a noise it makes! It dashes, and foams, and is soon dried up. The other is like the river which flows silently, calmly, majestically, onward to the ocean. The one is like the storm which soon passes away and leaves only wreck as its memorial. The other is like the sap in the tree and the flower, which silently develops itself in the useful and beautiful productions which adorn the face of Nature.

Consider how at missionary meetings, many a young man, moved by descriptions of the state of the world, has, in the excitement of the moment, resolved that he would go to preach the gospel to the heathen, of whom the heathen have never heard, and to whom they are not in any degree indebted—his resolution having been overcome by the first difficulty he encountered; and then contrast him with that pale-faced youth, who, with no visible excitement, ponders over their condition as he sits in his cobbler's stall, until he calmly and deliberately resolves that he will go, and in spite of dissuasions from friends, of opposition from foes, of difficulties in the way of leaving home, and of trials when he has left, holds on the even tenour of his way, until he has gained for himself a first place as an Oriental scholar, laid the foundation and reared a good part of the structure of the Baptist Missionary Society, placed the word of God within reach of millions of the human race—and you will see that your sober-minded, self-controlled, calm, and deliberate thinkers, are the men of whom you may expect

the most unbending decision, and augur the greatest success.

The remarkable decision of the Haldanes was accompanied by almost equal thoughtfulness. Their great energy was generally exercised under the control of their judgment. Their vigorous action was always preceded and accompanied by careful thought. Before engaging in any of their enterprises, they were careful to make themselves acquainted with the facts of the case. Dr. Pye Smith said of Robert, that he had "never the happiness of knowing a *more dispassionate, careful reasoner*, or one whose habits of mind were more distinguished by the demand and scrutiny of sufficient evidence upon every subject." And if you read the accounts which they have both given of the trains of thought which preceded their conversion, you will see that that great change in their course was not the result of unreasoning impulse, but dictated by the exercise of a sound and vigorous judgment on those momentous truths which no man may wisely or safely overlook.

Let me caution you against the supposition that these sterner qualities could not exist with others that are more amiable in their nature, the possession of which is essential to symmetry of character—that that, being so lofty and unbending, must have been deficient in breadth. It is admitted that the two classes of qualities have not much affinity—that what tends to foster the one is rather unfavourable to the other, and that, consequently, they are not very often combined; but there is enough in the lives of the Haldanes to show that the combination is not impossible. I do not say that they were pre-eminently distinguished by, but neither were they destitute of, those softer traits of character which commend men to our affection. More than once in the life of James Haldane I see indications of their existence;

and those who knew him bear most decided testimony to his amiable and affectionate disposition. Robert was, confessedly, reserved and stately in manner, and too severe in his treatment of those who met him in theological controversy; but even he could sometimes show that a genuine, brotherly heart was beating beneath the cold and somewhat repulsive exterior. His letter to Greville Ewing after their separation, beseeching that they might be united once more, and that faults on both sides might be mutually forgotten, is an expression of right good brotherly feeling, sufficient of itself to redeem his character from the charge of coldness, and to show that, however stately his manner, and, albeit, theological warfare gave too great prominence to the less amiable traits of his character, he combined with a strength of will which no obstacles could vanquish, and an adherence to principle which cannot be too highly praised, a warmth of heart which rendered him susceptible of the most lasting friendships, and caused him to mourn when their dissolution or interruption was occasioned by the course which he felt it his duty to pursue.

It were easy to adduce numerous instances of a similar, or still more striking combination. You have it in Buxton, in Wilberforce, and in Howard, perhaps more eminently than in either. And even old John Knox, iconoclast as they called him, 'queen-denouncer' as he was, what geniality there was in him! He could indulge in jocular pleasantry when death was very near, and when alluding to its approach; and in the midst of his many troubles, his mind harassed with cares, his body burdened with infirmities, men lying in wait for his life, he could burst into hearty laughter—beautiful, says one, as moonlight on the deep sea. And Luther, what a brave, beautiful, brotherly soul was his! In firmness and courage towering above them all, he could descend in sympathy to the very lowest—now sounding his

battle-charge in tones sonorous as thunder—panting for the conflict like the war-horse pawing in the valley when he “smells the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting”—hurling defiance at kings—shrinking not from the contest with devils, though numerous as tiles on the house-tops—in presence of the most august assembly as regarded rank and power which Europe could produce, when called upon to retract what he had written by those who had power to enforce their demand with fire and sword, and as the Europe of that day and of succeeding centuries seems to await his answer, saying, “If it be not shown from the word of God that I have written what is untrue, *I neither can, nor will retract anything*; for it is not safe for a Christian man to speak against his conscience;” and then adding, as he looks round on emperors and kings, “Here I am, I cannot be otherwise, God help me. Amen”—now manifesting that courage; and then turning to indulge in his hearty table-talk,—or learning a lesson of confidence from, and almost making a personal friend of, the little bird that went to sleep fearlessly on the bough of a tree, with God’s great sky bending over it,—or writing about heaven and describing the horses there, with their golden bridles and silver saddles, and the gardens with their beautiful flowers and fruit, to little Johnny Luther,—or pouring out his great soul, as at other times, in strains tender as the tones of a woman’s voice, and simple as the lisping of childhood! Oh! beautiful, beautiful are they when thus found in combination—when gentleness adding to the sterner qualities all its beauty, gives them more than half their worth—when it prevents firmness from degenerating into obstinacy, and faithfulness into cynicism—when the man of inflexible principle is gentle in manner, and combines tenderness with truth. It is as when the rugged oak is covered with the mantling ivy, and we see strength supporting loveliness,

and loveliness adorning strength. Be it ours, my brothers, to cultivate the two. Let us remember, that sustaining our relations, and possessed of our frailties, winning gentleness becomes us as much as unbending determination. Let us seek not only that we may be strong to do, but also to invest ourselves with those attractive qualities which gain the affections of mankind.

Another very prominent feature in the character of the Haldanes, is their *self-sacrificing zeal* in the advancement of the cause of Christ. Seldom, in this Mammon-worshipping age, has a sublimer spectacle been witnessed than that of a man of large property, of good station, and possessed of talents which would have raised him to distinction in any sphere, pleading with the government for permission to renounce the temporal advantages of his position, to locate himself in an unhealthy region; to devote his property and his life to the conversion of heathen tribes; and when refused, turning to Scotland, and spending, in the course of a few years, sixty or seventy thousand pounds in the advancement of the cause of Christ there. I call it altogether one of the noblest expressions of zeal which has ever come under my notice, and one which puts to the blush the most extensive liberality of the day. Such superiority to selfish considerations, such a willingness to make sacrifices for men of whom he knew nothing—men whom report might have led him to despise, was truly heroic. Instinctively we acknowledge that it is of a higher than earthly origin. It is an argument for the genuineness of Christianity which no sophistry can refute, nor prejudice deny its power; and we cannot but say, “Shame on the government that, blind to the grandeur of such a spectacle, refused the permission so nobly sought.”

His brother, James, had not such wealth to sacrifice;

but such as he had he gave. Captain of the Melville Castle, in the service of the East India Company, with prospects of almost certain fortune,—with competent judges predicting a future place at the Board of Directors and a seat in Parliament, which were obtained by several of his contemporaries in the same profession, he resigns his commission,—turns his back on the path to riches, and, perhaps, to fame,—bids farewell to prospects of distinction, and surrenders his whole being to the claims of Christ and the advancement of his cause. The talents and energy which would have raised him to wealth and honour are employed in diffusing the Gospel, and in performing the humble, but honourable duties of the pastor of a Baptist church. The courage which could fight a duel or quell a mutiny, as the case might be, is more usefully exercised in braving clerical intolerance and magisterial frowns, and—what was worse to brave than either—the sneers with which polished circles assailed the vagrant preacher. Those who knew them previously could not understand their procedure, and supposing that there must be some sinister motive beneath their apparent liberality, they insinuated, or said, that Robert Haldane was realising handsome profits from the proceeds of his tabernacles. But finding, on closer examination, that their theory would not harmonise with facts, they cut the knot, as they ought to have done at first, by pronouncing them mad.

And, judging only from their data, they were not so far wrong. If there be no world, my worldly-minded brother, but that which thou seest with thy grovelling earthly soul—if there be no invisible powers behind the visible phenomena with which thou art so much engrossed—if above the world there be not a God, whom thou canst not see—if this little life bounds our being, and there be no eternity beyond, to which you, and I, and all of us are hastening; unques-

tionably these men were mad. But, granting that such things exist—that behind visible things there are invisible not less important—that above this world there is a God with whom we have to do—that beyond time there lies an unending eternity for us all; then it may be that these men were actuated by the profoundest wisdom, and that the madness is yours.

For what, after all, would the world have been worth to them now, even supposing them to have achieved the greatest success in the profession in which it is most munificently rewarded? Removed by death from amidst their titles, honours, and wealth, the nation might have awarded them, as it did to a hero recently departed, a national funeral. The embalmer's art might have been employed to preserve their dust for a little while, and they might have laid it where—

“ . . . lie the ashes of proud princes,
 Once clad in proud array,—
 Where lie their bones in the melancholy glimmer
 Of the pale dying day—
 Where their old coffins from the vaults are gleaming,
 Like rotten timber, side by side,
 And silver family-shields are faintly beaming,
 Their last display of pride—
 Where Vanity, reclining on a bier,
 Looks out from hollow sockets still—”

They might have done all this, and it might have been, as in the case of the hero mentioned, an appropriate expression of national regard; but what would it all have been worth? To a man reading the secrets of eternity, it matters little what becomes of his clay:—whether you lay it covered with honours in the national Pantheon, or cast it unheeded into a common grave, will not diminish or increase by one iota his pleasure or his pain. And then to think of

funeral honours preserving for a fate even more humiliating than speedy dissolution. In the British Museum, the other day, I stood amid the withered remains of Egyptian priests and kings, and fell into sad and solemn musings on the vanity of earthly grandeur. Thousands of years ago they lived and reigned—perhaps the Wellingtons or Napoleons of their age and country. Nations had mourned their death. Their funeral rites were costly and magnificent. And they had lain in splendid sepulchres for centuries, until the sons of a land of which they had not even heard the name, rudely disturbed the silence in which they had so long reposed, and bore them away that they might become spectacles for the gratification of the curious. And this, I thought, is earthly glory! This is all the posthumous distinction which wealth and rank can procure!—that after being preserved for centuries, their sepulchres may be robbed of their contents, and their bodies become gazing-stocks to the vulgar throng! Surely the Haldanes made a wiser choice. To be known as having done something for the moral and religious regeneration of a country,—to have left thousands behind to whom the savour of their memory is sweet—to have their names enrolled among the benefactors of the Church and of the world—even this is a greater honour than the world can bestow. And when we turn to higher things, and think of them as enjoying the reward of those who turn many to righteousness, then do we see, that, above all others, “he that winneth souls is wise,”—that it is better, infinitely better, than to have been famed for eminence in the walks of literature, for scientific discovery, or for the conquest of a kingdom or a world, to have, by faithful labours like theirs, rescued souls from death, and thus multiplied the gems that sparkle in the diadem that decks the Saviour’s brow! Let us cultivate, my brothers, this noble ambition. To employ our best energies in doing

good, to spend and be spent in promoting the welfare of others—be this our work. To glorify God in the salvation of men,—be this our highest aim. And when we have laid ourselves down to die—when our earthly race is run, and the Master's voice summons us to his presence—to leave some behind us who will cherish our memories as their best benefactors—some who will continue to bless the world when we are gone; and, perchance, to have some before us who, when the last struggle has ended in victory, shall welcome our ascending spirits, and bear us, amid the acclamations of angels and the “Well done” of the Judge, through the shining ranks of the redeemed to our throne on high—be this, oh, be this, our abundant reward!

Nothing in their character is more noticeable, and nothing contributed more to their success, than their *high regard for the word of God*. It is but little to say that they sought to regulate their own lives by its requirements, and received without question whatever doctrine it appeared to them to teach; that, prostrating their judgment before infinite wisdom, they received, with childlike meekness, any statement, however mysterious, and were ready to obey any precept, however stern, which was sanctioned by a “Thus saith the Lord:”—their regard was still more manifest in their intercourse with others. To make men acquainted with its principles was the great object of their preaching. It was by simple exhibitions of gospel truth that James Haldane convinced the judgments and moved the hearts of the crowds who flocked to hear him, until the tears were coursing down the cheeks of many who went home to rejoice in a newly-found Saviour. It was by direct appeals to Scripture that Robert led so many ministers and students in France, to see their own lost condition and the sufficiency of the Saviour's right-

eousness. For the circulation of Scripture without human additions, they fought one of the hardest, and, what they considered the most important, battle of their lives. To vindicate its claims—to defend it against those who, as they thought, were impugning its authority, or, at least, exposing it to the assaults of its adversaries, some of their most elaborate works were written; and all were designed to serve as its exponents which were not employed in its defence. It was the citadel in defence of which they fought—the standard to which they rallied; it supplied them with the weapons of their warfare; it was the treasure which they most jealously guarded. It was the director of their steps, and the source of their consolation. They clung to it through life as a never-failing friend; and in that dark hour which comes to all, it shed a light along their path, and they passed confidently into the unknown, supported by its exceeding great and precious promises.

To some their regard for Scripture will appear to approach, if it do not pass the verge of, Bibliolatry. And it must be confessed that, in contending for the letter, they did not always breathe the spirit, of the word. From dangers, real or imaginary, Robert, in particular, defended it with a degree of asperity which a more intelligent regard would have sufficed to prevent. Too readily, as we think, he raised the cry of danger, and rushed to the rescue with feelings proportioned in strength to his estimate of the thing at stake; while the means he employed for its protection were frequently not less inappropriate than the interference was uncalled for. He does not seem to have learned that the character of the Bible is its best defence, and that “the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.” His connexion with the controversy between Drs. Carson and Pye Smith, may be referred to as an illustration of this part of his character; and similar feelings

were also manifested in the manner in which both brothers dogmatically censured and virtually unchristianized men who, revering the Bible not less than they, conscientiously objected to their interpretation of its contents.

On these unamiable manifestations of feeling I am disposed to look lightly. Jealousy for the word of God is so valuable a virtue, and so much needed now, that we should be slow to quarrel with it when it exists in excess, nor should it be severely censured, though unamiably displayed. Then it had done so much for them, and its truths as proclaimed by them had wrought so mightily in others. They had seen how its message found an echo in the human heart; how strong men were bent under it—how towering pride was subdued—how hard hearts were broken—how it hushed distracting fears—how it gave peace to the distressed, and hope to the despairing—how, as in Geneva, it had brought to nothing the wisdom of the wise—how it had aroused Scotland from her death-like lethargy, and caused her to heave with the pulsations of a new and transforming life; and having seen all this, we may well make allowance for the severity with which they censured those whose opinions, as they thought, were derogatory to the authority and at variance with the teaching of the word.

But while these considerations may extenuate, they do not justify censoriousness. To say nothing of the impropriety of deeming ourselves infallible, and of the necessity of remembering that the error *may* be ours, we should ever distinguish between a mistaken judgment and a perverted inclination or an unholy life. He who knew all things, who could not err himself, while he sternly denounced wilful wickedness,—while he consigned the Pharisees, who blinded their eyes and hardened their hearts, to the condemnation of hell, was never severe to the erring. He treated his mistaken followers tenderly, as a nurse her

children ; bore with their mistakes and forgave their follies ; suffered them to lean on his bosom, and gently led them to a full perception of the truth. And is it for man—frail man, full of errors himself, ever needing the Divine forbearance—is it for him sternly to denounce, or harshly to censure, an erring brother ? Ah me ! how slow we are to render to others the forbearance which we so much need ourselves ! It is well for us that God's thoughts are not as our thoughts, nor his ways as our ways ; but that high as the heavens are above the earth, so high are his ways above our ways, and his thoughts above our thoughts.

Once more, the Haldanes were men of *habitual godliness*. In an eminent degree they walked with God. They lived as seeing him who is invisible. Recognising his right to their services who had made, preserved, and redeemed them, not only their more important, but even their minuter actions had reference to him. Their first aim was to secure his approval ; they never felt so honoured as when rendered instrumental in promoting his glory ; and to live in fellowship with him was the highest enjoyment of their life. To few men has it been given at the close of life, and in the near prospect of appearing in God's presence, to look back with less regret on their earthly course ; and nothing can be more affecting and instructive than to witness, as we do, amid the frailties of dissolving nature, and the shadows of approaching death, the flashings forth of an earnest desire for communion with God, and the rapture which filled their soul at the prospect of its speedy gratification.

When the biographer visited Robert after the physician had told him there was no hope of recovery, "his manner was grave, and his countenance evinced the intensity of his self-searching meditations. He began at once.—'I have been thinking of our Lord's words to his disciples in his

last discourse (John, xiv. 21-23),—‘*He that hath my commands, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me,*’ &c. and the parallel passage (Rev. iii. 20). ‘Now,’ he said, ‘I have been asking myself, what must my answer be, if tried by this test? Have I kept his commandments?—have I kept his sayings?’ and with emphasis and an earnest expression, he exclaimed, as his dark penetrating eye was lighted up with animation, ‘I bless the Lord that, through his grace, I can say, Yes; that I *have* his commandments, and have *kept* them?’ He explained that the commandment is to believe in Jesus Christ, and the Lord had been pleased to give him grace to believe. ‘I do believe,’ he said, ‘and I do love him; and in spite of much sin and weakness and great unworthiness, it has been my endeavour, ever since I knew the Lord, and received his sayings, to serve him in simplicity, and with a godly sincerity, and to have a conscience void of offence. No doubt,’ he added, ‘there have been much alloy and many errors, for I have no righteousness of my own. There is no merit in any of my works, but my trust has been, and is, in the righteousness of Christ. I therefore can say, the Lord being my helper, that I have his commandments, and that I have kept them.’ On the night before his death, when he seemed to prefer being left alone, he was overheard speaking to himself as if in prayer; and the direction of his thoughts was indicated by the last words he was heard to utter, which were several times repeated at intervals,—“For ever with the Lord,”—“for ever,”—“for ever.”

The death of his brother was almost a repetition of this scene. They had lived very much alike, and in their deaths there was a close resemblance. A few days before he died, “although suffering much pain, he was wheeled into the drawing-room, and in the evening prayed as usual with his family. The twenty-first chapter of the Apocalypse was

read in course by his youngest son, and his whole prayer had reference to the bright and glorious city, with its streets of gold, its walls of jasper, and its gates of pearl. He seemed about to close, when, as if unable to let go his hold, he once more began and prayed most fervently that all his family, his children, and his children's children, might meet together in the new Jerusalem, and unite in the song of Moses and the Lamb. It was not then imagined that he had himself really entered the dark-flowing river, and was about to enter into the joy of his Lord. But his prayers were 'ended.' It was the last of those supplications, rich in spiritual grace and unction, which always so eminently marked the closeness of his communion with God. From the footstool of the throne of mercy he was removed to his bed, from which he was not again to rise. . . . About an hour before his departure his devoted wife said, 'You are going to Jesus. How happy you will be soon!' A vivid smile lighted up his countenance with the expression of ineffable joy, as he emphatically said, 'Oh! yes.' And thus they passed away.

I need say nothing to commend to you the trait of character which these statements illustrate. It need not be proven to such an audience that in the highest style of character godliness is an essential element. However excellent a man may be otherwise, if destitute of this quality, his character is defective. He may be all that can be wished in relation to man; but he is chargeable with ingratitude, injustice, rebellion—everything which merits reproach, when viewed in relation to God. Oh! there can be no sadder sight than to see men who perform the duties of every relation but the highest of all, who respond to every claim but the most imperative, who render what is due to every being but the greatest of all beings—He, whose they are, who is the Author of their lives, and the Giver of all their mercies

—men who, while they would shrink from robbing man, do not hesitate to rob and dishonour God. I caution you, my brothers, against imitating their example. I hold them up as worthy of your reprobation. I tell you, that although men may excuse their godlessness, and that, fair as is their reputation, they are dishonourable in the estimation of all higher intelligences, and when the light of eternity shall flash upon their deeds it will cover them with shame and everlasting contempt. If you would avoid such a termination to your earthly course, you must let the claims of God have your first and greatest attention; his worship form a part of your daily exercises; his person be the object of your supreme affection; his will the constant rule, and his glory the highest end, of your life. While this combined with the other qualities mentioned will invest you with the highest style of character, and raise you in the scale of moral elevation far as you may reach on this side of the grave, it will do for you that which is better still—it will secure for you, in another state of being, the realisation of all for which your nature fits you, and of which the Bible, with all its bright and glorious revelations, gives you only an imperfect glimpse—the continual improvement of your intellect, the expansion of your affections, the attainment of higher knowledge and vaster joys, while the ages of eternity roll their ceaseless round.

Much other remark might be suggested by the history of these men, did time permit; but as my Lecture has already exceeded its due limits, I may only express the hope that enough has been said to induce you to cultivate the great and noble qualities by which they were so eminently distinguished. I am aware of the imperfect manner in which I have delineated their character. Long as I have detained you, I have been able to notice only its more prominent features, and chiefly those which were most conducive in their

usefulness; at its minuter ornaments I have not even glanced. I regret this the less, however, that the qualities noticed include in one direction or another all the more subordinate. If you draw the outline correctly, you will not err greatly in its completion. Given the column of *decision*, resting on the broad and sure foundation of *sobert-mindedness*, polished by *brotherly affection*, adorned with *self-sacrificing zeal*, capped and crowned with *godliness*, and the minuter ornaments will not be wanting. These will be produced as the appendages of the other. And should they fail, the failure will be of comparatively little moment when all the essentials are there. And what an inducement it should present to your toiling at such a structure, that there is none to equal it in duration—that it shall outlive the vicissitudes of this changing scene, the crumbling influence of time, the crash of dissolving worlds, the blotting out of the sun, the falling of the stars, the waste of eternal ages; and, amid the fairer scenes, and in the brighter light, and under the cloudless sky, of a better land, will stand for ever as a monument to your honour, and to the glory of the Master-Builder, who laid the foundation, superintended its erection, and withdrew not his aid until the top-stone was brought forth with a shout of “Grace, grace unto it,” and “the morning-stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy” over the accomplishment of God’s greatest and noblest work—the regeneration and transformation into his own likeness of a once-fallen man.

The Signs of the Times.

A LECTURE

BY THE

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THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

WE live in times of extraordinary importance. Scene succeeds scene, and event thunders on event, with startling and portentous rapidity. Have these things a meaning? Is the age suggestive or significant? Are its facts and phenomena mere dumb and dead incidents, that rise like air-bubbles on the waves of time, to be resolved into the great element again without a mission or a meaning? Or, are they full of eloquent significance—pregnant lessons—successive acts in the great drama of time, fixing the epochs of the world? In short, are they “Signs of the Times?” There is no doubt that they are. Analogy dictates the inference; Scripture settles it. God has invariably given signs and warnings of every great and startling epoch in his past providential government: nay more, he has given dates, and numbers, and cycles. Now, what God has done, premonitory of great epochs that are past, surely he has not withheld in reference to those yet more stupendous ones that are to come. In the case of Noah, 120 years was fixed as the period, at the end of which the windows of heaven should pour down, and the fountains of the great deep should be broken up. The duration of the captivity in Egypt was foretold to Abraham 430 years before, and published by Moses; and so exactly was the prophetic epoch ful-

filled that, in the language of the sacred historian, "At the end of 430 years, the selfsame day, it came to pass that all the hosts of the Lord went out from the land of Egypt." Jeremiah is told that 70 years shall be the duration of the captivity in Babylop; and in Daniel we read that 40 years afterwards he ascertained from this passage the date of the exodus of the Jews from Babylon. The first advent of our blessed Lord was almost the subject of specific chronology: long before it occurred Daniel said, "After threescore and two weeks shall Messiah be cut off, but not for himself;" and his prophecy of the advent of the Messiah, and the specific period at which he should come, made so deep an impression upon the wide world, that not only the Baptist, Anna and Simeon, but Tacitus and Virgil, and the heathen writers at that time, expected him. We may surely, then, expect, that the crowning act at the end of this dispensation will not be left without premonitory signs and warning dates. If signs and dates preceded the cross, surely signs and dates, not less startling and splendid, may be expected to precede the glory. Jesus, indeed, says, "Of that day knoweth no man." I believe this refers especially to the generation and the time when that statement was made, and was the exact and literal fact. While, however ignorant that generation might be of precise and minute dates, he gives in that very chapter signs by which we may know when the things predicted are just at hand. The day and hour none of us are likely to know; the significant and deepening foretokens of its approach Jesus has commanded us to learn, and pronounced our ignorance criminal. The budding of the fig-tree is one sign. The Jewish race, set forth by the fig-tree, blasted at his first advent, shall begin to burst into blossom, and verdure, and beauty, as a premonitory signal of the approach of his second. "Wilt thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?" was one of the

earliest questions asked; and the answer then given before the day of Pentecost was, "It is not for you to know the times and the seasons, which the Father hath put into his own power." But in the epistle to the Thessalonians it is obvious, that since the day of Pentecost greater light must have been shed upon the epochs of prophetic chronology; for it is said, "Of the times and the seasons ye have no need that I write unto you, for yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night." The Lord rebuked the Jews of his day for estimating the character of to-morrow from the physical phenomena of to-day; whilst from the moral and significant signs that were showered down in all directions upon them, they refused to form any just induction of the nature of the approaching future.

Let us glance briefly at some of the prominent and well-known dates, by way of introduction. There is one great date in prophecy repeated in different formulas, but in all substantially the same. We read of "Time, times, and half a time," or 360 years, twice 360 years, and half of 360 years—making, when added, 1260 years. We find the same date in another formula—forty-two months, equal to 1260 prophetic days, or 1260 literal years. We find it again called 1260 days—prophetic days—equal to 1260 literal years. These prophetic days represent each of them a year; just as in a plan or a map an inch is made to represent a mile. We have distinct authority for this. In Numbers, xiv. 34,—“After the number of the days in which ye searched the land, even forty days, each day for a year, shall ye bear your iniquities, even forty years.” In Ezekiel, iv. 6,—“Thou shalt bear the iniquity of the house of Judah forty days: I have appointed thee each day for a year.” This prophecy, then, contains its own plan—the measure of its scale.

Now, this period of 1260 years, thus alluded to in Scripture, is employed to denote the duration of some great apostasy that should overcast all the horizon of the West, and last throughout a period called in one place 1260 years; in another, forty-two months; in another, "time, times, and half a time." You will see that this is referred to by the following passages:—In Daniel, vii. 25, "He shall speak great swelling words against the Most High, and shall wear out the saints of the Most High, and think to change times and laws: and they" [that is, the saints of the Most High] "shall be given into his hand until a time and times and the dividing of time"—or 1260 years. Again, in Rev. xi. 3, "I will give power unto my two witnesses," [true Christians,] "and they shall prophesy a thousand two hundred and threescore days, clothed in sackcloth"—that is, depressed—or 1260 years. The "witnesses in sackcloth" are "saints worn out," or persecuted by the same apostasy that is referred to in Daniel, which is said to last 1260 years. I do not pause to identify this persecuting power with the Romish apostasy. This is almost universally accepted. The brands predicted in the prophecy are so fully developed by the Papacy, that dispute is barely possible.

Now, having seen the duration of this apostasy, let us try to take a step further,—When did it begin? It is of no use to know the length of its life, unless we can ascertain the date of its birth. We find that the Emperor Justinian gave the Pope, in the year 532, not only spiritual jurisdiction, but civil power; in other words, constituted the great papal organisation a politico-ecclesiastical power, and armed it with authority to enforce by the sword its rescripts, its laws, and its pretended obligations. I therefore date the commencement of the papal power from the year 532; and if so, 1260 years added to that would bring us down to 1792, when history steps in to attest prophecy, and successive

judgments began to fall upon the Western Apostasy. Great convulsions took place in every portion of Antichrist's dominions; all forces played against it; God's people began to emerge from the midst of it; and that part of the prophecy which still acts came into its initial active operation;—"He shall consume it with the spirit of his mouth,"—is waiting in its last wreck to be utterly "destroyed by the brightness of his coming." From that era to this, the papal nations of Europe have been scourged, and Romanism wasted down to a shell—it is galvanized, not living. In France, it is a mere political tool; its hold on the great mass of the people is gone. In Italy, the higher priesthood is infidel. In Ireland, it is in its death-struggle. In England, its boasts, but glare and pretension, are signs of its exhaustion, not vitality.

I pass, in the next place, to another date. The prophet Daniel specifies—and this relates to a subject which is now occupying men's attention in the East—2300 years as the duration of the Mahometan power. The beginning of the 2300 years is dated by the most accomplished and learned scholars in prophecy at about the year 430, or the era of the noon-tide glory of the Persian Empire, and the splendid progress of Xerxes, when it was in its meridian grandeur. From that date Daniel looks along the centuries to the epoch of its decay, and predicts that 2300 years from that date its decay would begin. This lands us in the year 1820, when what is called in the Apocalypse the drying up of the river Euphrates, or the decaying or wasting away of the Mahometan power, should begin to take place. Now, if this calculation be correct, we should expect that in the year 1820, or thereabout, the Mahometan power did begin to waste and wane. What are the facts? In the year 1820, the "Annual Register" states, "The Ottoman Empire had reached its meridian strength, free from all foreign invasion, and in possession of perfect peace." What

takes place soon after this? In the summer of that very year Ali Pacha revolted against the Sultan. In the autumn of 1820 the Greek insurrection broke out. Soon after, Northern Greece, the isles of the Egean Sea, and the Danubian provinces, all revolted from the Turkish Empire. In the Morea, the Greeks destroyed an army of 30,000 Turks. In 1827, the combined fleets of Britain, France, and Russia destroyed the Turco-Egyptian fleets at the battle of Navarino. In the year 1828, Russia crossed the Balkan, entered Adrianople, and Constantinople was saved by the interposition of the Western ambassadors. Servia, Wallachia, and Moldavia are at this moment held by the Russians. The Turkish province of Algiers is now a French colony. She suicidally extinguished the Janizzaries, her best troops. During the same period earthquakes, plagues, and pestilences have almost depopulated Bagdad, Mecca, and Medina. And the Rev. Mr. Walsh, the British Consul at Constantinople, writing in 1831, says, "Within the last twenty years, Constantinople lost more than half its population. Two conflagrations happened while I was at Constantinople, and destroyed 15,000 houses. The silent operation of the plague is continually active. It is no exaggeration to say, that within the period mentioned 300,000 have been prematurely swept away in this one city of Europe, by causes not operating in any other capital whatever." See how exact is the fulfilment of prophecy.

The special prediction under the Sixth Vial is, the drying up of the river Euphrates; that is, a progressive evaporation of Mahometanism, beginning in 1820, and expected by every student of prophecy to end in a very short time indeed. It is, you will observe, to die out: it is not to be struck down. It is the evaporation of a stream, not the destruction of a citadel at a blow. But it does not follow that the Russian Eagle is to have the Mosque of St. Sophia

for his eyrie. It does not follow that the Turks are to cease to be, when they cease to be Mahometans. They may become Christians. The 9,000,000 of Eastern Christians that are under the Crescent, and subject to all its insults, its oppression, and its tyranny, may rise up to be a glorious nation—a nobler obstruction to Russian ambition than the decrepit and dying Turkish empire.

Turkey, just at the period predicted in prophecy, begins to die out. The evidence of this is recent testimony respecting her. Lamartine's last remark, in one of those sagacious aphorisms by which his eloquence is distinguished, says, "Turkey dies for want of Turks." This gradual decay of the Turkish Empire identifies the period in which we now are with what is called in the Apocalypse the Sixth Vial. Mr. Habershon, in his excellent work upon the subject, calculated, in 1830, that the Turkish Empire would cease to exist soon after 1849. Its end is at hand. He was not very far wrong. Every day I expect to hear of its stream dried up, of the Crescent waning, and of Turkey as a nation that was—not a nation mighty and longer able to maintain itself. Plague, famine, pestilence, profligacy, are fast drying up her empire; her exchequer is now all but bankrupt; her momentary success against Russia is a surer prognostic of her destruction. Britain and France, like clouds, may spread over the Euphrates, and try to prevent the evaporation of its waters; but all in vain. The echoes of victory by the fleets of the ambitious Autocrat, and the cruel destruction of the Turkish, are resounding through Europe. This gradual decay of the Crescent, after the period predicted under the Sixth Vial, which commenced in 1820, when the great river Euphrates began to be dried up, is assuredly taking place. Its final destruction may be looked for every day, as it has been since 1850; and now Russia, like a gigantic vulture poised in mid-heaven, on outstretched wings, waits for the

moment to descend and to destroy. Peace or war is equally exhausting Turkey. Help her (and it is duty to aid the oppressed), and you may soften her fall, but you will not avert her decay. The "sure word of prophecy" is stronger than the combined fleets of England and France. We watch at this moment for the issue; and I confess I long to see the expiring throes of an empire that has long oppressed the free and crushed the good; to hear the last boom of Mahometan cannon; and to see the beautiful lands around Constantinople, so beautiful and so fertile, emerge from the deluge of Mahometan superstition, and not Russia but Christianity ascendant the result, but the way prepared for the march of the Kings of the East to their beloved Palestine, the land of their fathers.

Having seen, then, that we must now be near that epoch, let me notice, in the next place, that as soon as the Crescent wanes and the great river Euphrates, the recognised symbol of the Turkish power, evaporates, we may expect to see a preparation for the return of the Kings of the East; that is, an awakening take place among the Jews, emerging from the lands of their captivity, and moving homewards to Jerusalem;—an exodus more majestic than that from Egypt, to take possession of the country that is kept from them by the kings, and rulers, and princes of the earth. Here every sign is most striking. In all directions the Jews are awakening to a sense of nationality. They have newspapers—I read one of them every week—conducted with great talent and power. They begin to stand out as they never did before. They were always insulated, but it was rather as broken and fragmental units; now they begin to be insulated in their nationality, or as a nation, and to consolidate their power. I may state, from their own newspaper, that they are organising plans for repossessing Palestine. Many of them have gone out as farmers and agriculturists; and in this Jewish newspaper I read the reports of the agricul-

turist Jews in Palestine, addressed to their brethren at home, just as you might read the account of the spies of old, when they told the children of the desert of the riches and the glories of the promised land. In America, funds are at this moment being raised, and near a million dollars secured, for building the Temple of Jerusalem; the dry bones in ten thousand valleys give tokens of returning life; the springs of Palestine have suddenly become full of fresh and refreshing water; every branch of the fig-tree buds; and more Jews have been converted, according to Tholock, during the last eighteen years than during the previous eighteen hundred; and there are more Jews at this moment in Jerusalem than there have been during the last seventeen centuries. A deeper interest, too, is now felt in the spiritual welfare of the Jews than ever was felt before; and the various societies for the conversion of the Jews, not fifty years old, have been blessed with great and growing success, and are now the most prosperous of any. In England I believe it is so, and in Scotland I know that it is. And what is one of the great political questions of the day? Whether the Jews shall be admitted to legislative and municipal power. Whether it be a duty to admit them, or the reverse, their seeking and our discussing it is a sign of the times, a proof of national development, a forelight of future result. But I know the meaning of this. It is the Jew, a weary, wandering exile, seeking a rest for the sole of his foot; and when he has obtained a political place in the Constitution of England, as probably he will, he will still find that he has no rest, and his heart will yearn still, till his feet shall tread the consecrated streets in which Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and the world's great worthies, walked, and worshipped our God and their God. And it is very singular, I may observe, that the quarrel between Russia and Turkey took its origin about things in Jerusalem,—about shrines and altars,—

about the sacred shrines, where stupid monks, that have crucified afresh a living Christ, are fighting and quarrelling about the tomb of a dead Christ.

In the "Hebrew Observer," a newspaper conducted by Jews, and very hostile to Christianity, I found, a few weeks ago, a poem in which an unconverted Jew, applies to Mahometanism and to his own race the very phrases employed in our Apocalypse, and forms the same inferences respecting the speedy restoration of the Jews which I have been endeavouring to gather, on ground he refuses to tread.

"REDEMPTION DRAWETH NIGH.

"Lift up your heads, ye pilgrim bands!

**Hark! hear ye not the cry
Which sweeps across the desert sands,—
His voice, who heaven and earth commands?
Redemption draweth nigh!**

**Lift up your heads! The Crescent wanes
In yonder Eastern sky,
Beneath whose beam Oppression reigns,—
Beneath whose beam Pollution stains:
Redemption draweth nigh!**

**Lift up your heads! Euphrates' stream
Is spent,—its course is dry,—
The Prophet's vision is no dream,—
His burden is no idle theme:
Redemption draweth nigh!**

**Lift up your heads, ye Eastern Kings!
Ask ye the reason why?
Who bore you erst on eagles' wings,
'You to your land in triumph brings:
Redemption draweth nigh!**

**Lift up your heads! The nations quake,
Who raised their horn on high;—
See how their ancient pillars shake,
While from a dream their monarchs wake!
Redemption draweth nigh!**

Lift up your heads ! The Moslem's fane

No more provokes a sigh ;

Lo ! Israel's Lion shakes his mane !

I see Him stalk athwart the plain :

Redemption draweth nigh !

Lift up your heads ! for Canaan's soil

Is yours. Ye shall not buy.

Long has it yielded, as a spoil,

Its corn, its wine, its fruit, its oil :

Redemption draweth nigh !

Lift up your heads ! Your Temple dome

Shall once more kiss the sky !

Jerusalem shall be your home,

From which her sons no more shall roam :

Redemption draweth nigh !

Lift up your heads ! Lift up your voice !

Ye heralds, quickly fly !

Bid Israel's exiled tribes rejoice ;

Israel, the people of His choice ;

Redemption draweth nigh !—BEN JAPHET."

During the action of the sixth vial, while the stream of the Euphrates evaporates, and the Jews are rising and beginning to seek the land of their fathers, three unclean spirits, like frogs, go out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet—spirits of devils, working miracles. All of them go forth unto the kings of the earth, and of the whole world, to gather them together to the battle of Armageddon, the great day of Almighty God. I may observe that these spirits have gone forth since the year 1820, when the Mahometan power began to wane, to deceive the nations. What are these unclean spirits ? We understand their nature from their origin. The first is from the dragon—the Infidel spirit, which is now commonly called Secularism. The second is from the wild beast of the abyss, which (I need not

explain to you) is evidently Romanism. The third, from the false prophet, that looks like a lamb, but speaks like a dragon, is the spirit of Priesthood, called, rudely, Puseyism, and, courteously, Tractarianism. I appeal to every hearer, if the last ten years do not afford irresistible evidence of the action of these unclean spirits.

In Germany, in France, and even in England and America, and in every part of the globe, the Infidel spirit, in various disguises, is actively at work. I do not pause to adduce the evidence. Much of the revolutionary spirit in Italy and in Austria is really infidel. It is a reaction from the revolting superstition and despotism by which they were crushed. The Romish spirit, again, so justly represented by the unclean frog, has been croaking over the length and breadth of our country, and, indeed, over Christendom, making proselytes in every rank, swelling its battalions for its more terrific overthrow, and finishing its triumph by the marvellous blunder of 1850, when it snatched at a gem in the diadem of England's crown, and the Pope dreamed, in his folly, that the pulse at a well-known bishop's wrist was the beat in the heart of Old England. The third unclean spirit is clearly shown by Mr. Elliot to be what I have called Tractarianism, or the assumption of priestly power. This is in many quarters the predominant spirit of the age. And what is its character? The minister is merged in the priest—the glory of the Master in the pretensions of the messenger—personal worth in official claims—the glory in the altar—and men's souls are bowed down by ceremony, instead of their hearts being captivated by love. In the New Testament, ministers of the gospel are called ambassadors. If a man be an ambassador, he cannot by the very necessity of the thing be a priest. A priest is one who carries my cause to God, and deals for me with God; an ambassador is one that brings God's

mind to me, and deals with me from God. If, therefore, a minister be a priest, he cannot be an ambassador; if he be an ambassador, he cannot be a priest. Let Dr. Pusey take which horn of the dilemma he pleases; impaled on one or the other he must be, and there he must be perched, until he fully renounces or fully accepts his error.

Now, these unclean spirits, whose names and nature I have briefly touched upon, are at this moment inspiring the kings and princes and rulers of the earth, secular and ecclesiastical, emerging under the sixth vial, but continuing under the seventh. Russia, driven on from the East—Turkey, roused against her will—the Czar and the Sultan in mortal conflict—France and England, in spite of skilful diplomacy, precipitating the conflict they dread and cannot avert—Austria and Prussia standing by, vainly attempting neutrality—are the shadows of coming events. New dispositions may stave off an arrest for a day; but the urging force of the stream is too strong, and the venomous spirits too active and powerful, to be permanently and effectually repressed. Their influence is extended to, and in action under, the last—called, in the Apocalypse, the Seventh Vial. These unclean spirits come out under the sixth; they do not go in again, however, but continue their action during the seventh; and it is during their action, under the pouring out of the seventh vial, that the last and greatest struggle takes place. Look across the sea and behold what is now the condition of Europe. The nations heaving to their centres—infidel, democratical, and priestly elements fermenting and generating, in the subterranean depths of society, those terrific elements which are destined to explode and shatter thrones, rend shrines, and overturn altars.

After the rise of the angel of the everlasting gospel, which occurred at the end of the French Revolution, and is embodied in the various Bible and Missionary Societies, another angel spreads his pinion, warring against the errors

of Babylon. This is fulfilled in the various Protestant societies, and especially in that earnest and universal protest that still sounds from ten thousand pulpits throughout the land. These shall grow louder as Babylon grows feebler, and finally mingle with her knell.

It is during the closing days of this dispensation that a remarkable prophecy in Daniel comes to be fulfilled. By the fulfilment of this prophecy we shall be able to ascertain our position: "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." Could I give a more succinct and impressive description of the age in which we live? During the last seventeen years there has been more speedy, frequent, and extended travelling, than during the seventeen hundred years before. The stationary habits of former generations have been fast breaking up. The numbers that move on the iron rail have baffled all anticipation; and this enormous net-work has overpread east, west, north, and south, by which five hundred people at a time are taken from capital to capital, with all the speed, accuracy, and precision of a weaver's shuttle. The gold discoveries in Australia and California, the mere surface of which we have only yet touched, have covered the ocean with gigantic steamers, till the surface of the sea is as populous as the surface of the land. The antipodes are now reached as soon from London as the Hebrides used to be; and, as in the instance of Panama, continents are severed and intersected, in order to remove obstructions and impediments to the advancing march of men. Apart from the impetus given to travelling, the prodigious influx of gold (and I am told that only the other day a million arrived in this great capital) no longer makes it a poetical extravagance, but the literal possibility of the day: "And the streets of the city were pure gold." And whilst there shall be this travelling to and fro, it is added, "Knowledge shall be increased." In all direc-

tions this is taking place. Long-buried secrets are coming forth from their hiding-places at the bidding of men. Nineveh has arisen from the dead, to tell mankind what the Bible has been telling ceaselessly: "Holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." The Polar realms are explored; the secrets of the iceberg, and the tenantry of the frozen zone are brought to light; and the attempt of a thousand years—in pursuit of which the gallant Franklin and countless brave seamen, we fear, have perished—the North-west Passage has at length been achieved; and the North Pole will probably be as clearly revealed in a few years as the Equator is now. Medical science has attained wondrous progress since Jesus, who consecrated it by his example, lived and healed, and suffered and died. Those formidable epidemics, the offspring of sin as much as the judgment of God, are more thoroughly understood; and I do not see why the pestilence which we call typhus, or the other pestilence we call fever, or the other we call cholera, or the last and worst we call consumption, may not, by God's blessing, be as much mitigated as a recent pestilence, more destructive than any of them, known by the name of small-pox. I say, we see in all these things the progress in knowledge. And that wonderful anæsthetic agent, chloroform, which is a very recent discovery, has mitigated the primal curse pronounced on one half of the human family, and rendered the terrible operation of the surgeon's knife scarcely perceptible to the subject of it.

During these last days, also, it is stated, as another fact, that the gospel of the kingdom shall be preached among all nations for a witness. Now, is not this a distinguishing sign of the age? China, the impregnable fortress of inveterate superstition, has lifted up its everlasting gates, and partly without and partly with our teaching the truths of the King of Glory have entered, and the glorious sound of

the gospel is reverberating in the streets of Pekin; and our country, true to its responsibility, is pouring Bibles and missionaries into it. The tribes that cluster around the North Pole, whose home is the region of perpetual snow, have been sought out for so many years apparently to gratify curiosity, but really to complete the fulfilment of the prophecy: "This gospel shall be preached as a witness among all nations." The Moslem, the Hindoo, and the Chinaman, are emerging into the everlasting light. In every tongue of earth the gospel has its music and echo. In every latitude and longitude the cross is revealed, obstructing walls are falling, and, where Christianity may not be accepted as a remedy, it is everywhere heard as a witness, and is, therefore, a precursor of the end.

Another symptom of the close of this age is the great boasting of Babylon. Never did the Church of Rome boast louder than she does now. She saith in her heart, "I sit a queen, and am no widow." Her last day shall be her proudest, and her dying resistance will be the greatest. She will go down, as sure as there is truth in prophecy, like a ship at sea, every sail set, and her prophecies of supremacy loudest and most impudent. She has crushed every attempt within to rectify her errors and reform her corruptions; she has persecuted with the sword and fagot every exertion from without to awaken her to a sense of apostasy; her pride has grown with her years; her pretensions are, in the year 1853, louder than "in" the palmy days of Hildebrand himself. But her imperial splendour shall be her funeral pall; her present glory shall only soon light her to her grave. At this very period, immediately before the destruction of the Crescent in the East and of the Tiara in the West, we read, there will be a general war over the length and breadth of Europe; and the unclean spirits preparing the kings of the earth for the great battle, as the Scripture

calls it, of God Almighty. The revolutionary fires that are smouldering under every throne shall then burst out; every capital in Europe shall blaze, every village become a camp, and every country a battle-field. Assembled kings shall debate their very existence in the high places of the earth, and kingdom dash against kingdom, like stars broken loose from their orbits, and fall from their high places, like leaves or unripe fruit from the fig-tree when shaken by fierce winds. Every acre of Europe is covered with strange and ominous shadows, which coming events cast before. Auguries of looming evils have found access to cabinets and councils, and statesmen at their wits' end look pale and perplexed, while their hearts tremble for fear of the things that are coming on the earth. 1848 was a great wave, rising and reaching far up the shores of Europe, and then receding, but only to gather fresh volume, and to come up again augmented in mass, and with accumulated speed, to burst over the lowliest hearth-stone and the loftiest roof-tree, convulsing all things, wasting many, yet sweeping away the corrupting drift-wood of centuries, and destined thus to baptize rather than overwhelm and bury the earth.

Another remarkable sign of the times is the intensity that is concentrated in almost every sphere and department of life. The object may be great, or the pursuit may be in itself worthless; but everywhere you perceive that energy, and vigour, and great force are in it. Let it be the manufacture of a pin or the enlightenment of a soul—let it be the service of a master behind the counter or of our gracious Queen in the cabinet, there is imparted into it an evident and palpable energy. For evil or for good, the age of apathy is gone. Men are in earnest in all they do. They are doing with all their might. All seem to feel as if the time for their mission were preternaturally short, and the force they have extremely inadequate, and the night of time, or the

night of death, too near to allow of respite from their toils, or a relaxation of their energies. This intensity is a prophetic instinct, a sign of the times, an omen of the retiring sun and the gathering darkness, the termination of the groans of humanity, the travail of nature, and the winding up of a drama of which angels have been for 6000 years the spectators, and men the solemn actors. If this be a sign of the times and the character of the men of this world, let us Christians excel, not fall behind them. "Work while it is called To-day." "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." The warning cry is ringing loud and clear from every quarter of the compass—"The Bridegroom cometh!" Are our lamps burning? Are our loins girt? Are our hands in the shop, but our hearts, and our hopes, and our treasure in heaven, where Christ is?

Another very pregnant and remarkable sign of the times is the disintegration and disorganisation of all things. Where reformation is refused, revolution begins. Whether there be or be not the hope of improvement, there is all but a universal determination to have change. Age is no defence; past services to generations gathered to their rest is no apology. Some who were in former days the strenuous champions of things that be, have now become the earnest advocates of new creations. Some may be factious, some restless, but all seem to be unanimous in their desire to alter the existing economy. 'This is a feature of the day—a sign of the times. And what means it? It is the disorganisation of the old, that is ready to pass away, preparatory to the emergence from beneath the horizon of a new and more glorious order of things, which God has promised and man vainly expects he can himself create. In chemistry and in the moral arrangements of the world, the disintegration of existing combinations is always preparatory to new and

frequently more beautiful revelations of the glory of the Maker and the beauty of the things he has made. Chaos grew into genesis 6000 years ago. The fall will issue in the regeneration and restoration of all things. Designedly and undesignedly, we are breaking up the present, in order to make way for the construction of the future; and the speed, and energy, and universal consent with which we enter on the work is one of the signs that the new heaven and new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness, is at our doors. The solemn prophecy of Ezekiel seems the very type and spirit of the age:—"I will overturn, overturn, overturn, and it shall be no more, until He shall come whose right it is." "Thus saith the Lord, Yet once, it is a little while, and I will shake the heavens and the earth, and the sea and the dry land, and I will shake all nations, and the Desire of all nations shall come, and I will fill this house with my glory, saith the Lord of hosts."

Another sign of the close of this dispensation is one that is exciting great disputes and difficulties among many—the expectation of supernatural, or rather infra-natural manifestations of the wicked one. I cannot shut my eyes to the predictions of Scripture as to the character of the last days. Feats above the level of the human are ascribed to the Antichrist—assumed and exercised by the Church of Rome, and in intenser degree, and with yet more appalling emphasis, may be displayed before Rome sinks into the fiery gulf, and Antichrist is destroyed by the brightness of the Redeemer's advent. Hear such predictions as these: (2 Thess. ii. 9)—"Whose coming is after (or according to) the working (or energy) of Satan, with all power, and signs, and lying wonders." The phrase, "lying wonders," does not mean lying miracles, but miracles that profess to prove what is a lie. Now the Church of Rome is at the present moment radiating miracles in all directions; many of them, as given

by Dr. Newman, exceedingly abound: but I am not sure that the priests of the Church of Rome have not done supernatural, or, rather infra-natural, deeds, above the reach of human power, by the inspiration and the aid of the wicked one. I remember one day—(I think I related the circumstance once before in a lecture in this very hall)—sitting in my study; the servant came in, and said, “A strange-looking gentleman wants to see you.” The gentleman was ushered in. The moment he appeared I scanned him from top to toe, with all a Scotchman’s penetration and watchfulness. When I looked at him I saw that he had a hat, which he politely took off, so broad that it would have been an admirable parasol in sunshine and a splendid umbrella in a heavy shower. I noticed that he had a cloak all over him, reaching down nearly to his very ankles, with a large cross, and a heart pierced by a dagger on his left breast, and written round it “*Passio Jesu Christi Domini.*” I looked at his feet, but instead of seeing those most vulgar and Protestant things called boots or shoes, I noticed that he had no stockings and no shoes, but a sole of leather below each foot, each string coming between each toe and all tied round his ankles; and the bow, or knot I think you call it, was so exquisitely tied, that, if he were not a monk, I should have said “a lady must have tied that, for no man’s fingers could have done it.” Though I had not seen him except once in my life before, in a railway carriage, I knew him at once, and said, “I believe I have the honour of addressing the Hon. and Rev. George Spencer?” (brother of the Earl Spencer.) He said, “That was my name, but my name now is Father Ignatius the Passionist.” I said, “I am very glad to see you.” He said he had called upon Lord John Russell, and Dr. Hook, and Mr. Villiers, I think, and many others; and knowing I had a deep interest in the question at issue, he had come to me

to make a grand proposition. I said, "Let me hear it." He said, "It is this : that you cease to preach any more against Popery on your side, and that we cease to preach any more against Protestantism on our side, and begin to pray together for unity." I said to him, "Well, that seems very beautiful ; but how can two walk together except they be agreed ? I am preparing a lecture for next Tuesday evening, the very title of which is, 'The Pope the Man of Sin : ' now, how can you and I pull together ?" I said, "Father Ignatius, I tell you what we can do : you can meet me at Exeter Hall an hour before the time ; you shall explain for half an hour your plan ; I will explain in half an hour my difficulties ; then I will give you a quarter of an hour's correction of my blunders ; and you can then listen to my lecture." He said "he would be happy to come and avail himself of the opportunity," but refused to listen to my lecture. He objected to controversy altogether. I said, "Will you let a clergyman of the Church of England begin with that beautiful collect, 'O God, to whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid,' and the Lord's prayer ? He said, 'No, certainly not ; it is contrary to our convictions for Catholics to pray with those that are heretics : therefore we cannot pray together.'" "Well, Father," I said, after an hour's conversation, "sometimes I am struck with the conviction that there is something in your Church above the level of the human. I see such devotedness in your priests—(and who can deny it ?)—I see such sacrifices made by some (and it is right that we should concede it)—I see in yourself, for instance, such devotedness to what I believe to be an awful and a miserable superstition—I see in you such earnestness, that I sometimes begin to think, Father Ignatius, that your Church has something supernatural or infra-natural about it." He paused, and looking me in the face, said, with great solemnity,

"Dr. Cumming, if the Church of Rome be not the only Church of the living God, she is the master-piece of the devil; she can be nothing between." I said^a to him, "You will pardon me, but I solemnly believe your Church belongs to the last class you mentioned." He said, "It is what I expected^t—it is what I supposed, and therefore it does not at all surprise me." And we parted. I gave him a little book—a lecture. It was a very small book, called "Christ receiving Sinners." "Now," I said, "Father Ignatius, we may never meet again in this world; will you read this book? It has no eloquence, but it is a simple statement of the way of a sinner's acceptance with God, as I believe it to be true." He said, "I will take your book, but I won't promise to read it." "Well, then," I said, "if you won't read it, I will take the book back; I can find plenty that will read it." "Well," he said, "you have been so courteous and kind, and have received me in such a pleasant manner, that for once I will promise to read the book." I entered his name on its title-page as a gift from me; and I have prayed—and prayer is^c the noblest controversial weapon we can employ—that it may please the Holy Spirit to bless it to that misguided, simple man, too simple to be the tool of the Vatican, so that he may come out of his prison-house, and testify amid such a^d dense mass of listening immortals as this the glorious Gospel of God, in contrast with the soul-destroying superstitions and corruptions of Rome. I do not dwell upon this; I quote it merely to show you that my conviction of the supernatural character of the Church of Rome is not the only one. If Satan inspires the Papacy, he will enable it to do signs and wonders.

Some think that already Satan^e is manifesting supernatural agency, and doing feats that correspond to those predicted to occur in the last days of our dispensation. We must be on our guard against the Secularism which excludes

the supernatural altogether, and the superstition which sees supernatural feats everywhere.

Professor Newman represents the one class, Dr. Newman the other.

Some excellent men allege that table-turning and table-speaking is a sign of the times, a proof of the presence of Satan and infra-natural miracles. Now, I think I am competent to speak on this subject; it is not an impertinent assumption to say so. I will tell you why, by and by. I cannot agree with some, who denounce its claims to be supernatural as *prima facie* false, because impossible; nor can I agree with those who have arrived at the conclusion that it is a manifestation of Satanic power, or direct communication with disembodied spirits. I was asked to go and visit two of the most able and effective performers upon tables in the house of a dear and valued friend, a member of my congregation. I watched, suspiciously, the whole from beginning to end. It is important, however, to discriminate. There is table-moving, which is one thing; there is table-speaking, or disembodied spirits speaking through tables (as it is alleged), which is a totally different thing. The one may be a scientific phenomenon; the other I shall try to describe as I think it deserves. It may seem presumptuous to say I am satisfied, but with deepest deference, that Faraday in his letter does not explain the phenomena. Whether it be by electricity, or galvanism, or mesmerism, or any other yet undetected motive and subtle element, it is a fact, that the fingers of a lady laid lightly on a heavy table made it, in my presence, spin round, lift its legs, stamp the floor, and throw itself into most extraordinary and unbecoming convulsions. I may mention, too, that myself and one of my own little children have made a chair spin round the drawing-room, without the least muscular impulse that I was conscious of communicating to it, and, in short, perform

such bacchanalian-like gymnastics as I could not deliberately and intentionally cause. Table-turning is an amusement for children. Table-talking is not so. It is important that we should understand, if possible, what pretends to be above human ; for while expecting miracles, and signs supernatural, or rather infra-natural, in the last days, we must be on our guard and prepare to decide what are and what are not so. My friends asserted in their drawing-room, not only that this new motive power was true (which may or may not be) but that there was something above and beyond table-moving by the touch, which may be the verge of a discovery, if not what Faraday alleges it to be. It may be electricity, it may be galvanism, it may be neither ; or it may be some other natural influence which we do not, at present, know of. I am aware there are difficulties in supposing the existence in human fingers of an undetected power, for how does it happen that when people sit down to dine, and lay their fingers on the table, it does not begin to dance ? But it is a fact that I saw a table, touched lightly by the fingers of a lady, whose muscular powers, I am sure, were not very formidable, rise, leap, and move from side to side in the most extraordinary manner. Faraday does not and I cannot explain this. My two friends, however, said that there was more than this. They set the table in motion, and then asked me to put questions to the supposed spirit, which had just taken possession of the table. I said, "No, I decline to do that ; I am here simply as a spectator, and have reasons for declining, which I need not state. I am here simply as an inquirer : you begin, and I will look on." The question was asked, "Do you know the Rev. Mr. Reeve ?" The table gave three gentle taps, which means in the table vernacular, "Yes." "Do you know the Rev. Mr. Fisk ?" The table gave three gentle raps, in precisely the same manner. After asking two or three questions about various per-

sons, present or absent, and receiving similar polite and courteous replies, my friends asked the supposed spirit, "Do you know Dr. Cumming?" The table positively forgot all the respect due to a lady's drawing-room and threw itself into a state of convulsive kicking, which made me anxious, not about my creed, but about the table's safety. My friends then asked how many shillings were in my pocket. It guessed eleven, and there were only five. They then asked how many sovereigns I had. It guessed five, and I had only one. It was then asked, "Will you answer Dr. Cumming at all?" The answer, according to their interpretation, was "No," in the most decided manner. "Why not?" An alphabet was then laid on the table, and, certainly, the proceeding was very curious. We began: A, the table stood still; B, it gave three taps. That was set down as the first letter of the answer. We then began again: A, the table was silent; B, still silent. We went on till we came to E, then there were three taps. This was proceeded with till the words were made out,—"Because he laughs." When I heard this, I submitted that my laughing and incredulity ought to be a reason for convincing me, and not leaving me a sceptic. But the table seemed to dislike me excessively. I confess I saw much that was curious; I saw a great deal that was very remarkable: but I have also seen very remarkable things in the feats of those semi-naked tumblers in the streets of London, in the tricks of card-shufflers in a room, and in the conversaciones of ventriloquists in a chimney-nook. But I see nothing supernatural; and mark, if there be a doubt that a thing is a miracle, it is no miracle. In the days of our Lord there was no doubt expressed by bitter enemies that what he did was miraculous; the puzzle was, "Is it from the devil below, or is it from God above?" But table-talking is so equivocal, that the parties present witnessing the so-called

miraculous responses are puzzled to determine whether it be supernatural, or only very clever and talented. Now, in the last days, I look not for equivocal facts and dubious miracles, but for terrible startling manifestations of superhuman power, which should deceive, if possible, the very elect.

But a word more on this subject. I have read on one side nobody but Mr. Close and Mr. Wilson, who have written very ably and admirably; though I do not agree with either as to the grounds of their decision, yet I agree with their conclusions. I have read every pamphlet I could find on the other side, from Mr. Dibdin, one of the best and most pious men in London, to Mr. Godfrey, Mr. Gillson, and every one else who has written in favour of their views; and this is the result I have come to:—In reading those various interesting works I noticed that each inquirer of the table got all his answers very much in the direction of his own wishes and predilections. Let us mark well that fact. For instance: according to the Rev. R. W. Dibdin, demons enter into the table and tell lies, and declare that the worship of the Virgin Mary is right; that is, they are Jesuits or Popish demons. According to Mr. Godfrey, it is the spirits of departed sinners that emerge from hell and confirm every doctrine of the Bible; that is, Protestant spirits. According to Owen, the infidel and Socialist, Voltaire, and Diderot, and D'Alembert, and Paine, all come down from eternal happiness, and tell him how perfectly happy they are, and have been, and expect to be. According to the Rev. Mr. Gillson, spirits speak against Popery; while, according to Mr. Dibdin, they praise it, as if they had been the priests of Dr. Wiseman. Now, I cannot believe that an evil spirit would speak the truth, or attest the inspiration of the Bible; for if a kingdom be divided against itself, how can it stand? I cannot, in the next place, believe that an evil spirit would be so stupid

a blunderer as to preach the worship of the Virgin Mary to so sound and pious a Protestant as Mr. Dibdin. And I can never believe that godly, pious, and evangelical ministers, are the *media* by whom devils come from hell, to tell lies or truths to mankind. Nor can I believe that "Alfred Brown," the name given by one spirit, could describe his torment, as recorded in the book of Mr. Godfrey; or that any other lost spirit ever can be, or is, suffered to come up to this world and tell the transactions of its awful prison-house, as long as I read the petition of the rich man and the decisive answer that was given him: "I pray thee, father, that thou wouldest send Lazarus unto my father's house, for I have five brethren, that he would testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment. And Abraham said unto him, They have Moses and the prophets: if they hear not them, neither would they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." Now, mark you, if the Old Testament alone was sufficient 1800 years ago to render unnecessary and impossible an apparition from the dead to attest its truth, the Old and New Testament together are, *à fortiori*, more than sufficient to render unnecessary, unexpected, impossible, untrue, an apparition of a spirit from the realms of the lost for the same object and mission. I expect supernatural deeds before this dispensation closes; but table-talking is not such proof of the manifestation of Satan as we are to look for. Besides, Satan has higher game to fly at; he is at present too busy in spreading German Rationalism, Tractarianism, Popery, and various kinds of moral evil, to have any disposable force and time to spare for such bungling manifestations as table-talking. I admit that it is much that is striking, much that is curious, much that I cannot explain; but I protest against the conclusion that, because I cannot explain a phenomenon, I am bound to attribute it to supernatural and miraculous

agency. The only trace of the serpent's presence that I can discover in the matter is, I confess, to me a very sad one. It is this: that the excitement it has produced should make lunatics in America—that it should be organised into a church, as they call it, in Philadelphia—that a clergyman should advertise a lecture on the theology of table-talk in the metropolis of the world; and that Christian ministers of undoubted piety and talent, purity of life, and clearness of mind, should waste their influence and weaken their power, by publishing mediæval fancies, monkish nonsense, profane and anile fables.

Signs as predicted in the firmament are also multiplying. To-day's newspaper has three letters descriptive of astral phenomena, unexpected and remarkable. For the last three or four years we have heard of new planets, unexpected comets, brilliant auroras, lunar rainbows, and yet more brilliant and remarkable meteoric appearances. I am not superstitious, but I am not sceptical. I cannot help remembering that "signs and sights in the heavens" are the phenomena of the last days, and precede the appearance of the sign of the Son of Man.

Then, in the next place, the seventh vial, the last apocalyptic symbol of the judgments of God on earth, will be poured into the air. We read: "And the seventh angel poured out his vial into the air; and there came a great voice out of the temple of heaven, from the throne, saying, It is done. And there were voices, and thunders, and lightnings; and there was a great earthquake, such as was not since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake, and so great. And the great city was divided into three parts, and the cities of the nations fell: and great Babylon came in remembrance before God, to give unto her the cup of the wine of the fierceness of his wrath. And every island fled away, and the mountains were not found. And there fell upon men a great hail out of heaven, every stone about

the weight of a talent." Now mark, this seventh vial was filled with the last plague; the word "plague" comes from the Greek *πληγή*, a stroke, and means pestilence and calamity of every sort. This last vial being poured into the air denotes the universality of its influence, whatever that influence may be. It will reach the loftiest throne; it will descend to the hovels of the poorest cotter, and make itself so felt that its sprinklings will be unmistakeable as the last terrible baptism of our world. Now, all these vials have a literal as well as a moral significance. The prophecy of a "star from the East," denoted figuratively the Messiah; but when Jesus was born a literal star appeared. This vial let fall its first sprinklings, I believe, in 1849; and its influence still spreads. First, it was on the fruits of the earth; from the vines of France, Spain, and Madeira, to the potato of Ireland—a universal and destructive blight. Where is its birth-place? Medical men tell you, in the air. In vain chemists analyse it; in vain microscopes are applied; in vain it is assigned to a peculiarity of soil, season, climate, insects. The only ultimate explanation is the apocalyptic taint, the contents of the angel's vial vitiating the air, the source of life and nutriment, with its terrible and poisonous miasma. The physical proof of the action of the seventh vial is complete. But its effects are not confined to vegetable life. Cholera, a new and devastating pestilence existing since the fall, but first seen here in 1832, came down upon England in 1849; and ere it ceased, I recollect—for I was in the midst of it—three thousand per week were gathered to their graves. No theory explains this; no medical skill has penetrated its secret. Poverty, filth, bad drainage, crowded hovels, long hours in unventilated shops, do not create it; but they draw it down as an iron conductor draws down the lightning; they nurse, and feed, and strengthen it, till it goes forth from the hovels of the poor into the halls of the great, conquering and

to conquer, with terrible and disastrous success. It is a taint in the air, a poison of universal agency. It is diluted at present, and has been diluted since 1849, but it is not spent; it has come back with concentrated force in 1853; and I expect—and the expectation suggests prayer, as the pious man says; and sanitary movement, as the worldly man also rightly says—that it will make 1854 one of the most deadly and fatal periods in the roll of the years of our country, written with weeping, and lamentation, and woe. Medical men state, that during the last five or six years disease is less tractable than formerly, and that trivial ailments are more apt to end in fatal diseases. Earth by its sufferings thus responds to the word of God. Facts of universal occurrence, phenomena startling the wide world, seem to assure us that this vial has been poured into the air, and that we are near the winding up of the age.

Then there was to be under this vial a great earthquake. I believe this, if of literal import, is yet to come; but that part of the prophecy of earthquakes in divers places has been literally fulfilled. In England and on the Continent there have been several premonitory convulsions; and in distant countries whole cities have been engulfed during the year that is passed, and thousands of their inhabitants have been buried in the bowels of the earth, as if to show that the expansive gaseous forces are mustering their elements and giving instances of their force preparatory to the tremendous shock which rends the earth, upheaves capitals, and with a voice which shall sound in the depths of men's hearts, as if the hour of doom were approaching, proclaims an epochal hour. Every day I expect to hear the rending of the earth's crust, and the outburst of its subterranean long pent-up elements, and with this a moral convulsion—for such an earthquake means in prophecy—that will shake society to its centre. If you will look at the daily

papers of 1848, and read the descriptions they gave of the French Revolution that broke out in that year, you will find that they commonly employ the word "earthquake,"—"that unprecedented earthquake;" and, singularly enough, the language of the Apocalypse (it may be never read by those who wrote these accounts) is their favourite figure: "that great earthquake, such as was not since men were upon the earth." Believers in prophecy and those who laugh at all revelation are equally expectant of new and startling occurrences. One heave of this predicted convulsion has thrown down the walls of China, and revealed the sublime spectacle of some hundred millions of people emerging into the grey dawn of everlasting light.

Under this seventh vial, also, there is to be a great plague of hailstones, which seems to indicate an invasion from the north. The leading great Hailstone is, in all probability, the Czar or Autocrat of all the Russias. That gigantic empire seems, from the slight and incidental reference to it in prophecy, destined to send down into the west and south of Europe, especially the Paphl States, an overwhelming deluge of savage barbarians, as God's judgment on the guilty nations of Europe, leaving what was a paradise before as a desert and wilderness of desolation behind. These awful events are gathering in the distant horizon. The stormy East will soon startle the quiet West, and the treasures of hail accumulating for years shall sweep society itself before its desolating van. Russia is destined to play a mighty, and in all probability a terrible part, in the last act of the world's drama; there are prophecies in Ezekiel pointedly referring to this portentous empire, to which I cannot now refer, but will afterwards explain.

I dare not say, however, that every sign of the age is sorrowful and sad. I see tokens beautiful and big with promise; I can see strivings that indicate man's hopes and

expectancy of a brightening day. The roll of prophecy is not all covered with lamentation, and weeping, and woe. I see, in the multiplied attempts to elevate the physical, moral, and social condition of mankind, results created by the conscious or unconscious anticipation of the age to come. What a beautiful type of the coming brotherhood of mankind is such an association as this, having no basis but the Bible, no element but love, no password but Christ. What is the great temperance movement—prosecuted with an energy that never fails, losing daily its first rashness, yet nothing of its first zeal—but a prophetic effort to induce men soberly to weigh their responsibilities, and watch with calmness the rush of events, and so make ready for the coming of the Lord? What is the great social sanitary movement but an evidence of man's conviction that this house of ours will one day be, what we would rejoice to see it now, swept and garnished, and prepared for the presence of the Bride awaiting the advent of the Bridegroom? What is the recent extending love and study of music, becoming every day as common as the study of reading and writing, but the tuning of the instruments preparatory to the anthem peal, "Hallelujah, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth?" What are those rapidly accumulating discoveries—science shortening distances, annihilating time, compressing nations into parishes, continents into neighbours, and oceans into lakes—but man's aspiration after the dominion which he held and lost in Paradise—prophécies of success not to be gained by him, but given according to the purposes and promises of God? With all this there is a restlessness abroad that one cannot mistake. There is a universal sense of dissatisfaction—a pervading consciousness that there is much wrong that needs to be put right—a dim recollection of departed perfection we have lost—a strong anticipation of the restoration of all things. How restless is man in every department!

In Politics, to-day it is Despotism, to-morrow it is Democracy ; one year a Republic, another year an Autocracy : but no more national happiness in the last than in the first. To-day, Whigs are in the ascendant ; the next day, Tories are on the crest of the wave ; next day, a Coalition of both : some say, with the excellences of both ; others, with the excellences of neither. Yet all this is dealing with the symptoms, and not touching the inner seat of the fever of humanity.

In the Church, one decade of years we hear of nothing but the blessings of a Church Establishment, of endowment, of royal and aristocratic patronage ; in another, it is the Voluntary system, popular election, the freedom of the clergy, and the independence of the Church. One day, Ecclesiastical Synods are announced as hot-beds of agitation ; another day, Convocations are implored and advocated, as the only salvation of the Church. Yet, if men had common sense, they would see that it is not new machinery that we want, but a new spirit to inspire the old machinery that we have.

If you look at Medicine, one day hydropathy carries all before it as an irresistible wave ; the next day homœopathy, with its infinitesimal doses, cures all diseases ; then mesmerism displaces both, and everybody rushes to be mesmerised : allopathy returns again, and continues till some new crotchet takes its place. It is not a new theory that is wanted, but the restoration of man's health, which is promised when the world shall close as the world began, in Paradise.

Look at the Commercial world. In one year thousands are embarking their capital in railroads too Quixotic ever to be achieved ; in the next, copper and lead mines are the grand attraction ; on 'Change at another ; while at present the gold in California and Australia absorbs all attention.

Man feels there is something wrong; he is conscious of inward fever: like the troubled sea, he feels he cannot rest. Never was humanity so much at sea as at this moment. It is a preparation for a new and sure *dénouement*; it is Nature's unconscious cry, "Come, Lord Jesus!" There comes, at times, a calm at sea, which sailors call breeding weather, at the end of which there rushes upon the ship an irresistible typhoon. The calm since 1848 is drawing to its close. The fierce hurricane, nursed in silence and in secrecy, begins to howl and whistle amid the national shrouds; and the straining and pitching of the ship tell surely its force is on her. Make all tight; stand every man at his post; lift every man his heart to the great sea Lord and land Lord of heaven and earth; and when the waves shall rise and threaten like wild beasts on every side, and the fierce wind comes down upon us like an avalanche from the mountain-tops, we will not be afraid: One is in the ark whom the winds and the waves obey; not one of the redeemed crew shall perish. The frenzied elements shall dash against the true Church as the terror-stricken rain flings itself in a winter night against the window-panes, imploring shelter rather than inflicting damage.

Under the seventh vial, great Babylon, you may remember, comes in remembrance before God. She is now at the beginning of her sorrows. The apparent triumphs and ostentatious boasts of Rome cannot conceal the fulfilment of the prophecy. She is withering down to her very roots in every part of the earth; her real vigour and vitality are gone; she is more and more recognised as a detected imposture, and kept up as a piece of the pageantry of Europe, not as a power that makes nations stand in awe, or kings dread its opposition. In one country she is plundered; in another resisted; in another used as a tool; and detested and despised in all. Her greatest attempts at domination

have ended in her very worst defeats. The spirit that was in her when Innocent III. was pope still animates her, but the people she has to deal with belong to another age; and there is a Book in their hands that casts its glory upon her features, and reveals the awful image of the wicked one. Her strength is in secret; the throne of her power is not episcopal or cardinalatial, but the confessional. The moment she rises from being a secret underminer to be an open assailant, she parts with half her strength; she is shorn of the hair in which her strength lies; and she will have to grind at the mill, a miserable and wretched drudge. This fatal mistake she has lately made in Holland, England, and Southern Germany. Her present politics are the sign of her dotage, the evening twilight of her day. "*Quem Deus vult perdere*," &c. She has been drinking of the cup of God's indignation bitterly since 1848; and she will drink of it more bitterly in the years to come. We may be chastened as a nation for our tampering with her; but our country, I gather from prophecy, is safe for mighty purposes and for noble ends.

"Thou, too, sail on! O ship of state,
Sail on! O England, strong and great.
Humanity, with all its fears,
And all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate.
We know what Master laid thy keel;
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel;
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope;
What anvils rang, what hammers beat;
In what a forge, and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the waves, not of the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale.

In spite of rock and tempests' roar,
 In spite of false lights on the shore,
 Sail on ! nor fear to breast the sea ;
 Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee :
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
 Our faith, triumphant o'er our fears,
 Are all with thee, are all with thee !" 6

Just before the Church of Rome perishes in a conflagration of righteous wrath,—on the eve of her doom,—we read in Rev. xviii. a voice sounds from heaven like a beautiful strain, "Come out of her, my people, that ye partake not of her sins, and receive not of her plagues." Whenever, in the great Apocalyptic drama, a voice comes from above, there is heard at the era of its fulfilment the responding echoes from beneath. This voice, "Come out of her, my people," has been heard in the communes of France, and among the green valleys of Languedoc ; and increasing thousands of Frenchmen are responding in their own beautiful tongue, "Lord, we come, we come." The summons has been heard around the palace of the Grand Duke, and in the picture-galleries of Florence ; and innumerable Madiaais, in the face of cruel laws and imprisonment, and bondage and death, are answering with right joyous hearts, "We come, we come." Under the shadow of St. Peter's and near the Inquisition, where free thought is crime, and a word of truth or an act of charity an evidence of it,—above the silent catacombs of the ancient dead, and in the hearing of the sacerdotal hierarch who sits in the temple of God, showing himself as if he were God, the heavenly summons breaks like sweet music from Italian skies, "Come out of her, my people ;" and neither the thunder of the Vatican nor the anathema of its tyrant can repress the answering accents of increasing multitudes, "Blessed Jesus, we come, we come." In England never was the Roman Catholic mind so accessible as it is at this moment. Vast numbers,

from the premier Duke of England and Lord Beaumont down to the lowest inhabitant of St. Giles's, are emerging from Babylon under a new and blessed attraction. In the green fields of Old Ireland the joyous sound rings loud and clear, reverberating from spire to spire, "Come out of her, my people;" and tens of thousands of that fine, but oppressed and injured race, are bursting their chains in every direction, casting their images and idols to the moles and the bats, lifting up their heads under the irrepressible belief that their redemption draweth nigh, and shouting, not saying, till Rome trembles as she hears it, "Lord Jesus, we come, we come."

We are led from all signs to infer that the meeting-place of all the lines of God's providential work on earth is very near. Paganism is breaking up over all the East. Mahometanism is in its death-struggle, in vain attempting to avert its waning. Popery is artificially propped up, and preparing to take its exodus to eternal night. The Ganges, the Euphrates, and the Tiber, are all gleaming with dawning glories of a nearing day. The Jordan, too, is not still; it heaves with the hopes and expectations of Judea. Life from the dead is reaching the hearts of buried nations, and they rise in rapid succession to their feet; they only wait for the order, "Unloose, and let go free." We stand on the margin of two ages; we hear the dying moan of one, and catch from afar the awakening anthem of the other. While all that is holy, beneficent, and true, is starting to its feet; all that is infidel, superstitious, and evil, under the prince of the power of the air is mustering to battle. Satan puts forth gigantic energies, fraud, sophistry, cruelty, oppression! The imprisonment of the Madiai and Miss Cunningham, and others, is proof of what he would do if he could. The deadly and mischievous errors he sows, like tares in a field, are proofs of his attempts to poison what he cannot

persecute, to disturb what he is unable to destroy. The allies of Pio Nono and of Voltaire yet coalesce against Christianity, in order to keep back a swelling tide of light and love, which sweeps them from an earth they have too long polluted by their presence.

In the midst of this let me add, the Church and the people of God are safe; they are enclosed in everlasting arms; the shield of Omnipotence is over them. They may pass through a sharp night, but it will be a short one. Oh! what a solemn position do we occupy if my conclusions be right! The shadows of 1853 fall back into one eternity and forward into another. We stand, my young friends, on an isthmus washed by the waves of time and wasted by the waters of eternity. The terrible silence of the age is the suspensive pause, when nations hold their breath before the shock comes. The sure and glorious termination alone reconciles us to its pressure. Into a holy, and happy, and blessed land the surf of the troubled present rolls; and our weary hearts will leap to that land as a babe leaps to its mother's bosom.

Are we, my dear friends, among the saints of God? It is time to lay aside our ecclesiastical and sectarian quarrels. The very ground on which we stand will soon be calcined by the last fire, and the miserable Shibboleths which distract Christendom disappear in smoke. All society is rending into two great divisions. By and by there will be no Jesuits, no Ultramontanes, no Franciscans, no Tractarians, but out-and-out Papists. By and by there will be no Churchmen, no Dissenters, but out-and-out Christians. All society is splitting into two great antagonistic masses: every man is taking his place; and those whom we call, in courtesy, Tractarians—who profess to hold the *via media*, neither going with us nor with the opposite side—will find themselves like men between two advancing armies, overwhelmed

by the fire of both. I say, society is splitting into two great masses. To which do we belong? To Christ—that is, the Church of the living God; or to Antichrist—that is, the great Apostasy? Oh, let us not quarrel about lesser things! There is love enough on Calvary to lift the earth to heaven; there is light enough at Pentecost to irradiate the wide world; there is warmth enough on the hearthstone of our Father's house to make every heart glow with ecstasy and thankfulness! Let us rather quench than kindle the fires of passion. Let us pray that the temperature of our Christian life may be so raised, that we may neither see nor feel the petty scintillations of angry quarrels.

“ Between us all let oceans roll;
 Yet still, from either beach
 The voice of blood shall reach,
 More audible than speech—
 ‘ We are one!’ ”

Let me add, in conclusion, that it is very remarkable that all the great times and dates of prophecy meet and mingle about the year 1864. I do not say that that year will be the close of this world. I do not prophesy; but I do feel, that if 1864 be not the close of the age that now is, and the commencement of a better one, it will be a time unprecedented since the beginning—portentous, startling, and terrible to the enemies of God; but glorious, holy, and full of joyous scenes to the people of God.

Clinton proves that the seventh millenary of the world begins in 1863. The Jews of ancient and modern times all look to the end of the seven thousand years for their *Sabbatismos*, or millennial rest:—

“ The groans of nature in this nether world,
 Which heaven has heard for ages, have an end,
 Foretold by prophets, and by poets sung,
 The time of rest, the promised sabbath comes.”

Six thousand years of sorrow have well nigh
Fulfilled their tardy and disastrous course
Over a sinful world ; and what remains
Of this tempestuous state of human things
Is merely as the working of a sea
Before a calm that rocks itself to rest."

Thus, all fingers point to this rapidly-approaching crisis. All things indicate that the moment that we occupy is charged with intense and inexhaustible issues. Never was man so responsible ! Never, in the prospect of what is coming on the earth, was man's position so solemn ! But evil shall not gain the day. Truth and love will emerge from every conflict, beautiful, and clothed with victory. The days of Infidelity and Popery are numbered. The waters of evil will soon ebb from the earth they have soiled. The approaching genesis will surpass in beauty and in glory the old. The Church of Christ will lay aside her soiled garments, her ashen raiments, and put on her bridal dress, her coronation robes ; and the nations will look up to her in admiration, earnest as the waves of the ocean rise up to the bright full moon enthroned above them. The sunrise of approaching day will soon strike the earth, and awaken its long silent hymns, and clothe creation's barest branches with amaranthine blossoms. Poor Nature, that has so long moaned like a stricken creature to its God from its solitary lair, shall cease her groans, and travail, and expectancy ; for God will wipe away her tears, and on her fair, and beautiful, and holy brow, crowned and kingdomed, other orbs in the sky, her handmaidens, will gaze in ecstasy, and thankfulness, and praise. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes ; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying ; neither shall there be any more pain. And there shall be no more night there. For these sayings are faithful and true."

Christian Education.

A LECTURE

BY

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DELIVERED BEFORE THE

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CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

MY thesis is, EDUCATION. Now, what is education? Will any person here present tell me whether there is anything in the meaning of the word Education which confines it to little boys and girls, or to infant and juvenile schools, or to the Miss in her teens who is reported to have just "finished her education," because, probably, she has come to the end of the knowledge of the governess under whom she was instructed? I wish to know whether there is anything in the meaning of the word which properly or necessarily confines it to juvenile instruction? Yet the moment I speak of education don't you begin to think of children and of schools? Let me endeavour to divest your minds of that idea, in some degree, to-night, and let me prove to you that education simply means developement, training, and teaching; and Christian education means spiritual training, discipline, and teaching; in fact, that EDUCATION IS LIFE, —and that CHRISTIAN EDUCATION IS SPIRITUAL LIFE, OR THE LIFE OF GOD IN THE SOUL; so that all you, men, women, and children, are in one great training-school, which is THIS WORLD, wherein you are disciplined, taught, and trained for eternity. That is the view I desire to take of the subject to-night. It is a view probably overlooked by many. We are all disposed to think that when we have grown up to manhood we have finished our education, but I shall endeavour to show you that your education will never be finished until you are promoted from the School of Christ on earth

to the College of the Apostles above, to enjoy the "rest that remaineth for the people of God."

In taking this enlarged view of education, we must consider and remember what man is. Man is the creature to be educated, and he is sent into this world to perfect his education. It is a preparatory school for eternity. Of what, then, does man consist? He consists of body, the material frame,—and of his intellectual faculties; and the Christian possesses also a spiritual being, a regenerated power. Under each of these forms God is training and teaching us; and be it my task to explain under each of these heads how wonderfully God and man co-operate; how God trains and teaches, but how he trains and teaches by human instrumentality.

Contemplate for a moment MAN'S BODY. Imagine to yourselves that lovely and beautiful object, a naked newborn babe; gaze upon it. Is there anything more beautiful, or more curious in creation, than that little infant? See its structure. Is it not curiously and wonderfully made? Look at its little hands; see how it plays with its little fingers as if it wanted to touch; how it stretches its little feet as if it wanted to stand; how its eyes look into vacuity, as if it wondered at the new world into which it was brought. All its faculties, indeed, are in the lowest state of developement, but there is a promise of wonderful results. Look at it again as the handywork of God. Take each of its organs of sense. Look at its eye: go and consult the oculist, and he will explain its wonderful structure; there is the mirror upon which external objects are to be reflected; there is the protection afforded by the eyelid and the eyelash; and there is the marvellous adjustment of all the parts for the purposes intended. Look, again, at the ear, at once a drum and a trumpet, formed for the collection and conveyance of sound. Look at its lips, its tongue, and by-and-bye at its teeth, and ask the elocutionist how marvellously that combination

of organs results in the divine faculty of speech. There is the body of the future man: look upon it, and see the handywork of God. But look again, and consider, not only the wonderful power, and wisdom, and love of God in the apparatus there displayed, in the structure of the body and its various functions and senses; but consider the world around it. Did it ever strike you, that as soon as a child is born into the world, everything in creation is pressed into its service,—earth, air, fire, water? All the elements are absolutely necessary to its existence; all nature is taxed for its comfort and nourishment; ships from the southern regions of the earth bring the warm wools and soft silks, and the northern merchants bring their furs and their skins, all for the purpose of nourishing, comforting, and developing the powers of that little thing. How marvellously does God train that child! Look at its faculties developing themselves. The moment the infant breathes and sees, its education begins—the system of training and teaching appointed by Almighty God commences. See it when it begins to run alone. Did you ever notice it toddling among the chairs and stools in the nursery, now running plump against one, and then getting a tumble in another direction. What is that child about? He is a geometrician; he is taking heights and distances; he is ascertaining by a series of practical experiments how far distant any object is; and his head tells him when he is a little too near. He is also learning the art of balance and self-support. In short, all the sciences are developed in the nursery, where the child appears to a common observer as trifling as the toys he plays with, but its training and teaching are always going on; from everything it looks upon it learns; everything it hears is part of its education; so that at last it becomes a strong boy, and then begins to leap and jump, and is full of life and activity. But I must not dwell long upon this part

of the subject ; I can only suggest it and leave it to your imagination and thoughtfulness to carry it out, perceiving how it is, that in the common things of life the handywork of God is displayed, and how from the moment of our birth to the time of man's estate we are, as to our bodies (and I am now speaking of the full and perfect developement of the healthy human frame), under God's direction, yea, and as long as we live—in middle life, aye, and, as it is said in Scripture, "even unto old age, and hoar hairs,"—God is with us, providing food, and clothing, and all things convenient for us. As nature tends to decay, its props are multiplied, and a merciful God shows that he has cared for us, and taught and trained our bodies from the moment of our birth even until old age, when we lie down to rest in the silent grave.

And by this part of our subject—the physical education of man—another very important principle is illustrated. How does God act upon the bodies of men? We say he creates us, that we are his handywork ; and we could enlarge upon the manifold proofs of the care he takes of us ; but does he work upon the body without human agency and human help? Does he bring a child into the world, and lead it on to perfection as a tree is planted in the ground and allowed to develope itself by the various actions of light, air, moisture, and heat? No ; a tree is the Socialist's man ; but man himself is a very different thing. It is true,—and when I come to speak of the mental powers, we shall see it more strikingly developed—that we are to a great extent what our mothers made us. It is, perhaps, more true than the pride of man likes to admit, that we are creatures to a great extent, acted upon by external things ; but, nevertheless, there is human agency, and human will, and human responsibility. Look at the child again ; and remember, my friends, God will not take care of your children unless you

take care of them yourselves. How does he provide for the baby? He has planted in the mother's bosom a mother's love and a mother's care; there is something that flows from her bosom which teaches her how to nurture her infant; and there is nothing more lovely than the care of a mother for her little child. See how she protects it from cold, how anxious she is to clothe it aright, to adapt its food exactly to its wants and necessities. See with what patience and love she watches over its developing faculties, and, as it is said in Scripture, "takes its little feet and teaches it to go." Do you not see, that in the education of the infant body of man from the very first, God teaches us by a mother's instincts, that there must be human agency co-operating with the Divine appliances; that while there is in the child itself a marvellous and wonderful creation, while there is in the world around it abundant material suited to its nourishment, still the father and mother, or guardian, must adapt these things to its necessities, or the child will not be nourished nor thrive, and grow up to manhood. Whence is it, that there are so many cripples, and so many ill-proportioned men and women, and so many hypochondriacs, and so many diseased bodies, in the world? I believe from some experience, that the great root of all the diseases of the human body, is the neglect, or the ignorance, or carelessness, displayed in the nursery. And long after that period, how many are there who in old age feel the sad effects of the folly of their youth, when they utterly neglected their bodily health! Their bodies are an integral part of themselves, but in the thoughtlessness of youth they squander their strength, and strain their powers beyond their intended limits, and sometimes, alas! by vice, dissipation, and profligacy—frequently by over-study, by over-anxiety, by neglect of healthy exercise, and other means which God requires us to use—or by carelessness

in food, and excess of drink, or improper drink, they lay the foundation of pain and suffering for future years ! It seems in these things, as if the instincts of animals were superior to the reason of man. Animals seldom eat or drink anything that is not good for them. I wish men were as wise, and there would then be more healthy persons than there are ; and when young men grew up there would then be more athletic forms, more vigorous and well-proportioned limbs, and more blooming cheeks. The pallid cheek, and the tottering step, and the trembling hand, often denote that there has been an abandonment of the consideration of the health and vigour of the body which God has given us to take care of, just as much as of our minds or of our souls.

Thus far with respect to the material part of man, I have endeavoured to show you that from the moment he is born his education commences and goes on, that there are abundant opportunities afforded by a wise and gracious Providence for him to nourish and cherish that beautiful frame that it may attain to the grace, proportion, energy, and strength, which its Creator designed ; and that this is continued even unto old age, God and man co-operating.

Let us turn, in the next place, to consider man intellectually. We must begin again at the beginning, and look at that little child once more. Did not experience teach us the contrary, how could we possibly suppose that in that poor little, helpless, feeble creature, however beautiful and ductile its limbs may be, however much of material loveliness there may be thrown about it, that there flickered in those vacant eyes an intelligence which, by-and-bye, may astonish and surprise the world ? Who could believe, who could conceive that beneath that earthly frame, so beautiful, so curiously wrought, there is an intellectual structure within, far more extraordinary, and surprising, and beautiful ; that in that little baby there are fountains of thought, of intellect, of

reason, of ratiocination, of imagination, of genius, of poetry, of eloquence, and all those marvellous mental powers which delight and charm mankind? There they are concealed in that little infant.

Then mark, again, the provision made by infinite wisdom for the development of those hidden powers, and how they are marvellously discovered by the mutual co-operating of God and man, as in the case of the body. Now if, as we have seen, God has hidden in the structure of that little child all these wonderful mental powers and faculties, let us remember as an axiom which must never be questioned, that God makes nothing in vain; and whatever, therefore, he has put and concealed in that child it is our duty to develop and cherish. And we may see this to be our duty, not only because those mental powers are there, but because of the rich provision which God has made in this world for the food of the mind and the growth of the mind, as much as for the food and growth of the body. God has provided suitable means for the exercise of these infantine faculties and powers of reason and of thought. As in the case of the body, he has not only given the eye, but has given us suitable objects to look at; he has not only given the ear, but suitable objects to make an impression upon it; so that there is a double suitability in all creation—not only the curious form and frame, and the nervous system, but all around it suited for its development; just so it is with the mind! The moment the child begins to open its eyes upon this world, it is not only learning those material lessons to which I have referred, but it begins to imbibe knowledge. Oh! how delicate is that question, and how difficult to decide, when the first sympathetic feeling of conscious intelligence is exchanged between the eye of the child and that of the mother,—what fond parent shall fix the precise moment when that interesting event first took place?

The infant apparently looks unconscious into vacancy, and does not seem to take notice of anything, but the mother can tell you that there is a secret which passes between her and that child: she sees intelligence in that eye sooner than any one else. But though the developement of mental intelligence through the eye may be like the dawn of the morning, so exceedingly gradual and delicate that we cannot say the moment when the day breaks, yet of this we are sure, that very soon the child begins to give evidence of perception. How soon it is for those who study this subject deeply and earnestly to say; but those among us who are parents, and those who have to do with the education of children, will say, how soon a little infant, hardly able to speak plainly, is able to discover intellect and even to draw inferences. Shall I be considered egotistical if I mention that I have at home a little orphan grandchild, and that I think him wonderfully precocious, as all grandchildren are? This little child, who is just getting out of that state of falling about among the chairs and running his head against the tables, is beginning to show symptoms of this mental developement. I don't know anything so beautiful as to watch it. The story of Jonah was lately told him, and to my astonishment he repeated it over to me again the next day, in his own broken language, "Poor Jonah—splash—water—fish, fish,—eat Jonah—poor Jonah—naughty Jonah—big fish eat Jonah." Now, my dear friends, there is a great deal of philosophy in that conversation; it shows how the mental faculty develops itself. And if it is pleasing to go into the gardens in spring and see the opening buds and expanding flowers, and the promise of the coming summer, how far more glorious is it to walk forth into the garden of mind and there contemplate these early developements, this breaking forth of thought,

and reason, and imagination, ~~eye~~ the child can frame its lips to express the ideas which seem to be too big for its yet imperfect organs!

This development of infant powers is a most interesting subject. There is not a day nor an hour of the child's waking moments in which he is not enlarging the store of his knowledge, forming and fashioning his mind, and even drawing his inferences. Yes, I would undertake to prove that infants draw inferences, and often upon many subjects much more conclusively and wisely than some of their elder brethren. Oh! what a preparation has God made for them! Surely, these are halcyon days for children when learning is made not only easy but charming. It was very different when I was a boy. I found nothing charming in school at all, and rarely asked a question upon any matter which I did not understand, without receiving a blow in my head, and being told not to be an impudent fellow and ask questions! That was the kind of education we received; but the education which our children enjoy is just the reverse. Our forefathers seemed to think the hill of knowledge was not sufficiently steep, and they made it steeper and more rugged and distasteful still. But in the present day we may be thankful that it is just the reverse. I remember when I was travelling in the Pyrenees, I not unfrequently came to a bluff rocky mountain, apparently perpendicular, and when my guide told me I was to go up there, I marvelled how I was to make the ascent. I soon, however, discovered that there was a little zig-zag path which led gradually up the hill, and ascending this I soon found myself and my mule on the summit of the mountain. Thus the great object of all the systems and combined efforts of good men in the present day, is to make the hill of science less difficult and steep. Difficult it must be, and nothing valuable in this world can be obtained without effort and difficulty; but still we will

make the path as smooth as we can. But this is rather a digression.

Observe again, under this head, that God trains and teaches the minds of the youth of the human race, but not absolutely without human help, energy, and assistance. As we said of the body, so, to a great extent, may we say of the mind. Oh! how many evils are planted in our minds in the nursery and in the school! How many of our intellectual disorders, as well as our spiritual ones, can we trace back to this condition and period of our lives! What deep superstitions are often fastened upon the imaginations of the young by the vulgar tales of ghosts and hobgoblins taught them by their nursery-maids! I believe that many a naturally strong intellect has been enfeebled and crippled for life by the skeleton which the nursery-maid said was in the closet, and would come and take the child away if it was not good. These things may occasion a smile and a tear at the same time; but, nevertheless, it is true that the foundation of mental imbecility, and weakness, and feebleness through life, is often laid in earlier days by the bad training and teaching of the youthful mind. On the other hand, how does God honour and bless those skilful, pious, excellent, and sensible parents who watch the developing faculties of their children, and endeavour to train, and guide, and influence them in the right channels of thought and reasoning! This is a very serious matter, my friends.

Again I refer to the Socialist opinion, and let us not fear to do so; for, depend upon it, there is hardly any error which has not some truth in it, and it is its truth which makes it dangerous; but if we can extract the truth, and leave the error, we become debtors to the teachers of error. Now, the doctrine of Socialism is, that man is altogether the creature of external circumstances—that his opinion, his belief, his conviction, upon a variety of subjects, is not the result

of the internal energies and resources of his own mind, but is thought out for him by others ; that, in fact, he is a mere passive creature, submitting to the various powers which are acting upon him. Now, we know that this proposition is not true,—that, at least, it is not altogether true ; but, as I hinted before, it may be more true than we are aware of. It is impossible for any thinking person to trace the history of his own mind, nor can he, if he have reached the age I have, look back over his past life, and not be conscious that he has changed his opinions upon many subjects—that he does not think now exactly as he did thirty or forty years ago. In the early part of his life, more especially, he took the colour, and complexion, and train of his thoughts almost entirely from those around him. Here is a subject of very solemn import ! The influence of the old over the young—of the parent over the child. It is an awful power which God has given to the parent, to stamp the intellectual character of his child's mind. That power a man is bound to use. I hold that a parent has an authority in this matter from God himself, and that what he believes to be true he should endeavour to impress upon the intellectual fabric of the child's mind. But, then, suppose a man to be wrong—suppose him to be a Socinian, a sceptic, or a Papist, he impresses the particular scheme of intellectual opinion upon the mind of his child, and it “grows with its growth, and strengthens with its strength ;” so that when he comes out into the world, he is, to a great extent, what his parents have made him. This is a power—an intellectual and moral force, of incalculable influence, and most solemn responsibility ; and it is ordained by the nature of things that it must, in all cases, be exercised whether consciously or unconsciously. God has made the mind pliable ; and just as a soft thing in a mould will take the desired impression, so, for the most part, will the infant or juvenile mind receive the peculiar form impressed

upon it. There are sometimes, it is true, obstreperous exceptions, and there is a dreadful divergence of the child's opinions from those of his parents ; but, generally speaking, where a parent has power and sense, the child will take the intellectual as well as the material image of its father. When, however, he grows up to manhood and launches forth into the world, and is rubbed and chafed by the realities of this life of business, he often finds occasion to change his mind ; he begins to draw different conclusions. Still, observe, his intellectual powers are under discipline and training. This is the important point ever to be kept in view ; this I would particularly impress upon you all, that you are as much at school now as you were in your boyhood ; your mind is being formed, and shaped, and developed, and is taking the complexion of the society in which you live, and feeling the influences by which it is surrounded. How unconscious we must be, my friends, of what takes place in our own minds if we do not see this ! I would illustrate this part of my subject by referring to the action of certain influences of a most prejudicial character to the right formation of our mental structure. There is nothing more pitiable than a mind that has taken the shape of a party. There are some persons who are brought up in certain principles and party notions. Forgive me if I say in this liberty-hall that this may be the case with the children of Dissenting parents, and it may be so with the children of parents belonging to the Established Church ; it may be the case with the young people who are from the first thrown among the Tory party ; it may be the case with others who from early years have been connected with the Liberal party. Their thoughts have flowed all their lives in one narrow channel ; their whole intellectual fabric is barred and walled round within the prison of party, and they dare not look over their prison-walls, nor even peep

through its bars, for fear of being charged with inconsistency. Now, these are barriers of intellect that ought to be broken down, and fetters on the freedom of thought which in such a country as ours ought to be struck off. It pains me when I hear a person of superior intellectual attainments and moral worth accused of inconsistency because he has changed his political opinions on certain points. He has been brought up, I care not which way—perhaps an extreme Liberal or Radical, if you like; as he passes on in life he gathers a little property, which often makes people conservative. When he was the Lord Mayor's shoe-black, he was a very great Radical, but if he lives to be Lord Mayor himself, it has a wonderful effect upon him. But whether the cause of any change of opinion be as business-like as this, or whether it be purely intellectual and philosophical, any change is better than the obstinate purpose of a man who goes on in life, saying; "I was born a Tory, my father was a Tory, and I will die a Tory;" or, "I was born a Radical, and I will die one;" that man might also say, "I was born a fool, and I will live and die a fool." It matters not what the political opinions may be which he has chosen to embrace, the sentence of apostasy, inconsistency, and treachery, is equally unjust and cruel. When a man, by the change of circumstances, by the altered state of countries, and the constitution of kingdoms, conscientiously modifies or alters his opinion upon great national questions, when such men are called turncoats and hypocrites, or the like, we are disposed to suspect (I do not say that they are so) that they may be persons of more enlarged minds, and more far-seeing men, than those who would bring them down to the narrow basement of their own level. These, then, are examples of the actings of external circumstances upon the human mind, by which its intellectual powers are often cramped, distorted, and crippled, just as the bodies of children, and youths, and

men, may be enfeebled, emaciated, and diseased, by habits of dissipation, to the neglect of healthy pursuits.

But I must not allow myself to dwell longer upon this part of my theme, as I may, in conclusion, address the young men in few words upon the subject of their intellectual culture.* I now hasten to a most important consideration. I have considered man as an animal, and his material part as educated by God in conjunction and co-operation with his fellow-creatures! I have glanced at his intellectual powers, and I have shown a similar train of development; and I endeavoured to impress upon your minds the fact that as long as you live, the mind is to be nurtured and trained, and improved, upon all subjects which it is capable of embracing. But I now come to that spiritual and immortal part of man, be it what it may, which God breathed into his nostrils when he became a living and immortal soul. Here I speak of the spiritual man. I will not speak of the soul of man in a philosophical sense; nor will I dwell upon the spiritual condition of man in his natural state, only reminding you that as man is born and bred in this world, he is a moral and spiritual ruin—body, soul, and spirit, all, all fallen, corrupted, ruined, and undone. Neither will I dwell upon the great change, or the mode of its accomplishment, by which he is transformed from a guilty, ruined, and undone sinner into a spiritual, enlightened, and holy believer in the Lord Jesus Christ; it will be enough for me now to affirm the fact, which I trust will find a response in the heart of every one present. Call it what you may—attribute it to what means you please—let it take place in infancy, youth, or manhood—the truth cannot be denied, “we must be born again,” we must “be made new creatures in Christ Jesus,” except our hearts be changed and converted by the Spirit of God we shall die in our sins and perish; and when that change has taken place,

as the Saviour said, "we have passed from death unto life," have become "new creatures," and have been "born of the Spirit." I care not what language you use. We will not dispute on terms, so that we all hold together to the great catholic truth, that we must undergo this great spiritual and moral change, or we shall never see the kingdom of God.

This being assumed for my present purpose, we come to a new birth, to a new infancy, to a new childhood, to a new system of education, teaching, and training. When a man is born again of the Spirit of God, he becomes a child of God, a new creature in Christ Jesus, and his spiritual education begins. From the first moment when he cries, "God, be merciful to me a sinner," until that when he is enabled to say, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," he is under a system of training and teaching; first of all, on the part of God himself. God, dear friends, teaches and trains you; but how does he do this? God teaches his dear children chiefly by his holy Word, that precious book which contains (God grant that we may never forget it!) the entire revelation of Heaven, and we desire no other; it is complete and perfect in all its parts. That book is your instructor and teacher; it is full of glorious promises, of glowing prophecies, of holy precepts, of spiritual experience; so that, whatever may be your circumstances in life, if you open your chart you will find what you are and where you are. God teaches you in his holy Word. Again, he teaches you by the living word, by the ministers of the gospel. This is a very important part of the positive teaching of his people; and if their instructors speak according to that Word, and confirm all they say out of that book, and according to the law and to the testimony, then the apostle says, "it is no longer we that speak, but Christ that speaketh by us." So that preaching is a divine ordinance for the positive instruction

of the minds of God's people. But there are also many minor means by which God instructs you. I would not overlook those writings of pious men who, in successive ages, have contributed their learning and experience to the stock of Christian science; and you do well, subordinately to God's holy Word, to inform your minds by means of the writings, and expositions, and commentaries of godly men. But beside all these there are other ordinances; the blessed Sabbaths, the holy sacraments, and other means of grace, from which you may derive positive instruction. And let me not omit to say that God teaches you by the distinct and direct influences of his Holy Spirit. He is the teacher, and instructor, and guide of the souls of new-born babes, and he teaches and instructs them all their days. By these and many other things more minute on which I might dwell, God is pleased to teach you from time to time; these are the chief sources of religious knowledge whence you are to draw the matter of your faith.

But this is a very small part of God's education. He TRAINS his people as well as TEACHES them. Now mark the difference. He TEACHES them by positive information, by his written Word, and orally by his living ministers: he TRAINS them by a series of wonderful providences, by deep experience in their own souls; by affliction, by sorrow, yea, even by sin, he discovers to them the secret evils of their hearts and of their natures by the action of those internal movements and external circumstances of which we have spoken; by the world, the flesh, and the devil, by all the powers of darkness as well as of light, God is thus training and developing their Christian graces, drawing out the secret powers of his Spirit in their souls, and teaching them how to conquer their corruptions.

We have some beautiful examples of this in Scripture itself. Take, for instance, the case of Abraham. God

TEACHES him a lesson of faith, as we read (Gen. xv. 1),—
 “After these things the word of the Lord came unto Abraham in a vision, saying, Fear not, Abraham, I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward.” Here is positive teaching; but when God would train him into the spiritual experience of faith, what does he do? He says to him, “Take now thy son, thine only son, Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah, and offer him there for a burnt-offering upon one of the mountains that I will tell thee of.” Abraham was a pious man, and he takes the darling of his heart, sets out upon a long journey, travels with him; and after three days they come in sight of the mountain. He leaves his servants behind, goes on in his path of duty with his beloved child, who cuts him to the heart by saying, “Father, behold the fire and the wood! but where is the lamb for a burnt-offering?” But nothing turns him from his purpose; he stifles the feelings of the parental bosom; the power of faith is strong in him; he ascends the mount, makes ready the altar, lays on the wood, binds his son, takes his knife, and stretches forth his hand to slay his son; when his arm is arrested by the hand of love! and when Abraham received his son again to his bosom, and he wrote upon that place “Jehovah Jireh, the Lord will provide—” God had trained Abraham into an experimental lesson of faith and love which he could never forget!

The lives of many other distinguished persons recorded in Holy Scripture exhibit the same process of divine training. Thus it was that Moses was trained for forty years in the court of Egypt, and forty years in the wilderness, before he was fitted to become the distinguished lawgiver and deliverer of his people. So with Joshua: he was forty years the servant of Moses before he was sufficiently trained and disciplined to take the government of Israel. David was seven years hunted down by Saul, oppressed, and per-

secuted, and brought into the depths of affliction, before he was counted worthy to occupy the throne of the twelve tribes of Israel. But there is one very beautiful and remarkable instance which will occur to the student of Scripture, as singularly illustrative of the principle which I am endeavouring to explain, showing how God trains his people. I refer to the case of Hezekiah. You remember that he was afflicted with a grievous sickness, and was brought to the brink of the grave. When in a penitent frame he sought mercy and forgiveness, and prayed for length of days,—it was granted him, and he recovered; but he rendered not according to the mercy he had received: and, strange to say, after a miraculous escape from death, he became vain and worldly-minded. How then, does God deal with Hezekiah? Does he send a prophet to tell him what a wicked heart he has? Does he send a faithful servant to say, “Hezekiah, have you so soon forgotten ~~at~~ my mercies to you, and all that you have experienced? Behold what a vain, and foolish, and worldly heart is yours!” No; that would have been teaching: but God trained him; he sent to him ambassadors of the King of Babylon: flattered by an embassy from so great a monarch, Hezekiah showed them all his treasures, and all the glory of his kingdom; but he said nothing to them about his God, and nothing about the temple or its holy services, and the ambassadors depart. And when God sent the prophet to denounce judgment upon him and upon his people, then Hezekiah learned how by this act he had exposed the wickedness of his own heart! But the full force and meaning of this training lesson might not have appeared but for the instructive remark of the inspired historian in the book of Chronicles, where it is said, “Howbeit in the matter of the ambassadors of the King of Babylon, who sent to inquire of him of the wonder that had been done in the land, *the Lord left him, to try him, that he should know all*

that was in his heart." Now that was training! God left him to his own weakness, and pride, and folly; and when he had fallen, and was restored, we may be sure that a lesson had been stamped upon the soul of Hezekiah, more impressive than any which a thousand sermons or discourses of prophets, or any direct teaching, would have imparted to him. And thus, my friends, God teaches you and me in the same way. Cannot some of you look back and say, "I can remember when the Lord left me; I thought myself strong, and felt ready to say with David, 'Lord, thou hast made my mountain so strong that it shall never be moved,' but he hid his face, and I was troubled?" Only let the Lord leave you to yourself, to your own wisdom and strength, and then what will the wisest and best among you show himself to be?

It is thus that God teaches and trains his people from the day of their conversion till he brings them to glory. He is making known to them his wisdom, and faithfulness, and goodness, not merely through their eyes by reading it in his book, nor by their ears by hearing it in a sermon, nor by their understanding through conviction; but he makes them learn it by experience. I might, if time permitted, refer to the New Testament and show you the same things. Let me take only one instance, and that a beautiful one. No doubt the two sisters of Bethany loved Jesus tenderly during the years of their intimacy; but did they ever love him, ever see his power, faithfulness, and goodness before, as they did when they stood by the opening grave of their brother, and heard the Saviour who had seemed to neglect their cry, say, "Lazarus, come forth?" Jesus trained them and cultivated their graces in the school of affliction and trial. And thus it is that he inscribes his love and truth in characters indelible upon the hearts of his people, and fixes

impressions there, by his discipline, and his training, which no other method of teaching could impart.

Did time permit, I ought to explain further under this head, that while God thus teaches and trains his people in the school of Christ, they too must act; as in the former instance, there must be co-operation; men must be fellow-workers with God. Even upon some of his own people God's positive teaching is sometimes lost. How many a sermon have we heard unprofitably! How many an opportunity has faded away, and left no permanent trace upon our minds! The teaching of Scripture clearly is, that "the diligent soul shall be made fat," that as we sow, so shall we reap; therefore, it is that some Christians thrive more, and increase and grow in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, because they are diligent in the use of those means by which he teaches them—studying his word, listening to his gospel, attending upon his holy sacraments, and availing themselves faithfully and prayerfully of those means of instruction which God has put within their reach. So it is with the training of God. How often are persons differently affected by the same events! Even upon godly people the same afflictions do not always produce the same effects. In Hezekiah's case how soon was the effect of God's mercy and goodness forgotten! There must be co-operation with God. He must teach and train us, but we must recollect what he has himself declared, "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way thou shouldst go;" and he adds, "Be not like unto the horse and the mule that have no understanding, whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle." Let us yield ourselves up to divine guidance and teaching, and then we may hope to become not only babes, but young men, and by-and-bye fathers in Christ; and when he has completed our Christian education, then he will

say to us, "Friend, go up higher," and he will take us to the "rest that remaineth for the people of God."

And now I am drawing towards the close of my subject; and were I speaking to educationists, I would say to them,—Whether ye are fathers and mothers, whether ye be schoolmasters or the managers of training colleges, or senators who have to direct our national education, look back at the picture I have drawn; follow out the thoughts that I have suggested; see how God teaches and trains, and then you will learn what CHRISTIAN EDUCATION is, and how you ought to teach and train. Learn, for instance, that God shows us in all we hear and see around us, that he never forgets for a single moment that his perfect work, man, consists of body, mind, and soul; and that, therefore, if you attempt to cultivate the one without the others, if you cultivate the mind and neglect the soul, or cultivate the soul and neglect the mind, or cultivate both these and neglect the body, you will produce either a material or an intellectual monster, and will not carry out the purpose of God in education. If these great principles were kept in mind we should never make such blunders in public or private education. One man says, "I mean by education the teaching and development of the mind,"—and let me in all faithfulness remind you, my friends, that in bygone years Christian people often said, "We mean by education religious instruction, and nothing else;" while perhaps both parties in a measure neglected that important part of education, the human body. Now the great leap which has been turned over on the subject of education in the present day is just this: we have learned that we are as much bound to educate the body as we are the soul, and the soul as much as the mind, and the mind as much as the other two, and that we must neglect none of these in any system of public or private education; for that system will be displeasing to

God, and calculated to frustrate his wise and benevolent purposes, which does not fully develope all these three faculties of man.

I will now conclude by endeavouring to direct the point of my subject for a few moments to those in whom I feel a peculiar interest—whom I have been called specially to address—that large society of nearly a thousand young men gathered out of this great metropolis of sin, and vice, and dissipation, and devoting themselves to the improvement of their minds and the salvation of their souls! Nothing but the thought of such an assembly, of such a union, would have induced me to break through my custom, if not my rule, by delivering a lecture to you to-night. A multitude of ladies and gentlemen, however numerous and respectable, collected in Exeter Hall, would not have attracted me; but the idea of taking part in such a movement as this I could not resist. I have, indeed, unspeakable satisfaction in meeting so large a portion of that blessed and holy fraternity of young men who have joined together on that broad basis of our common Bible, and our common Christianity, and our common salvation, leaping over those barriers of sect and party which divide and distract the Church of Christ. This feature in the character of this great corporate Christian body which is rising up in this metropolis, is that which has peculiar charms for me—its unsectarian character: and I take it really as an omen of good, and a matter of great surprise to myself, that you should be able to fill this great Hall once a-week for such a length of time and for such an object as that which you now have in view. That you should be able thus to direct the attention of the world to your operations, I consider to be, under God, of great importance, and I congratulate you on account of it. Not that I should desire you to be puffed up and elevated, but rather that you should remember that we are nothing in the sight of God.

I am not flattering you, but congratulating my country, and this great and wicked city, upon the fact of this great Association, and of these remarkable reunions, having the intellectual, moral, and spiritual improvement of thousands for their object. It is an omen for good, and it surely proves that a blessed army of faithful men is rising up among us to put down vice and wickedness, and to substitute for it intellectual culture and spiritual advancement.

One word, then, to you, young men, before I conclude. My advice may be homely, but I am sure you will forgive it, and give me credit for the purity and simplicity of my intention. Remember, then, that your education is not finished; that you are still under teaching and training; and not only so, that you must educate yourselves; you are your own schoolmasters,—ay, and many of you are your own parents and friends, and are cast alone on the wide moral wastes of this wicked city; and what a blessing it is that you have found brothers who can take you by the hand and keep you away from those places of dissipation and folly which might be ruin to soul and body! Now, my advice is three-fold.

First, Take care of your bodies. There is very great danger that your bodies will wear out before their time in this great metropolis. Some of you look very pale and very thin; and I do not wonder at it, when you are shut up twelve or fourteen hours in a lawyer's or a merchant's office, for the most part following the very unintellectual pursuit of casting up pounds, shillings, and pence, or writing out deeds of conveyance. This is likely to produce a torpid state of body, as well as an unintellectual state of mind; and, therefore, I say, Take care of your bodies. Do you ask, What shall I do? I would say, Take plenty of exercise and no physic! Determine, when the season of fogs and dark mornings passes away, that you will rise early and take a

walk to Hampstead Heath and back before you go to your office. Be careful also in your food and nourishment. Take no strong drinks, I am no sworn teetotaler, but I am a total enemy to strong drinks of every description ; and if there be a class of men who want them least, and to whom they will be most prejudicial, it is those who lead a sedentary life. You may think I am going too far when I say that the less you eat also the better ; but I am a good deal of that opinion. I would inculcate moderation : “ Let your moderation be known unto all men.” Attend to the health of your body ; brace your nerves. Even religious people little think how much their Christian depressions and spiritual trials are the result of an unhealthy, diseased, and morbid, nervous system of body. Well then, my friends, I hope you will sometimes think of me next spring, if you take a walk to Hampstead Heath in the morning ; and I am sure you will think kindly of me when you go to your office with a ruddy cheek and firm step, and are better able to endure the fatigues of the day, which sometimes have almost crushed you.

In the next place, Take care of your minds. If your habits of business are often deleterious to the body, they are still more so to the mind ; they tend to cramp and enfeeble it ; always poring over the same dry and uninteresting subjects, is not at all likely to strengthen or intellectualise your mind. What is the consequence of this ? Why, there is a natural tendency, when office hours are over, to run away and escape into the opposite extreme. I do not wonder that young men who have not the fear of God before their eyes, nor the power of religion in their hearts, should run to the theatre, or the opera, or the dancing-room, in order to remove the grievous pressure of the burdens which have borne them down during the day. We, who are more favourably situated, should deal kindly with such youths, and consider

how we might feel and act if we were in the same situation. But I am speaking to the young men of this Society, who, I trust, are neither addicted nor much tempted to such follies as these. Let me say to you, Take care of your minds. You have but a short time for intellectual improvement and culture. You have a little more chance these long winter evenings, perhaps, than you have in the tempting summer evenings; but still your time is short.* When I read the glowing address of one of your lecturers who preceded me in this course, who laid down the danger of desultory reading, and recommended you another course—to follow out, for instance, the British History as the back-bone of your studies, and to follow the various subjects branching out of it like ribs; then I thought of you, for I know you and your habits well, and I said, “This is too hard a task for those poor over-worked clerks.” I would venture to recommend a humbler mental pursuit. As Christian men, I recommend you to strengthen and improve your minds by that kind of reading which tends, first of all, to illustrate Scripture, that you may read the Word of God more intellectually and with a more understanding mind. To this end I would recommend for your libraries a work recently come out.* When I mention the author you may be surprised that I recommend it; and indeed, my recommendation is not altogether unqualified; yet I do think the work is so extremely valuable and interesting that it ought to be in the library of every young men’s society. I refer to Conybeare’s work on the character, life, and epistles of St. Paul. I do not think that his translations ought always to be followed, but his work contains a body of interesting information which may be depended upon, and which throws great light upon the history of the New Testament: there is a branch of study within the reach of your time and your weary minds. No man feels more the importance of intellectual culture than I do; but I also feel

that Christian young men should sanctify all studies of that kind, more especially as their time is so short. You have not time for those intellectual luxuries which they can enjoy who can command the hours as they please. Take then, Sir James Stephen's course afterwards if you have time; but take mine first. I hope the Professor will forgive the infinite presumption of a poor country clergyman venturing to give his opinion even as supplemental to so great an authority; but I am only supposing you to be in one of the lower forms of this intellectual and Christian school. As we must all learn grammar and other hard things before we come to those pleasanter walks and intellectual retreats, I recommend you this course first. There are other beautiful works published, calculated to give you an insight into the illustrations of Scripture, and to enable you to understand its language and its history.

But whatever you do in the way of reading, I entreat you conscientiously to endeavour to do that which is for the real improvement of your mind. Do not weaken it by perusing a great mass of works of fiction and light compositions. Allow me also to say, to you who have so little time upon your hands, Beware of too much *newspaper reading*. I do not say, you are never to look at a newspaper, nor ever to read a work of fiction, but do not indulge in such reading too much, lest you should weaken your minds. Rather read those works which demand more thought and reflection, those sound, nervous histories, those wise and excellent treatises, which are likely to produce the effect which the Apostle Peter seems to have had in view when he said, "Gird up the loins of your mind; be sober and hope to the end."

One word more, and I have done. I have bid you take care of your bodies and of your minds. Oh, my friends! take care of your souls! I have endeavoured to place before

you God's merciful teaching: avail yourselves of the opportunities presented to you. Yield to God's gracious training. Watch for him. Oh, listen for the silent footsteps of the Almighty! An old writer, I think a Puritan, says, "He that is in the habit of watching providences, shall always have providences to watch." So do you watch for God's hand, in his dealings with you and yours. If he is pleased to allot to you days of sickness and hours of sadness—if he lays his hand heavily upon those whom you love—if he multiplies to you days of sorrow, and temptation, and difficulty, and trial—say to yourselves, "God is training me, and I submit to the training. I desire to know what corruption he would mortify in me, what new discovery he would make to me of the wickedness of my heart; I long to know what graces of the Christian character he would develop;" and thus yielding yourself up as a child desiring to be led as the patriarch of old, going forth into the wilderness world "as a blind man, not knowing whither you go," but committing yourselves to the leading and guiding of your heavenly Father, you shall not greatly err, but supported, comforted, upheld, though single-handed, amidst darkness, temptation, sin, and sorrow, my dear young friends, the conqueror's laurel shall soon be yours; yea, you shall be "more than conquerors through him that loved you and gave himself for you."

The Prophet, of Horeb—his Life and
its Lessons.

A LECTURE

BY THE

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THE PROPHET OF HOREB—HIS LIFE AND ITS LESSONS.

THE mountains of the Bible will well repay the climber. There is a glorious prospect from their summits, and moral bracing in the breathing of their difficult air.

Most of the events in Bible history, which either embody great principles, illustrate Divine perfections, or bear impressively upon the destinies of man, have had the mountains for the pedestals of their achievement. Beneath the arch of the Covenant-rainbow the lone ark rested upon Ararat; Abraham's trial, handing down the high faith of the hero-father, and typing the greater sacrifice of the future time, must be "on one of the mountains" in the land of Moriah; Aaron, climbing heavenward, is "unclothed and clothed upon" amid the solitudes of Hor; and where but on the crest of Nebo could Moses gaze upon the land and die? If there is to be a grand experiment to determine between rival faiths—to defeat Baal—to exalt Jehovah, what spot so fitting as the excellency of Carmel? It was due to the great and dread events of the Saviour's history that they should be enacted where the world's broad eye could light upon them, hence he is transfigured "on the

high mountain apart," on Olivet he prays, on Calvary he dies,—and at the close of all, in the splendours of eternal allotment, amid adoring angels and perfected men, we cheerfully "come to Mount Zion."

Precious as is the Scripture in all phases of its appearance, the quality which, above all others, invests it with a richer value, is its exquisite adaptation to every necessity of man. Professing itself to be his infallible and constant instructor, it employs all modes of communicating wisdom. "The Man of our counsel" is always at hand, in every condition and in every peril. But we learn more from living exemplar than from preceptive utterance. The truth, which has not been realised by some man of like passions with ourselves, comes cold and distant, like a lunar rainbow. It may furnish us with correct notions and a beautiful system, just as we can learn proportion from a statue, but there needs the touch of life to influence and to transform. Hence, not the least impressive and salutary Bible-teaching is by the accurate exhibition of individual character. A man's life is there stretched out to us, not that side of it merely which he presents to the world, which the restraints of society have modified, which intercourse has subdued into decorousness, and which shrouds his meaner self in a conventional hypocrisy, but his inner life, his management of the trifles which give the sum of character, his ordinary and household doings, as well as the rarer seasons of exigency and of trial. The whole man is before us, and we can see him as he is. Partiality cannot blind us, nor prejudice distort our view. Nothing is exaggerated, nothing is concealed. His defects are there—his falterings and depressions—his mistrusts and betrayals—like so many beacons glaring their warning lights upon our path. His excellencies are there—his stern integrity, and

consistent walking, his intrepid wrestling and heroic endurance—that we may be followers of his patience and faith, and ultimately share his crown. So marked and hallowed is this candour, that we do not wonder at its being alleged as an argument for the book's divinity. The characters are all human in their experience, although Divine in their portrayal. They were *men* those Bible worthies, world-renowned, God-smitten, princely men, towering indeed in moral, as Saul in physical, stature above their fellows, but still men of like passions with ourselves—to the same frailties incident—with the same trials battling—by the same temptations frequently and foully overcome. Their perfect *humanness* is, indeed, their strongest influence and greatest charm. Of what avail to us were the biography of an angel, could you chronicle his joys in the calm round of heaven? There could be no sympathy either of condition or experience.

But the Bible, assuming the essential identity of the race, tells of man, and the “one blood” of all nations leaps up to the thrilling tale. There is the old narrative of lapse and loss; the tidings, ancient and undecaying, of temptation, conflict, mastery, recompense. In ourselves there have been the quiverings of David's sorrow, and the stirrings of David's sin. We, perhaps, like Elijah, have been by turns confessor and coward—fervent as Peter and as faithless too. The heart answers to the history, and responsive and struggling humanity owns the sympathy, and derives the blessing.

It is a strange history, this history of the Prophet Elijah. Throughout the whole of his career we are attracted almost more by his inspiration than by himself. We are apt to lose sight of the man in the thought of the Divine energy which wielded him at its terrible or gentle will.

The unconsciousness of self, which is the distinctive mark of the true seer, is always present with him—in his manliest and in his meekest hours—in his solitary prayer in the loft at Zarephath, in his solemn sarcasm on the summit of Carmel, when he flashes the cheek of a dead child, or pales the brow of a living king. He is surrendered always to the indwelling God. He always seems to regard himself as a chosen and a separated man—lifted, by his consecration, above the love or the fear of his kind—forced, ever and anon, upon difficult and perilous duty—a flying roll, carven with mercy and with judgment—an echo, rather than an original utterance—"the voice of one," not "one," but "the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord!"

How abruptly he bursts upon the world. We know nothing of his birth, nothing of his parentage, nothing of his training. On all these matters the record is profoundly silent. He is presented to us at once, a full-grown and authoritative man, starting in the path of Ahab sudden as the lightning, energetic and alarming as the thunder. "Elijah the Tishbite, who was of the inhabitants of Gilead." This is all. And it is all we need. What reck we of his ancestry? He is royal in his deeds. Obscure in his origin, springing probably from the herdmen or vine-dressers of Galilee, regarded by the men of Tishbe as one of themselves—a little reserved and unsocial withal—his person, perhaps, held in contempt by the licentious court, and his intrusions stigmatised as annoying impertinence, he held on his high way notwithstanding, performed stupendous miracles, received large revelations, and at last, tired of the world, went up to heaven in a chariot of fire. How often have we seen the main fact of this story realised in later times! Men have looked at the trappings of the messenger,—

not at the import of his message. Their faculty of appreciation has been grievously impaired. A prophet has leaped into the day with his burden of reproof and truth-telling, but he has not been clad in silken sheen, nor a speaker of smooth things, and the world has gone on to its merchandise, while the broken-hearted seer has retired into the wilderness to die. A poet has warbled out his soul in secret, and discoursed most exquisite music—but, alas! it has been played among the tombs. A glorious iconoclast has come forth among the peoples, “expecting that they would have understood how that the Lord by him had sent deliverance,” but he has been met by the insulting rejoinder, “Who made thee a ruler and a judge?” Thus, in the days of her non-age, because they lacked high estate and lofty lineage, has the world poured contempt upon some of the choicest of her sons. “A heretic!” shouted the furious bigotry of the Inquisition. “And yet it moves,” said Galileo—resolute, even in the moment of enforced abjuration, for the immutable truth. A scoffing to Genoese bravos, grantees of Portugal, and the court of England, Columbus spied the log of wood in its eastward drifting, and opened up America—the rich El Dorado of many an ancient dream. “An empiric!” shouted all the Doctor Sangradoes of the time, and the old physiologists hated Harvey with an intensely professional hatred, because he affirmed the circulation of the blood. “A Bedfordshire tinker!” sneered the polite ones, with a whiff of the otto of roses, as if the very mention of his craft was infragrant—“What has he to do to preach, and write books, and set up for a teacher of his fellows?” But glorious John Bunyan, leaving them in their own Cabul-country, dwelt in the land of Beulah, climbed up straight to the presence of the shining ones, and had “all the trumpets sounding for him on the other side.” Sidney Smith wrote at, and tried to write down, “the consecrated Cobbler,” who

was to evangelise India—but William Carey shall live embalmed in the memories of converted thousands, long after the witty canon of St. Paul's is forgotten, or, is remembered only as a melancholy example of genius perverted and a vocation mistaken. "A Methodist!" jested the godless witlings of Brazennose—"A Jacobin!" reiterated the makers of silver shrines—"A ringleader in the Gordon riots!" said the Romanists whose errors he had combated—and the formalistic churchmanship of that day gathered up its gentilities, smoothed its ruffled fringes, and with a dowager's stateliness flounced by "on the other side:" and reputable burghers, the "canny bodies" of the time, subsided into their own respectabilities, and shook their heads at every mention of the pestilent fellow: but calm-browed and high-souled, John Wesley went on until a large portion of his world-parish rejoiced in his light, and wondered at its luminous and ardent flame. And if it be lawful to speak of the Master in the same list as his disciples, who, however excellent, fall immeasurably short of their Divine Pattern, *He* was called a Nazarene, and there was the scorn of a world couched in the contemptuous word.

There are symptoms, however, of returning sanity. Judicial ermine and archiepiscopal lawn' robing the sons of tradesmen; and the blood of all the Montmorencies—fouled by *mésalliance* with crime—cooling itself in a common prison, are remarkable signs of the times. Men are beginning to feel conscious, not, perhaps, that they have committed a crime, but that they have been guilty of what in the diplomacy of Talleyrand was considered worse—that is, a blunder. Whether the chivalry of feudalism be extinct or not, there can be no question that the villeinage of feudalism is gone. Common men nowadays question the wisdom of nobilities, correct the errors of cabinets, and do not even listen obsequiously to catch the whispers of kings. That is

a strong and growing world-feeling which the poet embodies when he sings—

“Believe us! noble Vere de Veres,
 From yon blue heavens above us bent
 The grand old gardener and his wife
 Smile at the claims of long descent.
 Howe’er it be, it seems to me
 ’Tis only noble to be good—
 Kind hearts are more than coronets,
 And simple faith than Norman blood.”

Not that rank has lost its prestige, nor royalty its honour. Elevated station is a high trust, and furnishes opportunity for extensive usefulness. The coronet may be honoured or despised at the pleasure of the wearer. When the rank is larger than the man, when his individuality is shrouded behind a hundred coats-of-arms, when he has so much of the blood of his ancestors in his veins that there is no room for any generous pulses of his own, why, of course, he must find his own level, and be content to be admired, like any other piece of confectionery, by occasional passers-by: but when the noble remembers his humanity, and has sympathy for the erring and encouragement for the sincere—

“When, all the trappings freely swept away,
 The man’s great nature leaps into the day,”—

his nobility men are not slow to acknowledge—the cap and plume bend very gracefully over the sorrow which they succour, and the jewelled hand is blanched into a heavenlier whiteness when it beckons a struggling people into the power and progress of the coming time. The great question which must be asked of any new aspirer who would mould the world’s activities to his will, is not Whence comes he? but

What is he? There may be some semi-civilised relics of the past who will continue to insinuate, "Has he a grandfather?" But the great world of the earnest and of the workers thunders out, "Has he a *soul*?" Has he a lofty purpose, a single eye, a heart of power? Has he the Prophet's sanctity and inspiration, as well as his boldness and fervour? Never mind the bar sinister on his escutcheon—has he no bar sinister in his life? Has he a giant's strength, a hero's courage, a child's simplicity, an apostle's love, a martyr's will? Then is he sufficiently ennobled." If I, a gospel charioteer, meet him as he essays, trembling, to drive into the world, What must be my salutation?—Art thou of noble blood? Is thy retinue large? thy banner richly emblazoned? thy speech plausible? thy purpose fair? No—but "Is thy heart right?" If it be, give me thy hand.

A prominent feature in the Prophet's character, one which cannot fail to impress us at every mention of his name, is *his singular devotion to the object of his great mission*. He was sent upon the earth to be the earth's monitor of God. This was his life-purpose, and faithfully he fulfilled it. Rising above the temptations of sense—ready at the bidding of his Master to crucify natural affection—sternly repressing the sensibility which might interfere with duty—trampling upon worldly interest, and regardless of personal aggrandisement or safety, he held on his course, unswerving and untired, to the end. God was his object in everything: to glorify God, his aim—to vindicate God, his miracles—to speak for God, his message—to exhibit God, his life. As the rod of Moses swallowed up the symbols of Egyptian wizardry, so did this consuming passion in Elijah absorb each meaner impulse, and each low desire. His decision rarely failed him, his consistency never. He "halted not between two opinions." He spurned alike the adulation of a monarch and of a mob. He neither

pandered for the favour of a court nor made unworthy compromise with the idolaters of Baal. Heaven's high remembrancer, he did a true man's work in a true man's way, with one purpose and a "united" heart.

Although many parts of this character cannot, on account of his peculiar vocation, be presented for our imitation, in his unity of purpose and of effort he furnishes us with a noble example. This oneness of principle—freedom from tortuous policy—the direction of the energies to the attainment of one worthy end—appears to be what is meant in Scripture by the "single eye," ἀπλοῦς—not complex—no obliquity, in the vision—looking straight on—taking in one object at one time. And if we look into the lives of the men who have vindicated their right to be held in the world's memory, we shall find that all their actions evolve from one comprehensive principle, and converge to one magnificent achievement. Consider the primitive apostles. There you have twelve men, greatly diverse in character, cherishing each his own taste and mode of working, labouring in different localities, and bringing the one Gospel to bear upon different classes of mind, and yet everywhere—in proud Jerusalem—inquisitive Ephesus—cultured Athens—voluptuous Rome, meeting after many years in that mightiest result, the establishment of the kingdom of Christ. Much of this issue is of course due to the Gospel itself, or rather to the Divine agency which applied it, but something also to the unity of the messengers, their sincere purpose, and sustained endeavour. And so it is in the case of all who have been the benefactors of mankind. They have had some master-purpose, which has moulded all others into a beautiful subordination, which they have maintained amid hazard and suffering, and which, shrined sacredly in the heart, has influenced and fashioned the life. If a man allow within him the play of different or

contradictory purposes, he may, in a life-time, pile up a head of gold, a breast of silver, thighs of brass, and feet of clay, but it is but a great image after all. It crumbles at the first touch of the smiting stone, and, like the chaff of the summer threshing-floor, its fragments are helpless on the wind. If, on the other hand, a man's doings grow out of one and the same spirit, and that spirit be consecrated to holy endeavour, they will interpenetrate and combine into beneficent achievement, and stand out a life-giving and harmonious whole. This oneness of design for which we contend is distinctive of the highest developements of the whole family of genius. A book may run through many editions, and fascinate many reviewers, but it must be informed by one spirit, new correspondences must be revealed to the æsthetic eye, and it must appear "in the serene completeness of artistic unity," ere it can settle down to be a household word in the family, or a hidden treasure in the heart. In whatever department "the beauty-making Power" has wrought—in the bodiless thought, or in the breathing marble—in the *chef-d'œuvres* of the artist, or in the conceptions of the architect,—whether Praxiteles chisels, Raffaele paints, Shakspeare delineates, or Milton sings,—there is the same singleness of the animating spirit. Hamlet, Paradise Lost, and Festus; the Greek Slave and the Madonna; the Coliseum and Westminster Abbey; are they not, each in its kind, creations to which nothing can be added with advantage, and from which, without damage, nothing can be taken away?

And of that other Book—our highest literature, as well as our unherring law—the glorious, world-subduing Bible, do we not feel the same? In its case the experiment has been tried. The Apocryphal has been bound up with the Inspired, like "wood, hay, and stubble," loading the rich fret-work of a stately pile, or the clumsy work of an appren-

tice superadded to the finish of a master. Doubtless instruction may be gathered from it, but how it "pales its ineffectual fires" before the splendour of the Word! It is unfortunate for it that they have been brought into contact. We might be grateful for the gas-lamp at eventide, but it were grievous folly to light it up at noon. As in science, literature, art, so it is in character. We can wrap up in a word the object of "the world's foster gods;" to bear witness for Jehovah—to extend Christianity—to disinter the truth for Europe—to "spread Scriptural holiness"—to humanise prison discipline—to abolish slavery—these are soon told; but if you unfold each word, you have the life-labour of Elijah, Paul, Luther, Wesley, Howard, Wilberforce—the inner man of each heart laid open, with its hopes, joys, fears, anxieties, ventures, faiths, conflicts, triumphs, in the long round of weary and of wasting years.

Look at this oneness of principle embodied in action. See it in Martin Luther. *He has a purpose, that miner's son.* That purpose is the acquisition of knowledge. He exhausts speedily the resources of Mansfeld, reads hard, and devours the lectures at Magdeburg, chants in the hours of recreation, like the old Minnesingers in the streets, for bread, sits at the feet of Trebonius in the college at Eisenach, enters as a student at Erfurt, and at the age of eighteen has outstripped his fellows, has a University for his admirer, and professors predicting for him the most successful career of the age. *He has a purpose, that Scholar of Erfurt.* That purpose is the discovery of truth, for in the old library he has stumbled on a Bible. Follow him out into the new world which that volume has flashed upon his soul. With Pilate's question on his lip and in his heart, he foregoes his brilliant prospect—parts without a sigh with academical distinction—takes monastic vows in an Augustine convent—becomes the watchman and sweeper of the place—goes, a mendicant friar, with

the convent's begging-bag, to the houses where he had been welcomed as a Friend, or had starved it as a Lion—wastes himself with voluntary penances well-nigh to the grave—studies the Fathers intensely, but can get no light—pores over the Book itself, with scales upon his eyes—catches a dim streak of auroral brightness, but leaves Erfurt before the glorious dawn—until at last, in his cell at Wittenberg, on his bed of languishing at Bologna, and finally at Rome—Pilate's question answered upon Pilate's stairs—there comes the thrice-repeated Gospel-whisper, "The just shall live by faith," and the glad Evangel scatters the darkening and shreds off the paralysis, and he rises into moral freedom, a new man unto the Lord! *He has a purpose, that Augustine monk.* That purpose is the Reformation! Waiting with the modesty of the hero, until he is forced into the strife, with the courage of the hero he steps into the breach to do battle for the living truth. Tardy in forming his resolve, he is brave in his adhesion to it. Not like Erasmus, "holding the truth in unrighteousness," with a clear head and a craven heart—not like Carlstadt, hanging upon a grand principle the tatters of a petty vanity—not like Seckingen, a wielder of carnal weapons, clad in glowing mail, instead of the armour of righteousness and the weapon of all prayer—but bold, disinterested, spiritual—he stands before us, God-prepared and God-upheld—that valiant Luther, who, in his opening prime, amazed the Cardinal de Vio by his fearless avowal, "Had I five heads I would lose them all rather than retract the testimony which I have borne for Christ"—that incorruptible Luther, whom the Pope's nuncio tried in vain to bribe, and of whom he wrote in his spleen, "This German beast has no regard for gold"—that inflexible Luther, who, when told that the fate of John Huss would probably await him at Worms, said calmly, "Were they to make a fire that would extend from Worms to Wittenberg, and reach even to the

sky, I would walk across it in the name of the Lord"—that triumphant Luther who, in his honoured age, sat in the cool shadow and 'mid the purple vintage of the tree himself had planted, and after a stormful sojourn scaped the toils of the hunters, and died peacefully in his bed—that undying Luther, "who, being dead, yet speaketh," the mention of whose name rouses the ardour of the manly, and quickens the pulses of the free; whose spirit yet stirs, like a clarion, the great heart of Christendom; and whose very bones have so marvellous a virtue, that, like the bones of Elisha, if on them were stretched the corpse of an effete Protestantism, they would surely wake it into life to the honour and glory of God!

But we must not forget, as we are in some danger of doing, that we must draw our illustrations mainly from the life of Elijah. We have before affirmed that unity of purpose and consistency of effort were leading features in his character, but look at them in action, especially as displayed in the great scene of Carmel. Call up that scene before you, with all its adjuncts of grandeur and of power. The summit of the fertile hill, meet theatre for so glorious a tragedy—the idolatrous priests, with all the pompous ensigns of their idol-worship, confronted by that solitary but princely man—the gathered and anxious multitude—the deep silence following on the prophet's question—the appeal to fire—the protracted invocation of Baal—the useless incantations and barbaric rites, "from morning even until noon, and from noon until the time of the offering of the evening sacrifice"—the solemn sarcasm of Elijah—the building of the altar of unfurnished stone—the drenching and surrounding it with water, strangest of all strange preparations for a burnt-sacrifice—the sky reddening as if it blushed at the folly of the priests of Baal—the sun sloping slowly to the West, and falling aslant upon the pale faces of that unweary multitude,

rapt in fixed attention, patient, stern, unflinching—the high accents of holy prayer—the solemn pause, agonising from its depth of feeling—the falling flame, “a fire of intelligence and power”—the consuming of all the materials of the testimony—and that mighty triumph-shout, rolling along the plain of Sharon, waking the echoes of the responsive mountains, and thrilling over the sea with an eloquence grander than its own,—there it stands—that scene in its entirety—most wonderful even in a history of wonders, and one of the most magnificent and conclusive forthputtings of Jehovah’s power! But abstract your contemplations now from the miraculous interposition, and look at the chief actor in the scene. How calm he is! How still amidst that swaying multitude! They, agitated by a thousand emotions—he, self-reliant, patient, brave! Priests mad with malice—people wild in wonder—an ominous frown darkening the royal brow—Elijah alone unmoved! Whence this self-possession? What occult principle so mightily sustains him? There was, of course, unfaltering dependence upon God. But there was also the consciousness of integrity of purpose, and of a heart “at one.” There was no recreancy in the soul. He had not been the passive observer, nor the guilty conniver at sin. He had not trodden softly, lest he should shock Ahab’s prejudices or disturb his repose. He had not shared in the carnivals of Jezebel’s table. He had not preserved a dastardly neutrality. Every one knew him to be “on the Lord’s side.” His heart was always in tune; like Memnon’s harp, it trembled into melody at every breath of heaven.

With these examples before us, it behoves us to ask ourselves, *Have we a purpose?* Elijah and Luther may be marks too high for us. Do not let us affect knight-errantry, couch the lance at windmills to prove our valour, or mistake sauciness for sanctity, and impudence for inspi-

ration. It is not probable that our mission is to beard unfaithful royalties, or to pull down the edifices which are festooned with the associations of centuries. But in the sphere of each of us—in the marts of commerce, in the looms of labour—while the sun is climbing hotly up the sky, and the race of human pursuits and competitions is going vigorously on, there is work enough for the sincere and honest workman. The sphere for personal improvement was never so large. To brace the body for service or for suffering—to bring it into subjection to the control of the master-faculty—to acquaint the mind with all wisdom—to hoard, with miser's care, every fragment of beneficial knowledge—to twine the beautiful around the true, as the acanthus leaf around the Corinthian pillar—to quell the sinward propensities of the nature—to evolve the soul into the completeness of its moral manhood—to have the passions in harness, and firmly curb them—"to bear the image of the heavenly"—to strive after "that mind which was also in Christ Jesus,"—here is a field of labour wide enough for the most resolute will. The sphere of beneficent activity was never so large. To infuse the leaven of purity into the disordered masses—to thaw the death-frost from the heart of the misanthrope—to make the treacherous one faithful to duty—to open the world's dim eye to the majesty of conscience—to gather and instruct the orphans bereft of a father's blessing and of a mother's prayer—to care for the outcast, and abandoned, who have drunk in iniquity with their mother's milk, whom the priest and the Levite have alike passed by, and who have been forced in the hotbed of poverty into premature luxuriance of evil,—here is labour, which may employ a man's whole lifetime, and his whole soul. Young men, are you working? Have you gone forth into the harvest-field bearing precious seed? Alas! perhaps some of you are yet resting in the conventional, that painted charnel which has tombed many a man-

hood; grasping eagerly your own social advantages; gyved by a dishonest expediency; not doing a good lest it should be evil spoken of, nor daring a faith lest the scoffer should frown. With two worlds to work in—the world of the heart, with its many-phased and wondrous life, and the world around, with its problems waiting for solution, and its contradictions panting for the harmoniser—you are perhaps enchained in the Island of Calypso, thrall'd by its blandishments, emasculated by its enervating air. Oh, for some strong-armed Mentor to thrust you over the cliff, and strain with you among the buffeting waves! Brothers, let us be men. Let us bravely fling off our chains. If we cannot be commanding, let us at least be sincere. Let our earnestness amend our incapacity. Let ours not be a life of puerile inanities or obsequious Mammon-worship. Let us look through the pliant neutral in his hollowness, and the churlish miser in his greed, and let us go and do otherwise than they. Let us not be ingrates while Heaven is generous, idlers while earth is active, slumberers while eternity is near. Let us have a purpose, and let that purpose be one. Without a central principle all will be in disorder. Ithaca is misgoverned, Penelope beset by clamorous suitors, Telémachus in peril, all because Ulysses is away. Let the Ulysses of the soul return, let the governing principle exert its legitimate authority, and the harpy-suitors of appetite and sense shall be slain—the heart, married to the truth, shall retain its fidelity to its bridal-vow, and the eldest-born, a purpose of valour and of wisdom, shall carve its high way to renown, and achieve its deeds of glory. Aim at this singleness of eye. Abhor a life of self-contradictions, as a grievous wrong done to an immortal nature. And thus, having a purpose—one purpose—a worthy purpose—you cannot toil in vain. Work in the inner—it will tell upon the outer world. Purify your own heart—you will have a reformatory power on the neighbour-

hood. Shrine the truth within—it will attract many pilgrims. Kindle the vestal fire—it will ray out a life-giving light. Have the mastery over your own spirit—you will go far to be a world-subduer. Oh, if there be one here who would uplift himself or advance his fellows, who would do his brother “a good which shall live after him,” or enrol himself among the benefactors of mankind, to him we say, Cast out of thyself all that loveth and maketh a lie—hate every false way—set a worthy object before thee—work at it with both hands, an open heart, an earnest will, and a firm faith, and then go on—

“Onward, while a wrong remains
 To be conquered by the right,—
 While Oppression lifts a finger
 To affront us by his might.
 While an error clouds the reason,
 Or a sorrow gnaws the heart,
 Or a slave awaits his freedom,
 Action is the wise man’s part!”

The Prophet’s consistency of purpose, his calmness in the time of danger, and his marvellous success, require, however, some further explanation, and that explanation is to be found in the fact, that *he was a man of prayer*. Prayer was the forerunner of his every action—the grace of supplication prepared him for his mightiest deeds. Whatever was his object—to seal or to open the fountains of heaven—to evoke the obedient fire on Carmel—to shed joy over the bereft household of the Sarcptan widow—to bring down “forks of flame” upon the captains and their fifties—there was always the solemn and the earnest prayer. Tishbe, Zarephath, Carmel, Jozreel, Gilgal—he had his oratory in them all. And herein lay the secret of his strength. The mountain-closet emboldened him for the mountain-altar. While the winged birds were providing for his body, the

winged prayers were enstrengthening his soul. In answer to his entreaties in secret, the whole armour of God was at his service, and he buckled the breastplate, and braced the girdle, and strapped on the sandals, and stepped forth from his closet a hero, and men knew that he had been in Jehovah's presence-chamber from the glory which lingered on his brow.

Now, as man is to be contemplated, not only in reference to time, but in reference to eternity, this habit of prayer is necessary to the completeness of his character. If the present were his all,—if his life were to shape itself only amid surrounding complexities of good or evil—if he had merely to impress his individuality upon his age, and then die and be forgotten, or in the veiled future have no living and conscious concern, then, indeed, self-confidence might be his highest virtue—self-will his absolute law—self-aggrandisement his supremest end. But, as beyond the present, there lies, in all its solemnness, eternity—as the world to which we are all hastening is a world of result, discovery, fruition, recompense—as an impartial register chronicles our lives, that a righteous retribution may follow—our dependence upon God must be felt and recognised, and there must be some medium through which to receive the communications of his will. This medium is furnished to us in prayer. It has been ordained by himself as a condition of strength and blessing, and all who are under his authority are under binding obligations to pray.

Young men, you have been exhorted to aspire. Self-reliance has been commended to you as a grand element of character. We would echo these counsels. They are counsels of wisdom. But to be safe and to be perfect, you must connect with them the spirit of prayer. Emulation, unchastened by any higher principle, is to our perverted nature very often a danger and an evil. The love of

distinction, not of truth and right, becomes the master-passion of the soul, and instead of high-reaching labour after good, there comes Vanity with its parodies of excellence, or mad Ambition shrinking from no enormity in its cupidity or lust of power. Self-reliance, in a heart unsanctified, often gives place to Self-confidence, its base-born brother. Under its unfriendly rule there rise up in the soul over-weening estimate of self—inveteracy of evil habit—impatience of restraint or control—the disposition to lord it over others—and that dogged and repulsive obstinacy, which, like the dead fly in the ointment, throws an ill savour over the entire character of the man. These are its smaller manifestations; but, in congenial soil, and with commensurate opportunities, it blossoms out into some of the worst forms of humanity—the ruffian, who is the terror of his neighbourhood—the tyrant, who has an appetite for blood—the atheist, who denies his God. Now, the habit of prayer will afford to these principles the salutary check which they need. It will sanctify emulation, and make it a virtue to aspire. It will curb the excesses of ambition, and keep down the vauntings of unholy pride. The man will aim at the highest, but in the spirit of the lowest, and prompted by the thought of immortality—not the loose immortality of the poet's dream, but the substantial immortality of the Christian's hope—he will travel on to his reward. In like manner will the habit of prayer chasten and consecrate the principle of self-reliance. It will preserve, intact, all its enterprise and bravery. It will bate not a jot of its original strength and freedom, but, when it would wanton out into insolence and pride, it will restrain it by the consciousness of a higher power, it will shed over the man the meekness and gentleness of Christ, and it will show, existing in the same nature and in completest harmony, indomitable courage in the arena of the world, and loyal submission to the

authority of heaven. Many noble examples have attested how this inner life of heaven—combining the heroic and the gentle, softening without enfeebling the character, preparing either for action or endurance—has shed its power over the outer life of earth. How commanding is the attitude of Paul from the time of his conversion to the truth! What courage he has—encountering the Epicurean and Stoical philosophers—revealing the unknown God to the multitude at Athens—making the false-hearted Felix tremble, and almost constraining the pliable Agrippa to decision—standing, silver-haired and solitary, before the bar of Nero—dying a martyr for the loved name of Jesus!—that heroism was born in the solitude where he importunately “besought the Lord.” “In Luther’s closet,” says D’Aubigné, “we have the secret of the Reformation.” “The Puritans—those “men of whom the world was not ‘worthy’”—to whom we owe immense, but scantily acknowledged, obligations—how kept they their fidelity? Tracked through wood and wild, the baying of the fierce sleuth-hound breaking often upon their sequestered worship—their prayer was the talisman which “stopped the mouths of lions, and quenched the violence of fire.” You cannot have forgotten how exquisitely the efficacy of prayer is presented in our second book of Proverbs:—

“Behold that fragile form of delicate transparent beauty,
Whose light blue eyes and hectic cheek are lit by the bale-fires of decline;
Hath not thy heart said of her, Alas! poor child of weakness?
Thou hast erred; Goliath of Gath stood not in half her strength:
For the serried ranks of evil are routed by the lightning of her eye;
Seraphim rally at her side, and the captain of that host is God,
For that weak fluttering heart is strong in faith assured,—
Dependence is her might, and behold—she prayeth.”*

Desolate, indeed, is the spirit, like the hills of Gilboa, reft of the precious things of heaven, if it never prays.

* Tupper’s “Proverbial Philosophy,” Of Prayer, p. 109.

Do *you* pray? Is the fire burning upon that secret altar? Do you go to the closet as a duty? linger in it as a privilege?—What is that you say? There is a scoffer in the same place of business with you, and he tells you it is cowardly to bow the knee, and he jeers you about being kept in leading-strings, and urges you to avow your manliness and as he is your room-mate, you have been ashamed to fly before him—and, moreover, he seems so cheerful, so resolute, and brave, that his words have made some impression. What! he brave? He who gave up the journey the day because he lucklessly discovered it was Friday who lost his self-possession at the party because “the wine was spilt—to him it fell”—he who, whenever friend and the tempter plies, is afraid to say no—he who will not for his life look into his own heart, for he fears a haunted house, with goblins perched on every lamp—pale the cheek and blench the courage—he a brave? Oh! to your knees, young man—to your knees. Cowardice may be forgiven and forgotten. True bravery in blasphemy, there is no dastardliness or fear. It is prayer which strengthens the weak, and makes the strong man stronger. Happy are you, if it is your habit and your privilege. You can offer it anywhere. In the crowded mart or busy street—flying along the gleaming line—sailing upon the wide waters—out in the broad world—in the strife of sentiment and passion—in the whirlwind of battle—at the festival and at the funeral—if the frost braces the spirit or the fog depresses it—if the clouds are heavy on the earth or the sunshine nills it with laughter—when the dew is damp upon the grass, or when the lightning flashes in the sky—in the matins of sunrise or the vespers of night-fall,—let but the occasion demand it—let the need be felt—let the soul be imperilled—let the enemy threaten—happy are you, for you can pray.

We learn from the Prophet's history that *God's discipline for usefulness is frequently a discipline of trouble*. His enforced banishment to the brook Cherith—his struggles in that solitude, with the unbelief which would fear for the daily sustenance, and with the selfishness which would fret and pine for the activities of life—Ahab's blood-thirsty and desperate search for him, of which he would not fail to hear—his subsequent and bitterer persecution—the apparent failure of his endeavours for the reformation of Israel—the long days' fasting in the wilderness of Horeb,—all these are acts of one grand disciplinary process, by which he was made ready for the Lord—fitted for the triumph on Carmel, for the still voice on the mountain, and for the ultimate occupancy of the chariot of fire. It is a beneficent arrangement of Providence, that "the Divinity which shapes our ends" turns our sorrows into elements of character, and that all disappointments and conflicts to which the living are subjected—his afflictions, physical and mental, personal and social, which are the common lot, may, rightly used, become means of improvement and create in us sinews of strength. Trouble is a marvellous mortifier of pride, and an effectual restrainer of self-will. Difficulties string up the energies to loftier effort, and intensity is gained from repression. By sorrow the temper is mellowed, and the feeling is refined. Where suffering has broken up the soil, and made the furrows soft, there can be implanted the hardy virtues which out-brave the storm. In short, trial is God's glorious alchemy, by which the dross is left in the crucible, the baser metals are transmuted, and the character is riched with the gold. It would be easy to multiply examples of the singular efficacy of trouble as a course of discipline. Look at the history of God's chosen people. A king arose in Egypt "which knew not Joseph," and his harsh tyranny drove the Hebrews from their land of Goshen, and made them the serfs

of an oppressive bondage. The iron entered into their souls. For years they remained in slavery, until in his own good time God arose to their help, and brought them out "with a high hand and with a stretched-out arm." We do not mean, of all things, to make apologies for Pharaoh and his task-master but we *do* mean to say that that bondage was, in many of results, a blessing, and that the Israelite, building the treasure-cities, and, perhaps, the Pyramids, was a very different and a very superior being to the Israelite—inexperience, ease-loving—who fed his flocks in Goshen. God over that captivity, and made it the teacher, of many impressions. They had been hitherto a host of families were to be exalted into a nation. There was to be a transition effected from the simplicity of the patriarchal government and clanship to the superb theocracy of the Law economy. Egypt was the school in which they were to be trained for Canaan, and in Egypt they were although reluctant and indocile learners, the formers of government, the theory of subordination and order, the arts and habits of civilised life. Hence, when God gave laws on Sinai, those laws fell upon the ears of a prepared people—even in the desert they could fabricate the trappings of the temple service, and engrave the mystic characters upon the "gems oracular" which flashed upon the breast-plate of the High Priest of God. The long exile in the wilderness of Midian was the chastening by which Moses was instructed, and the impetuosity of his temper mellowed and subdued, so that he who, in his youthful hatred of oppression, slew the Egyptian, became in his age the meekest man, the much-enduring and patient law-giver. A very notable instance of the influence of difficulty and failure in rousing the energies and carrying them on to success, has been furnished in our own times. Of course we refer to this case in this one aspect only—altogether excluding any expression as to the merit or

demerit of the man. There will probably be two opinions about him, and those widely differing, in this assembly. We are not presenting him as an example, but as an illustration—save in the matter of steady and persevering purpose—and in this, if he be even an opponent, *Fas est ab hoste doceri*.

In the year 1837, a young member, oriental alike in his age and in his fancy, entered Parliament, chivalrously beg for distinction in that intellectual arena. He was known as a successful three-volumer, and his party ready to hail him as a promising auxiliary. Under auspices he rose to make his maiden speech. But he had a grand mistake. He had forgotten that the figures of men's are generally arithmetical, and that superfluity is, except in certain cases, is regarded as superfluity of fitness. He set out with the intention to dazzle, and many gentlemen object to be dazzled, save on certain points. They must be allowed to prepare themselves for it; they must have due notice beforehand, and the feat must be performed by an established Parliamentary speaker. In this case all these conditions were wanting. The speaker was a *parvenu*. He took them by surprise, and he pelted them with tropes like hail. Hence he had not gone far before there were signs of impatience—by-and-by the ominous cry of "Question"—then came some Parliamentary extravagance, met by derisive cheers—cachinnatory symptoms began to develop themselves, until, at last, in the midst of an imposing sentence, in which he had carried his audience to the Vatican, and invested Lord John Russell with the temporary custody of the keys of St. Peter, the mirth grew fast and furious—sommolent squires woke up and joined in sympathy, and the House resounded with irrepressible peals of laughter. Mortified and indignant, the orator sat down, closing with these memorable words, "I sit down now—but the time will come when you will hear me!" In the morti-

fication of that night, we doubt not, was born a resolute working for the fulfilment of those words. It was an arduous struggle. There were titled claimants for renown among his competitors, and he had to break down the exclusivism. There was a suspicion of political adventuring at work, and broadly circulated, and he had this to overcome. Above all, he had to live down the remembrance of his failure. But there was the consciousness of power, and the fall which would have crushed the coward made the brave man braver. Warily walking, and steadily toiling, through the chance of years, seizing the opportunity as it came, and always biding his time, he climbed upward to the distant summit—prejudice melted like snow beneath his feet—and in 1852, fifteen short years after his apparent annihilation, he was in her Majesty's Privy Council, styling himself Right Honourable, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Leader of the British House of Commons.

Sirs, are there difficulties in your path, hindering your pursuit of knowledge, restraining your benevolent endeavour, making your spiritual life a contest and a toil? Be thankful for them. They will test your capabilities of resistance. You will be impelled to persevere from the very energy of the opposition. If there be any might in your soul, like the avalanche of snow, it will acquire additional momentum from the obstacles which threaten to impede it. Many a man has thus robbed himself in the spoils of a vanquished difficulty, and his conquests have accumulated at every onward and upward step, until he has rested from his labour—the successful athlete who has thrown the world. “An unfortunate illustration,” you are ready to say, “for all cannot win the Olympic crown, nor wear the Isthmian laurel. What of him who fails? How is he recompensed? What does he gain?” What? Why, **STRENGTH FOR LIFE**. His training has ensured him *that*. He will never forget the

gymnasium and its lessons. He will always be a stalwart man, a man of muscle and of sinew. THE REAL MERIT IS NOT IN THE SUCCESS BUT IN THE ENDEAVOUR, and win or lose he will be honoured and crowned.

It may be that the sphere of some of you is that of endurance, rather than of enterprise. You are not called to aggress, but to resist. The power to work has reached its limit for a while—the power to *wait* must be exerted. There are periods in our history when Providence shuts us up to the exercise of faith, when patience and fortitude are more valuable than valour and courage, and when any “further struggle would but defeat our prospects and embarrass our aims.” To resist the powerful temptation—to overcome the besetting sin—to restrain the sudden impulse of anger—to keep sentinel over the door of the lips, and turn back the biting sarcasm and the words unkind—to be patient under unmerited censure,—amid opposing friends and a scoffing world to keep the faith high and the purpose firm—to watch through murky night and howling storm for the coming day—in these cases to be still is to be brave; what Burke has called “a masterly inactivity” is our highest prowess, and quietude is the part of heroism. There is a young man in business battling with some strong temptation by which he is vigorously assailed—he is solicited to engage in some unlawful undertaking, with the prospect of immediate and lucrative returns. Custom pleads prescription—“It is done every day.” Partiality suggests that so small a deviation will never be regarded—“Is it not a little one?” Interest reminds him that by his refusal his “craft will be in danger.” Compromise is sure that “when he bows himself in the house of Rimmon, the Lord will pardon his servant in this thing.” All these fearful voices are urging his compliance. But the Abdiel-conscience triumphs—help is invoked where it can never be invoked in vain, and he spurns

the temptation away. Is he not a hero? Earth may despise such a victory, but he can afford that scorning when, on account of him, "there is joy in heaven." Oh, there are, day by day, vanishing from the world's presence those of whom she wotteth not, whose heritage has been a heritage of suffering, who, in the squalors of poverty, have gleaned a hallowed chastening, from whom the fires of sickness have scaled their earthliness away, and they have grown up into such transcendent and archangel beauty, that Death, God's eagle, sweeps them into heaven! Murmur not, then, if in the inscrutable allotments of Providence you are called to suffer rather than to do. There is a time to labour, and there is a time to refrain. The completeness of the Christian character consists in energetic working when working is practicable, and in submissive waiting when waiting is necessary. You believe that beyond the waste of waters there is a rich land to be discovered, and, like Columbus, you have manned the vessel and hopefully set sail. But your difficulties are increasing. The men's hearts are failing them for fear of they wept when you got out of sight of land—the distance is greater than you thought—there is a weary and unvaried prospect of only sky and sea—you have not spoken a ship nor exchanged a greeting—your crew are becoming mutinous, and brand you mad—officers and men crowd round you, savagely demanding return. Move not a hair's breadth. Command the craven spirits to their duty. Bow them before the grandeur of your courage and the triumph of your faith—

"Hushing every muttered murmur,
 Let your fortitude the firmer
 Gird your soul with strength,—
 While, no treason near her lurking,
 Patience, in her perfect working,
 Shall be queen at length."

Ha! What is it? What says the watcher! LAND in the distance. No, not yet—but there's a hopeful fragrance in the breeze—the sounding-line gives shallower and yet shallower water—the tiny land-birds flutter round, venturing on timid wing to give their joyous welcome. Spread the canvass to the wind—by-and-by there shall be the surf-wave on the strand—the summits of the land of promise visible—the flag flying at the harbour's mouth, and echoing from grateful hearts and manly voices the swelling spirit-hymn, “So he bringeth us to our desired haven.”

We are taught by the Prophet's history *the evil of undue disquietude about the aspect of the times*. The followers of Baal had been stung to madness by their defeat on Carmel, and Jezebel, their patroness, mourning over her slaughtered priests, swore by her idol-gods that she would have the Prophet's life for theirs. On this being reported to Elijah, he seems to be paralysed with fear, all his former confidence in God appears to be forgotten, and the remembrance of the mighty deliverances of the past fails to sustain him under the pressure of this new trial. Such is poor human nature. He, before whom the tyrant Ahab had quailed—he, whose prayer had suspended the course of nature and sealed up the fountains of heaven—he who, in the face of all Israel, had confronted and conquered eight hundred and fifty men, terrified at the threat of an angry woman, flees in precipitation and in terror, and, hopeless for the time of his own safety, and of the success of his endeavours for the good of Israel, wanders off into the wilderness, and sighs forth his feelings in the peevish and melancholy utterance,—Let me die. “It is enough—now, O Lord God, take away my life, for I am no better than my fathers.” This desertion of duty, failure of faith, sudden cowardice, unwarranted despondency, petulance and murmuring, are characteristics

of modern no less than of ancient days. There is one class of observers, indeed, who are not troubled with any disquietude, to whom all wears the tint of the rose-light, and who are disposed to regard the apprehensions of their soberer neighbours as dyspeptic symptoms, or as incipient hypochondriacism. Whenever the age is mentioned they go off in an ecstasy. They are like the Malvern patients of whom Sir Lytton Bulwer tells, who, after having made themselves extempore mummies in the "pack," and otherwise undergone their matutinal course of hydropathy, are so intensely exhilarated, and have such an exuberance of animal spirits, that they are obliged to run a considerable distance for the sake of working themselves off. Their volubility of praise is extraordinary, and it is only when they are thoroughly out of breath that you have the chance to edge in a syllable. They tell us that the age is "golden," auriferous in all its developments, transcending all others in immediate advantage and in auguries of future good. We are pointed to the kindling love of freedom, to the quickened onset of inquiry, to the stream of legislation broadening as it flows, to the increase of hereditary mind, to the setting further and further back of the old land-marks of improvement, and to the enclosure of whole acres of intellectual and moral waste, thought formerly not worth the tillage. We would not for one moment be understood to undervalue these and other signs equally and yet more encouraging. On the other hand, though no alarmists, we would not be insensible to the fears of those who tell us that we are in danger—that our liberty of which we boast ourselves is strangely like licentiousness—that our intellectual eminence may prove practical folly—that our liberality verges on indifferentism—and that our chiefest dignity is our yet unhumbled pride, that *φρόνημα σαρκὸς*, which, in all its varieties, and in all its conditions, is "enmity.

against God." A very cursory glance at the state of things around us will suffice to show that with the dawn of a brighter day there are blent some gathering clouds.

Amid those who have named the Master's name there is much which calls for caution and for warning. Political strife, fierce and absorbing, leading the mind off from the realities of its own condition—a current of worldly conformity setting in strongly upon the churches of the land—the ostentation and publicity of religious enterprises prompting to the neglect of meditation and of secret prayer—sectarian bitterness in its sad and angry developments—the multiform and lamentable exhibitions of practical Antinomianism which abound amongst us,—all these have in their measure prevented the fulfilment of the Church's mission in the world.

If you look outside the pale of the Churches, viewed from a Christian stand-point, the aspect is somewhat alarming. Crime does not diminish. The records of our offices of police and of our courts of justice are perfectly appalling. Intemperance, like a mighty gulf-stream, drowns its thousands. The Sabbath is systematically desecrated, and profligacy yet exerts its power to fascinate and to ruin souls. And then, deny it as we will, there is the engrossing power of Mammon. Covetousness—the sin of the heart, of the church, of the world—is found everywhere; lurking in the guise of frugality in the poor man's dwelling—dancing in the shape of gold-fields and Australia before the flattered eye of youth—shrined in the marts of the busy world, receiving the incense and worship of the traders in vanity—arrayed in purple and faring sumptuously every day in the mansion of Dives—twining itself round the pillars of the sanctuary of God—it is the great world-emperor still, swaying an absolute authority, with legions of subordinate vices to watch its nod, and to perform its bidding.

Then, besides this iniquity of practical ungodliness, there is also the iniquity of theoretical opinion. There is Popery, that antiquated Superstition, which is coming forth in its decrepitude, rouging over its wrinkles, and flaunting itself, as it used to do, in its well-remembered youth. There are the various ramifications of the subtle spirit of Unbelief—*Atheism*, discarding its former audacity of blasphemy, assuming now a modest garb and mendicant whine, asking our pity for its idiosyncrasy, bewailing its misfortune in not being able to believe that there is a God—*Rationalism*, whether in the transcendentalism of Hegel, or in the allegorising impiety of Strauss, or in the pantheistic philosophy of Fichte, eating out the heart of the Gospel, into which its vampire-fangs have fastened—*Latitudinarianism* on a sentimental journey in search of the religious instinct, doating out its equal and niggard praise to it wherever it is found, in Fetichism, Thuggism, Mohammedism, or Christianity—that species of active and high-sounding scepticism, which, for want of a better name, we may call a *Credophobia*, which selects the confessions and catechisms as the objects of its especial hostility, and which, knowing right well that if the banner is down, the courage fails, and the army will be routed or slain, “furious as a wounded bull, runs tearing at the creeds,”—these, with all their offshoots and dependencies (for their name is, *Legions*), grouped under the generic style of Infidelity, have girt themselves for the combat, and are asserting and endeavouring to establish their empire over the intellects and consciences of men. And as this spirit of Unbelief has many sympathies with the spirit of Superstition, they have entered into unholy alliance—“Herod and Pilate have been made friends together”—and, hand joined in hand, they are arrayed against the truth of God. Oh, rare John Bunyan! Was he not among the prophets? Listen to his description of the last

army of Diabolus before the final triumph of Immanuel. "Ten thousand DOUBTERS, and fifteen thousand BLOODMEN, and old *Incredulity* was again made general of the army."

In this aspect of the age its tendencies are not always upward, nor its prospects encouraging, and we can understand the feeling which bids the Elis of our Israel "sit by the wayside watching, for their hearts tremble for the ark of God." We seem to be in the mysterious twilight of which the Prophet speaks, "The light shall not be clear nor dark, but one day *known unto the Lord*, not day nor night." Ah! here is our consolation. It is "known unto the Lord,"—then our faith must not be weakened by distrust, nor our labour interrupted by fear. It is "known unto the Lord,"—and from the mount of Horeb he tells us that in the secret places of the heritage there are seven thousand that have not bowed the knee to Baal. It is "known unto the Lord,"—and while we pity the Prophet in the wilderness asking for a solitary death—death under a cloud—death in judgment—death in sorrow—He draws aside the veil, and shows us heaven preparing to do him honour—the celestial escort making ready to attend him—the horses being harnessed into the chariot of fire.

Sirs, if there be this opposition, be it ours to "contend" the more "earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." Many are persuading us to give up and abandon our creeds. We ought rather to hold them with a firmer grasp, and infuse into them a holier life. We can imagine how the infidel would accost an intelligent and hearty believer. "Be independent—don't continue any longer in leading-strings, taking your faith from the *ipse dixit* of another—use your senses, which are the only means of knowledge—cast your confessions and rituals away—a strong man needs no crutches." And we can imagine the reply. "Brother, the simile is not a happy one.—my creed

is not a crutch—it is a highway thrown up by former travellers to the land that is afar off. ‘Other men have laboured,’ and of my own free-will I ‘enter into their labour.’ If thou art disposed to clear the path with thy own hatchet, with lurking serpents underneath and knotted branches overhead, God speed thee, my brother, for thy work is of the roughest, and while thou art resting—fatigued and ‘*considering*’—thou mayest die before thou hast come upon the truth. I am grateful to the modern Macadamizers who have toiled for the coming time. Commend me to the king’s highway. I am not bound in it, with fetters of iron. I can climb the hill for the sake of a wider landscape. I can cross the stile, that I may slake my thirst at the old moss-covered well in the field. I can saunter down the woodland glade, and gather the wild heart’s-ease that peeps from among the tangled fern—but I go back to the good old path where the pilgrim’s tracks are visible, and, like the shining light, ‘it grows brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.’”

Sirs, this is not the time for us to be done with creeds. They are, in the various churches, their individual embodiments of what they believe to be truth, and their individual protests against what they deem to be error. “Give up our theology!” says Mr. James, of Birmingham, “then farewell to our piety. Give up our theology! then dissolve our churches—for our churches are founded upon truth. Give up our theology! then next vote our Bibles to be myths. And this is clearly the aim of many—the destruction of all these together—our piety—our churches—our Bibles.” This testimony is true. There cannot be an attack upon the one without damage and mischief to the other.

“Just as in old mythology

What time the woodman slew,

Each poet-worshipped forest-tree—

He killed its Dryad too.”

So as the assault upon these expressions of Christianity is successful, the spiritual presence enshrined in them will languish and die. "Hold fast," then, "the form of sound words." Amidst the war of sentiment and the jangling of false philosophy, though the sophist may denounce, and though the fool may laugh, let your high resolve go forth to the moral universe, "I am determined to know nothing among men save Christ and him crucified."

There is another matter to which, if you would successfully join in resistance to the works of evil, you must give earpest heed, and that is the desirableness, I had almost said the necessity—I will say it, for it is my solemn conviction, and why should it not be manfully out-spoken?—the *necessity* of public dedication to the service of your Master—Christ. You will readily admit that confession is requisite for the completeness of discipleship—and you cannot have forgotten how the apostle has linked it to faith. "Confess with thy mouth, and believe with thine heart." To such confession—in the present day, at all events—*church-fellowship* is necessary. You cannot adequately make it in social intercourse, nor by a consistent example, nor even by a decorous attendance with outer-court worshippers. There must be public and solemn union with the Church of Christ. The influence of this avowed adhesion ought not to be forgotten. A solitary "witness" of obedience or faith is lost, like an invisible atom in the air—it is the union of each particle, in itself insignificant, which makes up the "cloud of witnesses" which the world can see. Your own admirable Society exemplifies the advantage of association in benevolent and Christian enterprise, and the churches of the land, maligned as they have been by infidel slanderers, and imperfectly—very imperfectly—as they have borne witness for God, have yet been the great breakwaters against error and sin—the blest Elims to the desert

wayfarer—the towers of strength in the days of 'siege and strife. Permit us to urge this matter upon you. Of course we do not pretend to specify—that were treason against the noble catholicity of this Society—though each of your Lecturers has the church of his intelligent preference, and we are none of us ashamed of our own—but we do mean to say, that you ought to join yourselves to that church which appears to your prayerful judgment to be most in accordance with the New Testament, there to render whatever you possess of talent, and influence, and labour. This is my testimony, sincerely and faithfully given—and if, in its utterance, it shall, by God's blessing, recall one wanderer to allegiance, or constrain one waverer to decision, it will not have been spoken in vain. •

Yet once more upon this head. There must be deeper piety, more influential and transforming godliness. An orthodox creed—valuable church privileges—what are these without personal devotedness? They must be faithful labourers—men of consecrated hearts—who are to do the work of the Lord. Believe me, the depth of apostolic piety, and the fervour of apostolic prayer, are required for the exigencies of the present and coming time. That church of the future, which is to absorb into itself the regenerated race, must be a living and a holy church. Scriptural principles must be enunciated by us all—with John the Baptist's fearlessness, and with John the Evangelist's love. It is a mistake to suppose that fidelity and affection are unfriendly. The highest achievements in knowledge—the most splendid revelations of God—are reserved in his wisdom for the man of perfect love. Who but the beloved disciple could worm out of the Master's heart the foul betrayer's name? Whose heart but his was large enough to hold the Apocalypse, which was flung into it in the Island of Patmos? There must be this union of deepest

faithfulness and deepest love to fit us for the coming age—and to get it, we must just do as John did—we must lie upon the Master's ~~slom~~ ^{slom} until the smile of the Master has burned out of our hearts all earthlier and coarser passion, and has chastened the bravery of the hero by the meekness of the child.

The great lesson which is taught us in the Prophet's history is that which was taught to him by the revelation on Horeb, that *the Word is God's chosen instrumentality for the Church's progress, and for the world's recovery*. There were other lessons, doubtless, for his personal benefit. He had deserted his duty and was rebuked—he had become impatient and exasperated, and was calmed down—craven-hearted and unbelieving, he was fortified by the display of God's power—dispirited and wishing angrily for death, he was consoled with promise, and prepared for future usefulness and duty. But the grand lesson of all was, that Jehovah, when He works, works not with the turbulence and passion of a man, but with the stillness and grandeur of a God. "He was not in the whirlwind, nor in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still, small voice." And so it is still. "The whirlwind" of battle, "the earthquake" of political convulsion and change, "the fire" of the loftiest intellect, or of the most burning eloquence, are valueless to uplift and to regenerate the world. They may be, they very often are, the forerunners of the moral triumph—but God's power is in his Gospel—God's presence is in his Word. Here it is that we are at issue—at deep and deadly issue—with the pseudo-philosophers and benevolent "considerers," who profess to be toiling in the same cause as ourselves. They discrown Christ—they ignore the influences of the Holy Spirit—they proclaim the perfectibility of their nature in itself—they have superseded the Word as an instrument of progress—and, of their own

masonry, are piling up a tower, if haply it may reach unto heaven. This is the great problem of the age. Do not let us deceive ourselves. There are men, earnest, thoughtful, working, clever men, intent upon the question. Statesmanship has gathered up its political appliances—Civilisation has exhibited her humanising art—Philanthropy has reared educational, and mechanics', and all other sorts of institutes—amiable dreamers of the Pantheistic school have mapped out in cloud-land man's progress, from the transcendental up to the divine—Communism has flung over all the mantle of its apparent charity, in the folds of which it has darkly hidden the dagger of its terrible purpose—nay, every man, nowadays, stands out a ready-made and self-confident artificer; each having a psalm, or a doctrine, or a theory, which is to re-create society and stir the pulses of the world. And yet the world is not regenerated, nor will it ever be by such visionary projects as these. Call up History. She will bear impartial witness. She will tell you that, before Christ came with his Evangel of purity and freedom, the finer the culture, the baser the character—that the untamed inhabitant of the old Hercynian Forest, and the Scythian and Slavonic tribes, who lived north of the Danube and the Rhine, destitute entirely of literary and artistic skill, were, in morals, far superior to the classic Greek and all-accomplished Roman. Call up Experience.—She shall speak on the matter. You have increased in knowledge—have you, *therefore*, increased in piety? You have acquired a keener æsthetic susceptibility—have you gotten with it a keener relish for the spiritually true? Your mind has been led out into higher and yet higher education—have you by its nurture been brought nearer to God? Experience throws emphasis into the testimony of History, and both combine to assure us that there may be a sad divorce between Intellect and Piety—and that the

training of the mind is not necessarily inclusive of the culture and discipline of the heart. Science may lead us to the loftiest heights which her inductive philosophy has scaled—Art may suspend before us her beautiful creations—Nature may rouse a “fine turbulence” in heroic souls—the strength of the hills may nerve the patriot’s arm, as the Swiss felt the inspiration of their mountains on the Mortgarten battle-field—but they cannot, any or all of them, instate a man in sovereignty over his mastering corruptions, or invest a race with moral purity and power. If the grand old demon, who has the world so long in his thrall, is, by these means, ever disturbed in his possession, it is only that he may wander into desert places, and then return fresher for the exercise, and bringing seven of his kindred more inveterate and cruel. No! if the world is to be regenerated at all, it will be by the “still, small voice”—that clear and marvellous whisper, which is heard high above the din of striving peoples, and the tumult of sentiment and passion, which runs along the whole line of being, stretching its spiritual telegraph into every heart, that it may link them all with God. All human speculations have alloy about them—that Word is perfect. All human speculations fail—that Word abideth. The Jew hated it—but it lived on, while the veil was torn away from the shrine, which the Shekinah had forsaken, and while Jerusalem itself was destroyed. The Greek derided it—but it has seen his philosophy effete, and his Acropolis in ruins. The Roman threw it to the flames—but it rose from its ashes, and swooped down upon the falling eagle. The reasoner cast it into the furnace, which his own malignity had heated “seven times hotter than its wont”—but it came out without the smell of fire. The Papist fastened serpents around it to poison it—but it shook them off and felt no harm. The infidel cast it overboard in a tempest of

sophistry and sarcasm—but it rode gallantly upon the crest of the proud waters. And it is living still—yet heard in the loudest swelling of the storm—it has been speaking all the while—it is speaking now. The world gets higher at its every tone, and it shall ultimately speak in power, until it has spoken this dismantled planet up again into the smiling brotherhood of worlds which kept their first estate, and God, welcoming the prodigal, shall look at it as he did in the beginning, and pronounce it to be very good.

It is as they abide by this Word, and guard sacredly this precious treasure, that nations stand or fall. The empires of old, where are they? Their power is dwarfed or gone. Their glory is only known by tradition. Their deeds are only chronicled in song. But, amid surrounding ruin, the Ark of God blesses the house of Obed-Edom. We dwell not now on our national greatness. That is the orator's eulogy and the poet's theme. We remember our religious advantages—God recognised in our senate, his name stamped on our currency, his blessing invoked upon our Queen, our Gospel ministry, our religious freedom, our unfettered privilege, our precious Sabbath, our unsealed, entire, wide-open Bible. "God hath not dealt with any nation as he hath dealt with us," and for this same purpose our possessions are extensive and our privileges secure—that we may maintain among ourselves, and diffuse amid the peoples, the Gospel of the blessed God. Alas! that our country has not been true to her responsibility, nor lavish of her strength for God. It would be well for us, and it is a startling alternative, if the curse of Meroz were our *only* heritage of wrath—if our only guilt were that we 'came not up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." But we have not merely been indifferent, we have been hostile. The cupidity of our merchants, the profligacy of our soldiers and sailors, the

impiety of our travellers, have hindered the work of the Lord. Our Government has patronised Paganism — our soldiery have saluted an idol—our cannon have roared in homage to a senseless stone—nay, we have even pandered to the prostitution of a continent, and to the murder of thousands of her sons, debauched and slain by the barbarities of their religion—and, less conscientious than the priests of old, we have flung into the national treasury the hire of that adultery and blood. Oh, if the righteous God were to make inquisition for blood, upon the testimony of how many slaughtered witnesses might he convict pampered and lordly Britain! There is need—strong need—for our national humiliation and prayer. He who girt us with power can dry up the sinews of our strength. Let but his anger be kindled by our repeated infidelities, and our country shall fall. More magnificent than Babylon in the profusion of her opulence, she shall be more sudden than Babylon in her ruin — more renowned than Carthage for her military triumphs, shall be more desolate than Carthage in her mourning—princelier than Tyre in her commercial greatness, shall be more signal than Tyre in her fall—wider than Rome in her extent of territorial dominion, shall be more prostrate than Rome in her enslavement — prouder than Greece in her eminence of intellectual culture, shall be more degraded than Greece in her darkening — more exalted than Capernaum in the fulness of her religious privilege, shall be more appalling than Capernaum in the deep damnations of her doom.

Young men, it is for you to redeem your country from this terrible curse. “The holy seed shall be the substance thereof.” As you, and those like you, are impure or holy, you may draw down the destruction, or conduct it harmlessly away. You cannot live to yourselves. Every word you utter makes its impression—every deed you do is fraught

with influences—successive, concentric, imparted—which may be felt for ages. This is a terrible power which you have—and it clings to you—you cannot shake it off. How will you exert it? We place two characters before you. Here is one—he is decided in his devotedness to God—pains-taking in his search for truth—strong in benevolent purpose and holy endeavour—wielding a blessed influence—failing oft, but ceasing never—ripening with the lapse of years—the spirit mounting upon the breath of its parting prayer—the last enemy destroyed—his memory green for ages—and grateful thousands chiselling on his tomb, “HE, BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH.” There is another—he resists religious impression—outgrows the necessity for prayer—forgets the lessons of his youth, and the admonitions of his godly home—forsakes the sanctuary—sits in the seat of the scorner—laughs at religion as a foolish dream—influences many for evil—runs to excess of wickedness—sends, in some instances, his victims down before him—is stricken with premature old age—has hopeless prospects, and a terrible death-bed—rots from the remembrance of his fellows—and angel hands burn in upon his gloomy sepulchre the epitaph of his blasted life—“AND THAT MAN PERISHED NOT ALONE IN HIS INIQUITY.”

Young men, which will you choose? I affectionately press this question. Oh! choose for God. “Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all things”—science, art, poetry, friendship—“shall be added unto you.” I do unfeignedly rejoice that so goodly a number of you have already decided.

I have only one fitness to address you—but it is one which many of your Lecturers cannot claim—and that is, a fitness of sympathy. Your hopes are mine—with your joys at their keenest I can sympathise. I have not forgotten the glad hours of opening morning, when the

zephyr has a balmier breath, and through the richly-painted windows of the fancy the sun-light streams in upon the soul. I come to you as one of yourselves. Take my counsel. "My heart's desire and prayer for you is, that you may be saved."

There is hope for the future. The world is moving on. The great and common mind of Humanity has caught the charm of hallowed Labour. Worthy and toil-worn labourers fall ever and anon in the march, and their fellows weep their loss, and then, dashing away the tears which had blinded them, they struggle and labour on. There has been an upward spirit evoked which men will not willingly let die. Young in its love of the beautiful, young in its quenchless thirst after the true, we see that buoyant presence—

" In hand it bears, 'mid snow and ice,
The banner with the strange device
EXCELSIOR !"

The one note of high music struck from the great harp of the world's heart-strings is graven on that banner. The student breathes it at his midnight lamp—the poet groans it forth in those spasms of his soul, when he cannot fling his heart's beauty upon language. Fair fingers have wrought in secret at that banner. Many a child of poverty has felt its motto in his soul, like the last vestige of lingering Divinity. The Christian longs it when his faith, piercing the invisible, "desires a better country, that is, an heavenly." Excelsior! Excelsior! Brothers, let us speed onward the youth who holds that banner—Up, up, brave Spirit!

" Climb the steep and starry road
To the Infinite's abode."

Up, up, brave Spirit! Spite of alpine steep and frowning brow—roaring blast and crashing flood—up! Science has

many a glowing secret to reveal thee—Faith has many a Tabor-pleasure to inspire. Ha! does the cloud stop thy progress? Pierce through it to the sacred morning. Fear not to approach the Divinity—it is his own longing which impels thee. Thou art speeding to thy coronation—brave Spirit! Up, up, brave Spirit! till, as thou pantest on the crest of thy loftiest achievement, God's glory shall burst upon thy face, and God's voice, blessing thee from his throne in tones of approval and of welcome, shall deliver thy guerdon,—“I have made thee a little lower than the angels, and crowned thee with glory and honour!”

Passages from the Life of Cicero.

A LECTURE

BY THE

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HEAD-MASTER OF HARROW SCHOOL, AND CHAPLAIN IN ORDINARY
TO HER MAJESTY,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

IN EXETER HALL,

JANUARY 24, 1854.

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF CICERO.

I MAKE no apology for my subject. Only the narrowest and most superficial view could discover any incompatibility between the biography of one of the greatest men of heathen antiquity and the objects of a Christian Association. Almost *any* innocent and improving topic of thought, whether scientific or literary, might be made to subserve the objects of this noble union, and inaugurated without irreverence by a prayer for God's blessing. It would be difficult to conceive any grander or more effective protest against a prevailing spirit of infidelity or of atheism than such a declaration, not in word but by act, of the identity of the God of the human intellect with the God of the soul and the God of the Bible. The invocation which precedes these meetings, so long as its tone regulates the spirit of the speaker and of the hearer, is enough to elevate the humblest subject, and to consecrate the most secular. And, in this point of view, I believe that that enlargement (if such it be) of your original plan, by which it is made to embrace a wider field than that of directly religious instruction, so far from being any concession to a worldly spirit, or any departure from the true principles and purposes of your Association, will be found by experience to have the very opposite result, and to supply in the best manner what might otherwise have become a

fatal defect. For surely it is idle to expect, mischievous to assume, that the great bulk of those whose good is the object of this institution can be occupied wholly or chiefly with spiritual contemplation or religious reading. To say nothing of those worldly occupations which engross the busy hours of each day, and which, in most cases, may be too essentially secular to admit of being any further affected for good than by a pervading spirit of Christian sobriety and Christian energy, is it to be expected that even the briefer intervals or relaxation—those evening hours which may be at the disposal of a young man's taste and choice—should, as a matter of fact, be given entirely to books of devotion or doctrine? Can it be supposed—is it to be desired, that a Christian young man should be as far below his worldly companion in refinement of intellect as he is above him in cultivation of soul? There is no such connexion between holiness and ignorance as could alone warrant such a wish. Every one capable of appreciating the great opportunities of his generation, or of estimating aright the work which Christianity has to do in it, must not only rejoice when he sees that rarest of all combinations, “the spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind,” but also regard it as a solemn duty to equip competently with the knowledge of things earthly those who are to do battle, in an age of enquiry and of education, in behalf of a wisdom which descends from above.

Certainly it is not one of the lowest aims of this Association to aid this enterprise. To impregnate with a holy influence the knowledge of this world. To teach a young man—who *will read*, superficially or deeply, whether you advise him or no—how to read all things as Christ's scholar. To point out to him the connexion, and the barrier, between earthly things and things heavenly. To show him, not only what man may be, and ought to be, by the help of the Gospel,

but also what man is, as a matter rather of fact than of doctrine, without, apart from, or before, the Gospel. To bid him observe, explore—yes, and admire—the fragments of the ruined temple, that so he may appreciate the might and the wisdom of that superhuman interference which alone can accomplish the work of its restoration, and fill the reconstructed edifice with the forfeited light of a Divine presence.

Such is the purpose—although I shall refrain from a wearisome exhibition of it at each step of my progress—with which I bring before you to-night the life and the character of one of those extraordinary men who are the property of all ages. My anxiety is, not lest the subject should be inappropriate or unprofitable, but only lest I should fail to do it justice. It carries us over a wide field. The lot of Cicero was cast in stirring times, and in those stirring times he played a conspicuous part. The history of one of those years might fill volumes. The biography of any one of those actors—Sylla, Marius, Pompey, Cæsar, Cato, Brutus, Antony, Octavius—is itself a history. But the life of Cicero embraces all these. There is not a political event throughout his life—and he lived to the threshold of old age—in which he was not either a prominent actor or a personally interested observer. And that which must, in any case, from the rapidity and multiplicity of its events, have been a wide field, is, in Cicero's case, infinitely extended. Of Pompey, or Cato, or Augustus, we can speak and judge only as spectators—only of their acts; or, if at all of their motives, only so far as their acts indicate them. This, if it diminishes the value, by impairing the certainty, of our estimate of their character, at least diminishes in the same proportion the labour of their biographer. But in the case of Cicero, we have as large materials for writing his inward as his outward history—for drawing his character as for describing

his life. He has left behind him more than a thousand letters, covering a space of more than twenty years, addressed to correspondents in and out of his own family, of every conceivable rank and character—touching upon every topic of public or domestic interest—revealing every passing thought—registering every half-formed and every changed purpose—transmitting, through almost nineteen centuries, a faithful record of those wishes, emotions, and infirmities, which few men utter, much less write, even to the friend closer than a brother.

Greatly as this circumstance conduces to the accuracy of our insight into the mind and heart of Cicero, it is evident that it may in the same proportion embarrass our judgment upon both. Unless we make a large and generous allowance for the inequality of our materials in his case and in that of others, we may be led into the grossest injustice. If we are to infer, from the absence of information, the absence of faults, we might easily represent a Sulpicius, or even a Lepidus, as a better man than Cicero. It cannot be tolerated, that upon the accident of the loss or preservation of a correspondence, upon the ingenuousness or artificiality of a correspondence preserved, should be made to depend, comparatively at least, the whole reputation of an historical character. We are not to shut our eyes to the information derived from *any* source as to what a man really was. We are not to deny the existence in Cicero of faults, the record of which his own hand has signed and sealed. But in that sort of comparative judgment which history pronounces upon a man living and moving amongst contemporaries and rivals, we are to take care to judge him rather by his acts, which we can balance against the acts of others, than by his confidential letters, of which others may have left no specimens. If we are extreme to mark in one man faults of egotism or of

vanity, which we have learnt only from his private letters, we must at least leave room for the *possibility* of a similar discovery in the letters of another which are lost.

There is always something painful in hearing a great name disparaged—a great man run down—whether belonging to our own or to an earlier generation. We cannot but feel that the great men of our earth have not been, on any calculation, so many, that we can afford to part with one of them. We can tolerate the descent of a vain and, frivolous monarch from a pinnacle to which nothing but vulgar adulation had raised him. We can rejoice in the denial, by a succeeding generation, of the title of “the Great” to a conqueror who has desolated half the world for the gratification of a selfish ambition. But it is otherwise when a man of incomparable industry, of extraordinary talent, of brilliant eloquence, of blameless life, of exemplary integrity, who has served his country through life, and died a martyr to its liberties, (and *these* praises, at least, who can deny to Cicero?) is suddenly held up to the reprobation or ridicule of a distant age, for foibles which, in such a man, should rather be dealt with as a dutiful son deals with the failings of a parent. These things are not to be forgotten, still less to be denied, least of all to be distorted into virtues; but what reasonable man will represent them as more than drawbacks to the perfection of a character? What tolerably impartial historian can make these failings *account for* the phenomena of such a life as Cicero’s? When the great Reviewer, in girding himself for his celebrated onslaught upon Lord Bacon, throws a passing dart at the character of Cicero as an “eloquent and accomplished trimmer,” “whose whole soul was under the dominion of a girlish vanity and a craven fear,” he seems to me to have discarded, for the moment, that reverence for true greatness which is by no means incompatible with the keenest critical acumen: and I confess that I turn from him with relief to

the nobler sentiment of Niebuhr, who speaks of the period of contempt for Cicero as having fortunately passed away, and adds, "It always grieves me to hear such expressions; for I love Cicero as if I had known him, and I judge of him as I would of a near relation who had committed a folly."

That Cicero's appetite for glory was *unchristian*; that neither the object nor the motive of his life was that of a mind illuminated from above; that his thirst for praise and his sensibility to blame were alike unworthy of one instructed in the hopes and the fears inspired by Christ's Gospel; must be allowed, and ought perhaps to be recorded, in any attempt at this day to appreciate his character. In this sense, *every* great man of Greece and Rome must be condemned with him. In this sense, it must be idle to talk of approval or admiration as terms applicable to heathen antiquity. But, if it is lawful, notwithstanding these admissions, to discuss and to compare men whose names have survived an age of darkness—men who have left an indelible impress on the world's history, whose works are still studied, and their acts still famous—then we must do so with a due regard to the circumstances of their times, the opportunities granted to them, the education then possible, the maxims and principles then prevalent: we must not demand of them a knowledge or a virtue which they could not profess, while we may acknowledge with double thankfulness, as we contemplate their highest attainments, that "he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than they."

Supposing, then, as we are compelled to do, that, whatever might be his philosophical tenets (and they were in some points wonderfully enlightened), Cicero could not possess any practical knowledge of a God, in whose favour is life, or of an immortality to be spent in His presence, or of a judgment the issues of which are contingent upon a heart of love and a life of devotion to Him; are we not driven to

the conclusion that a regard to the welfare of his country was one of the highest objects within his reach, and a desire for his country's gratitude one of the noblest motives which could animate its pursuit? We may regret the parade with which that object and that motive are obtruded upon his correspondents of his audience; we may pity the disappointments which too often repaid his devotion, the keenness with which those disappointments were felt, and the indiscretion which sought to repair them by complaints, or to extort by his demands an acknowledgment denied to his merits. These were the weaknesses of a great character, disparaging without destroying its greatness. Others should have been left to infer his aim from his acts, to appreciate his claims, to reward his sacrifices, if necessary (and it was necessary) to upbraid his detractors. Still, in our sense of the error, we must not lose sight of the virtue. We must admit that a man who lived for fame, not in its lower but its higher sense, for the approbation of the good, for the admiration of posterity, for the sake of example and encouragement to the patriotism of later generations, presented to himself a noble and an exalting idea; and the test by which we shall be contented to judge him will be the steadfastness of his adherence to it.

I shall not detain you, though I would gladly do so, with any account of the earlier years of Cicero. I must suppose you to be acquainted with the leading facts. He was born, like a very different man, the stern old warrior Marius, at Arpinum, an ancient Samnite town, sixty or seventy miles south-east of Rome, in the rugged country of the Apennines. His birth-year was that of Pompey, 106 before the Christian era, six before that of Cæsar. His family was of that condition which we can so well picture to ourselves in England,—a family resident for several generations in the neighbourhood of a country town, in the petty politics of

which they took the aristocratical side—exerting themselves (for example) against the local introduction of a system of voting by ballot,—and gradually rising in consideration and wealth, till they attracted the somewhat patronizing notice of senators and consuls at Rome. At a later period of life, when his family house at Arpinum was but one of twelve or fifteen villas belonging to him in different parts of Italy, Cicero still cherished a peculiar fondness for the scenes and haunts of his childhood—the shady walks, the river with its island and its cascade—and certainly possesses the merit, by no means universal, of never being ashamed of that municipal origin which exposed him to many taunts and much coldness on the part of an order into which he had risen.

I find some difficulty in accounting for that amplitude of fortune which is indicated at every turn in the history of Cicero. His expenditure upon the purchase of houses must have been—in some instances—we know that it was—enormous. On the other hand, his long advocacy in the Forum appears to have been unproductive. The Bar was not, in those days, a lucrative profession. It was the boast of Cicero that his practice was gratuitous; that neither in the form of fees nor of presents did he receive anything from his clients. The lawful emoluments of his proconsulship—and he accepted none that were *not* lawful—were scarcely considerable, and came late in life. A far larger income appears to have been derived from the frequent and, in some cases, large legacies which he owed to the attachment and gratitude of dying friends. And these, doubtless, were only casual additions to a tolerably ample patrimony. Still there remains enough of ambiguity upon this portion of his history to furnish a somewhat curious parallel to the case of a man scarcely less illustrious in modern times—the great philosophical orator of our country, Edmund Burke.

The education bestowed upon Cicero by his father, and

so laboriously completed by himself, was the best that his country could give to her most favoured sons. Of the details of it we know little. At a time when Rome had scarcely yet created a literature of her own, Greek was to her what French became afterwards to Europe—the language of refinement and cultivation, the badge of distinction between a gentleman and a peasant. Cicero's first instructors were Greeks. They were the established teachers of that round of sciences—grammar, poetry, history, rhetoric—which constituted then, as in many respects now, the early subjects of liberal education. His father had removed to Rome when Cicero was fourteen or fifteen years old, principally (it may be presumed) for the sake of his son's studies. And from this time forward, through many unmarked but well-employed years, his life was devoted to the work of self-improvement with an intensity of application and a steadiness of purpose in which he has never been excelled. It is recorded that, of the various branches of study, mathematics and Roman history were those in which he least excelled, while his devotion to the Greek historians, and, above all, to the Athenian orators, was rather a passion than a preference.

One part of his occupations has a peculiar interest for us. The great lawyers of his youthful days were the elder and younger Scævola. He had the privilege of being placed under their special patronage, and availed himself eagerly of its advantages. Every morning—such was the custom—the doors of these eminent men were opened at an early hour for the admission of any who sought their advice. Seated in their *atrium*—the first reception-room of a Roman house, with its central cistern and surrounding colonnade—they listened to the legal cases of their various applicants, and gave their gratuitous advice upon the merits and adjustment of each. It was by regular attendance on such occasions that, like the law-student of our own days in the cham-

bers of his special pleader or conveyancer, a young Roman gained that early familiarity with the principles of equity and the practice of the courts, which gave at once interest to his reading, and expertness to his judgment.

Thus passed for Cicero those stormy years of civil discord, which might else have cut short at its outset his glorious career. In the strife of Sylla and Marius—those days of horrible suffering and of evil omen—that beginning of sorrows which, for fifty years, was to know no tranquil end—Cicero stood neutral. The time of life had not yet come at which his public duty could require that he should take a side. Nor were his *feelings*, perhaps, all one way. Marius was his fellow-townsmen and his remote connexion. With Sylla, in point of opinion, he more nearly, though by no means entirely, agreed. He stood by, and waited. It was impossible that his studies should suffer no interruption in such times. His humane nature must have been cruelly shocked by proscriptions which made the streets of Rome flow with blood. The murder of his revered Scævola before the altar of Vesta must have filled him with a personal hatred to the name of Carbo and the cause of Marius. Those vivid descriptions which we possess of the life of a German student at the Universities of Halle or of Leipzig during the War of Liberation in this century, may give us some conception of the influence of a reign of terror upon occupations which require all the tranquillity of peace to make them either attractive to the taste or possible to the intellect.

At length the time came when a blood-bought tranquillity revisited the capital, and Sylla reigned in Rome. It was then that Cicero first presented himself on the stage of his imperishable renown. At the age (like his Grecian exemplar, Demosthenes) of about twenty-seven years, he pronounced, perhaps, the first public oration which has remained to immortalize his genius. In the Roman Forum—that quadrangle, as

it was already fast becoming, surrounded on all sides by magnificent halls and temples, and thickly set, within, with quaint memorials of Rome's infancy, and with the statues of her national heroes—on the far-famed Rostra—that gallery rather than pulpit—flanked on one side by the dais on which senators now occupied the site of an obsolete assembly of patricians, and on the other by the larger area which was crowded by the undistinguished throng of knights and plebeians, foreigners and clients—with the Palatine Mount behind him, and the temple-crowned heights of the Capitoline rising proudly on his left—one of the first efforts of Cicero's oratory was dedicated to the protection of oppressed innocence from the scarcely disguised aggression of the tyrant whose will was law. It was a bold act in a young man to come forward thus publicly as the advocate of Roscius, whose father was Sylla's victim, and himself accused of parricide, to secure the possession of his estates, by Sylla's favourite. A noble pledge for the future, and nobly redeemed.

But something was still wanting to the completeness of his equipment for the Forum. His health was feeble, his chest delicate, the modulation of his voice inharmonious. Whether other motives existed, we know not. Sylla may have resented his freedom in the cause of Roscius. But this is supposition, and needless. Friends and physicians recommended, as they would in our days, relaxation and travelling. What the Continent is to us, Greece and Asia Minor were to a Roman. After two years' practice in pleading, Cicero went abroad. But how unlike were his travels to those of a commonplace tourist, now! He did not conceive that the relaxation precluded the improvement of his mind. Wherever he went, he observed, reflected, and studied. Philosophy at Athens, oratory in Rhodes, conversation and discussion everywhere with the most accomplished men of the countries through which he travelled—such were the

occupations of his journey, and he returned from them, after two years' absence, a finished orator and a wiser man.

I must pass entirely over the history of the next fourteen or fifteen years, during which, at intervals regulated by law, he was engaged in seeking and discharging those offices of public trust and honour through which a citizen of Rome must rise gradually to the consulship. In each successive election he was victorious on his first application—at the earliest legal age—at the head of the poll, or by unanimous suffrage. In each instance—as quæstor in Sicily, where it was his office to provide the corn-supplies of Rome, at a time (as it happened) of pressure and scarcity, by equitable arrangements with the merchants of the provinces; as ædile at Rome, where, in addition to the ordinary charge of markets and buildings, he had also, by what had become a most burdensome duty, to furnish, at his own expense, the amusements of the Capitol; as prætor, when, in the character of presiding judge, he was called upon to execute an even and often difficult justice between Roman ex-magistrates and their complaining provinces;—in all these positions, each requiring special and very various qualifications, he showed himself at once a most able administrator, and a scrupulously honourable man. I must add, without further comment, that the quæstorship gave the *municipalis eques* a seat for life in the Roman senate; that during his ædileship (for these magistracies gave him no exemption, any one of them, from his labours as an advocate) he prosecuted and brought to speedy conviction that arch-criminal Verres, for a tissue of official crimes such as even in that most oppressive empire were, perhaps, never equalled; and, finally, that in his prætorship he gave that first and strongest proof of his adhesion to the interests of Pompey, which was involved in his public appearance before the people as the advocate of the Manilian Law.

But we have now reached that point in the history of Cicero at which, in the full maturity of every bodily and mental power, he was to become for one year the prime minister of Rome. Never was there a more critical moment in the affairs of any country. The violent aristocratical reaction of Sylla's time was now thoroughly spent. One by one, the popular powers, coerced, but not extinguished, by that revolution, were starting into fresh activity. Step by step, the senatorian ascendancy established by that revolution was declining under the united influence of a presumptuous incapacity on the one side, and an impatient strength on the other. In such a state of things, it needed only the discovery of a competent leader to turn disaffection into violence. Such a man was Catiline. Of high birth, of versatile ability, of profligate life, of needy fortunes, of disappointed ambition, he was furnished with every attribute of the demagogue, the revolutionist, and the conspirator. The whole year teemed with rumours, and more than rumours, of an approaching outbreak. In October it was shaped, matured, and discovered. The consul was to have been assassinated at the election of his successors. There was a double and a treble cause of hatred. He was a man of incorruptible integrity. He was the head of the constitutional body in the state. He had been a successful rival for the consulship. He had just passed a law against bribery and corruption. For the moment, however, the storm blew over. Cicero confronted Catiline in the senate, and guilt was exposed, if not abashed.

It was but for a moment. The ramifications of the plot were too extensive, in the city and throughout Italy, to suffer so brief an issue. Men of all ranks, from the very highest—rumour said, some of the greatest names in Roman history—were concerned in it. Interests of all kinds were involved in it—the ambition of the disappointed, and the fortunes of

the desperate. Italy swarmed with a population of profligate and discontented veterans. In Etruria, troops were mustering under Catiline's orders. In Rome, the very colleague of the consul had in his candidateship coalesced with Catiline. Nothing but the greatest exertion and the greatest dexterity enabled Cicero to keep Antonius to his duty. But that exertion and that dexterity did wonders. Never was there a year of such toil. The *ordinary* tasks of the chief minister of the mistress of the world could not be light or trivial. Yet, even for these, Cicero did not suspend the labours of the orator and the advocate. Some of his most celebrated speeches were made this year. At one time he is resisting with successful ingenuity an agrarian law which promised plenty to a famishing populace. At another, he is calming by his eloquence a tumult in which that excitable multitude was fighting for its prescriptive right to promiscuous sittings in the theatre. At another, he is inducing the sons of Sylla's victims to forego for the time the restoration of their rank and fortunes. At another, he is defending an old man, accused, forty years after the event, of the assassination, by order of the senate, of a now historical tribune. But far more than this. He has to spread through the streets and houses of the city his snares for the discovery of treason. He has to open his house and his ear day and night to the reports of unsuspected spies. Persons even of dubious or disreputable fame must not be denied access to the most moral and irreproachable of Romans. It is through them alone that he can possess himself, for Rome's sake, of the secrets of such a gang as Catiline's.

Accordingly, on the night of the 6th of November, he learns, through one of these private channels, the particulars of a meeting of the conspirators just ended. It has been resolved that a general rising shall be no longer deferred. Catiline shall start at once for Etruria to bring his troops

towards Rome. A conflagration of the city, and a massacre of the senators, shall secure his entrance. But first of all one blow must be struck. There is one man whose vigilance never sleeps, whose energy never tires. Cicero must be assassinated before Catiline can leave Rome. The duty has been assigned to two of the equestrian order, who will visit his house at daybreak, on the plea of acquaintance and business, and murder him in his bed. Forewarned is forearmed. The intelligence reached Cicero during an evening meeting of senators at his house, and was at once communicated to them with names and dates. The two friends, on their arrival at daybreak, find the doors shut and barred against them. And on the following day that magnificent oration, the opening words of which are so familiar to every scholar and every schoolboy, revealed to the astounded traitor, as he sat alone and excommunicated on his bench in the senate-house, the discomfiture of his cherished project, and urged him to remove himself, while yet there was time, from the execrations of an awakened city.

It was thus that the way was prepared for an act of needful severity, which, if adopted too soon, might ere long have been represented as occasioned by a groundless panic. The departure of Catiline answered two objects. It placed him in the position of an avowed enemy, at the head of an army in rebellion against the state. And it left his accomplices at once detected and headless, ready to fall into any trap which accident or ingenuity might lay for them.

The occasion soon offered itself. There was at this time in the city an embassy from a semi-barbarous tribe in Gaul, bearing an application to the senate, and much dissatisfied with its reception. With these ambassadors the conspirators had tampered. Troops from Gaul, in aid of Catiline's treason, had been asked and promised. Presently their minds misgave them. They began to doubt the pru-

dence of committing a petty principality in Gaul with the whole power of the great Republic. And at last they resolved upon a candid communication with a member of the house of Fabius, who had acted as their patron during their sojourn in Rome. He carried the intelligence to Cicero.

Then followed that picturesque scene—so familiar, I dare say, to most of you—by which the calmness and foresight of the consul were proved equal to his zeal. A common man might have rushed at once to disclosure and vengeance. But so did not he. He saw that amidst a populace so jealous and irritable endless trouble might spring out of the precipitation of a moment. He must have proofs—plain, conclusive, producible proofs—of the proceedings, from step to step, of the detected conspirators. He directed, therefore, that the Gaulish ambassadors should still feign acquiescence. They must confer, and negotiate, and promise, until they should have in their possession the handwriting of the principal traitors attached to letters of a treasonable character. When this was done, on the night of the 2d of December they left the city. Their route lay northwards, first to the camp of Catiline, and then homewards into Gaul. They passed through the silent streets of the city, soon after midnight, equipped for their journey: they took the line of the great northern road, and made for the Milvian Bridge, by which it crosses the Tiber a mile beyond the walls: they reached the bridge, but they did not cross it. The cavalcade was stopped by a strong guard posted at the bridge by the consul's orders; and before day-break the ambassadors, with their papers and letters, were safely lodged in his house, before a rumour of the seizure or the discovery had reached the ears of their late accomplices.

The next stage in this eventful story is the examination of the conspirators before the senate. One by one they

were introduced, briefly interrogated, confronted with their own handwriting, and abashed into silence. The day was far advanced when Cicero passed from the senate-house to the Rostra, and, amidst the liveliest tokens of emotion and gratitude, detailed to the people the transactions of the night and of the day. But the danger was not past, nor his toils ended. There remained the great question—on which, as he dimly foresaw, the tranquillity of his whole future life depended—what should be the punishment of the condemned conspirators. Many difficulties beset the discussion. The power of life and death over a citizen belonged, by the constitution of Rome, not to the senate, but to his peers—the assembled people. In times of tumult and peril the rule had been departed from; but always with reluctance, and always with risk. Was this an exceptional case? Was it prudent, in a case of guilt so manifest and so heinous, to await the chances of an appeal to the people? Or, when all voices concurred, for the moment, in a verdict of condemnation, was it safe to brave the consequences, and inflict on the instant a penalty so righteously deserved?

This was the subject of the memorable debate of the 5th of December. The conspirators, distributed for safe-keeping among the houses of individual senators, awaited in solemn suspense the result of the discussion. The senate met on that day in the Temple of Concord, beneath the shadow of the Capitoline: and there, in speeches so characteristic, and with such unusual minuteness recorded, the great question was pondered, whether a servile adherence to law should or should not, for once, be superseded by a regard to the exigency of the time, to the existence of the constitution itself.

The first impression seems to have been, that there could be no doubt about it—that the punishment of treason, and such treason, could only be death. The consul elect,

Silanus, a man of no peculiar originality or resolution, briefly moved the decree for capital punishment. He was followed by the great man of the future—not yet understood or appreciated as he was to be—Julius Cæsar. With great address, if (as some imagined) he had once dealt with Catiline—with great discretion, if (as we may rather suppose) he was providing against the future fickleness of his countrymen—he urged, not the injustice—for nothing, he said, was too bad for such criminals—but the inexpediency, of an act of bloodshed. It was not too severe, but too mild, too brief, a penalty. A far heavier punishment (he suggested) and one open to no charge of being illegal or unconstitutional, would be separate imprisonment for life in the strong towns of Italy. Let this be their fate, and let it be made criminal to propose their release.

Cicero thought otherwise. He saw the impression made by the words of Cæsar; and we may well suppose that he shrank from the responsibility of carrying, by too strong an avowal of his wishes, the opposite vote. But the line of his argument was admirably adapted to the end he had in view. He treated the second and milder proposal as the expression of an anxious regard for his own future safety in days when the memory of the plot should have faded. He desired, he said, no such consideration. His life was, as it had been, at his country's service, in whatever form it might be demanded of him. Let them remember the enormity of the crime of those men. Let them reflect on the magnitude of the perils just escaped. Nor let them dream for one moment that these perils are over. Catiline lives: the seeds of rebellion are scattered throughout Italy: the embers of treason still glow within the city: let them beware. A misplaced lenity towards the authors of such evils might again plunge the Republic in calamities of portentous magnitude.

The tide of feeling was turned, but the result might still be doubtful. Cato rose. He was a Stoic, and a patriot of the old school; a rigid censor of modern morals; a man who professed an utter indifference to the opinion of his generation, treated expediency as an immorality, and trampled with fatal energy upon circumstances which he could not control. It was not difficult to foresee how he would act on this occasion. He expressed surprise at the discussion of such a question. What doubt could there be as to the punishment of open enemies? If mercy must be shown, let it be shown to the good, not the bad—the many, not the few. The preservation of the one was incompatible with the safety of the other. The project of their dispersion through the towns of Italy was open to *every* objection. Were they formidable at Rome? they would be more so in places less strong to resist them: if anywhere, let them be imprisoned here. But how discreditable (he said) was this debate! What craven fear kept Roman senators silent, or mitigated and modified their sentence, when the thunder-cloud of war hung over them—Catiline without, his accomplices within! Let them cut short their deliberations, and execute at once, upon criminals convicted and self-confessed, the only appropriate and effective punishment.

The ascendancy of one strong will over an irresolute assembly has been often exemplified, and the voice of Cato, exerted unquestionably on the side of justice, if not of a comprehensive and far-sighted wisdom, overbore all opposition. The resolution was adopted, the sentence of death passed. Not even then did Cicero breathe freely. Deeply impressed with the extent of the conspiracy, the precariousness of the moment, and the effect (at certain times) of a stern and terrible promptitude, he proceeded at once, with a numerous guard of friends and citizens, to the house

where Lentulus, the traitor-magistrate, was detained, and then returned with him through the Forum to that Mamertine prison on the slope of the Capitol, which still records, in our own times, the days before Rome was a Republic. There, before the evening, the bloody work of execution was accomplished; and Cicero returned to his house, amidst the acclamations of a unanimous city, to enjoy the noblest triumph that a grateful country could bestow.

Magnificent as was the position of Cicero at this moment, it acquired qualities scarcely less distinguished to maintain than to acquire it. And of some of these qualities he was unhappily destitute. He was one of those men who are capable of extraordinary occasional exploits in a field not natural to them. The latest of French Revolutions witnessed the strange phenomenon of a poetical and imaginative author changed, for a moment, into the head of an administration, keeping in check by an almost miraculous eloquence the fury of a frantic populace, and then sinking as suddenly into a man of no mark or name but such as his pen can create for him. Cicero was a man of a higher order than Lamartine, but of a not less peaceful nature. Twice or thrice in his life he braced himself to acts of personal courage; but these were beside, if not above, the mark of his common disposition. Amidst the difficulties and perils of his consulship he had displayed the powers at once of a general and a statesman. Every movement of the troops in the brief war which closed the career of Catiline was planned by Cicero. But this was a forced, though noble effort; and many causes were at work to postpone for a long season the rekindling of the genius of his consulship.

"I will not deny," Niebuhr says, "that at the end of his consulship he felt rather giddy." Nothing is so perilous to moral sobriety as a triumph which takes the victor by

surprise. A military man may put down a conspiracy as he would fight a battle; to a civilian such an exploit is intoxicating. We can see, in the retrospect, how Cicero should have deported himself. He should have accepted without demanding honour. If denied to him, he should have dispensed with gratitude. He had abundant resources within and around him. In the Forum he reigned without a rival. He had beaten Hortensius on his own ground. The attachment of clients preserved, and of provinces avenged, by his eloquence, might have compensated him for the silence of the mob or the coldness of the senate. In his study no obloquy could reach him. In the composition of his immortal treatises on Moral Duties or the Perfect Orator, he might have earlier sought that solace to which at last his miseries drove him. Even in the Republic his work was not ended. In proportion as he learnt to exercise a self-respecting reserve, he would have been sought, consulted, and followed. He was the natural link between the two higher orders of the state—the equestrian, from which he was sprung, and the senatorian, into which he had made his way. He might have been the oracle of constitutional law, the mediator between conflicting factions, shaming the selfishness and controlling the violence of dictators and triumvirates. It was a function almost forced upon him. Men felt that it was his vocation. The pains which Cæsar bestowed upon the cultivation of his good-will, his anxiety to remove him from a scene of danger, the tenderness with which he bore his vacillation and at last forgave his hostility—are so many indications (if we needed them) of the importance which Cicero really possessed, and, alas! of the advantages to which he was blind.

Still it was *something* in that age—perhaps in any age—to be free from every suspicion of avarice, of corruption, of indifference for one moment to his country's tranquillity

and welfare. It was something to mourn with a sense of personal bereavement over broken laws and corrupt tribunals. It was something to have no other difficulty in choosing between rival leaders than that of discovering which of the two was the more likely, in case of victory, to restore order and rebuild the shattered fabric of a free constitution. And if he hesitated long, and often wavered; if his adhesion to Pompey was sometimes too reluctant, and sometimes too patient—too tolerant both of personal slights and of a manifest incapacity for greatness; we must not forget, on the other hand, how false were the professions, by turns, of every party, how deep the concealment of intentions, how gradual the developement of designs, how late the revelation of characters, which *we* read by a light denied to Cicero; we must beware of too sweeping a condemnation of a policy which our knowledge of results and events may rather obscure than elucidate.

The political stage was now occupied by the second of the three sets of actors which Cicero's life witnessed. The days of Marius and Sylla were long-ended. Up to the time of Cicero's consulship it might have required some penetration to discern the successor of either. Pompey had been known hitherto chiefly as a successful general. In that capacity he had early won laurels which enabled him to anticipate by several years the legal age for civil honours. But with all his reputation, and all his popularity, his principles were still doubtful. His long absences on foreign service made him an object of great curiosity and great anxiety to politicians at home. His return from the long war with king Mithridates was expected by the constitutional party with alternations of hope and fear. The fact is, that, respectable as he was in conduct and plausible in profession, he was a man of no elevation and little patriotism. If he had found the leadership of one side

preoccupied, he would have taken that of the other. If the senate had found a representative in Cæsar, he would have become the patron of the people. A man without principle and without ideas, he was won by assiduous flattery to the aristocratical side, and a choice which accident had decided habit confirmed and self-interest perpetuated.

Pompey had in every sense the start of Cæsar. Six years his senior, his fortune had been fostered by the smiles of Sylla, as Cæsar's was retarded by his frown. But this mattered little. Cæsar's was a genius at once universal and intuitive. When he first drew his sword, he was a consummate general. When he first mounted the Rostra, he was a finished speaker. He could give Pompey three-fourths of the distance, and come in victor. He could appear to waste his youth in a frivolous self-indulgence, and yet, when it suited him to start into activity, produce a hand more powerful than Pompey's, and a tongue more persuasive than Cicero's. His was a case which, if often repeated, would be, in this respect, a ruinous example. Happily it is one never imitated without failure.

Never was there a greater contrast than between Cæsar and the man whose cause he revived. Marius so illiterate, so rugged, so savage; Cæsar so brilliant, so accomplished, so humane. Alone of all the chiefs of parties in those evil times, Cæsar neither executed nor threatened a proscription. A patriot he was not: but in his aggression upon the liberties of his country he was more sinned against than sinning; he was impelled by the force of circumstances which none but a Christian hero could have withstood.

Crassus was the third member of what is incorrectly designated in history as the first triumvirate; a man of immense wealth, and considerable talents as a speaker, but in other respects so inferior to both his rivals that his early disappearance from the scene of their conflict is chiefly

remembered as having tarnished, by an unwonted defeat, the arms of Rome in the distant East.

Such were the men amongst whom Cicero had to choose his leader. And it was his misfortune—perhaps his fault—to affront each mortally. To Pompey he had written an unfortunate letter, upbraiding him, at the moment of his triumph over Mithridates, with indifference to the glories of the conqueror of Catiline. Crassus could never forgive the imputation which had connected his name with the extinct conspiracy. Cæsar, less sensitive and more placable, was provoked by an unguarded expression in Cicero's defence of Antonius, to deprive him, at a most critical moment, of the only protection that could have saved him.

The lowest depression of his fortunes was at hand. The brilliant achievements of his consulship were now become an old story. Men were tired of his rehearsals of them. Those glowing descriptions of conflagration and massacre, which fill his extant Orations—scarcely exaggerated, perhaps, as records of a danger averted—sounded fanciful in the retrospect, and indelicate from *him*. Pompey, though thankful at first for an ally so distinguished, had long been indifferent and was now treacherous. Since the coalition of the three rivals, and the consolidation (short-lived as it was) of their conflicting interests, no one of them needed support, and all would be glad, if it could be done decently, to be rid of a bystander so respectable.

It was not necessary that they should crush, only that they should desert him. An enemy had long been at work, than whom there could be none fitter. Clodius had taken the place of Catiline. An early grudge had subsisted, from a time when, by a singular freak of fortune, Cicero had frustrated Clodius in an attack on Catiline. But this grudge had been well concealed, and Clodius had been one of Cicero's body-guard in the perilous days of the conspirators.

The rest of the story is known to every one. Clodius, an abandoned young profligate, had been caught in Cæsar's house, in the disguise of a woman, on a night of religious solemnity, from which all *men* were banished. This combination of impiety and profligacy threw the whole city into uproar. After long discussion and furious opposition Clodius was brought to trial for sacrilege. He attempted to establish an *alibi*. Cicero was called as a witness, and his evidence demolished the impudent falsehood. But the court was shamelessly bribed, and Clodius was acquitted by a majority of votes.

From this moment it was the ruling passion of that wicked mind to destroy Cicero. There was one office, and but one, which promised him free scope to effect his object. That office was the tribuneship of the people. But the tribuneship was open only to plebeians, and Clodius was a patrician. The only access lay through a fictitious adoption into a plebeian family. Accordingly, after delays and difficulties into the detail of which I must not enter, Clodius became, by a mockery of law, the son of a plebeian many years his junior, and entered upon the tribuneship in his new capacity, towards the close of Cæsar's consulship, in the year B.C. 59.

It was but too evident what must follow. Cicero, indeed, relying upon some vague promise said to have been exacted from Clodius by Pompey, still cherished the hope that services like his would not be rewarded by ruin. Nor did the fatal decree name him. It was couched in general terms. "Whoever had put to death a Roman citizen untried should be interdicted"—such was the ancient phrase—"from fire and water," within a certain distance from Rome. The promulgation of this edict, fully as he should have expected it, took Cicero by surprise. Little comfort could be derived from its vagueness. Who could doubt that the

very next step would be to fill up that blank? Cicero at once assumed that mourning garb which was the eustomary badge of the accused. He was not left without many precious proofs of the esteem in which he was held. A multitude of men of both his orders—the equites and the senate—changed their attire with him. Applications, by him or for him, were made in every quarter which afforded the slightest hope. Pompey went to his villa, to be out of the way of unpleasing sights and annoying importunity. One consul received a deputation of knights and nobles with intolerable rudeness. The other admitted the pusillanimity of his own conduct, but said that every one must shift for himself. It was plain that nothing short of a civil conflict could maintain Cicero in Rome. His resolution was taken. There should be no fighting for *him*. He had once saved Rome by his energy; he would do so now by his patience. He left the city.

His departure did not at once turn the tide in his favour. For the moment it left Clodius rampant. The demolition of his stately house on the Palatine; the dedication of the area as the site of a Temple of Freedom; the spoliation of his villas at Tusculum and Formiæ; the promulgation of a new edict, banishing him by name, and to a distance of four hundred miles from Italy; the denunciation of penalties against all who should shelter him, or propose a decree for his restoration;—all these measures followed Cicero's departure in rapid succession, and filled his mind with that sense of utter desolation and hopeless wretchedness which breathes in every line of his letters during this protracted exile.

It is the fashion to decry such feelings as unmanly and abject. Of course they could not co-exist with a mind thoroughly Christian or thoroughly philosophical. They show (what can be no surprise to us) that there is a wide difference between theory and practice, between philosophy

and self-command. But when we pass from these general reflections to the particular case, we must make a large allowance. We shall reckon it as one *part* of his misfortune that he was destitute of that knowledge in which alone is peace. We shall remember that to Cicero Rome was everything: he loved his country—not the name only, nor the idea, but the reality, the aspect, the face of his country—with a pure and passionate devotion, which made it an agony to be parted from her. There dwelt every occupation, every interest, every association, which was dear to him in memory or in prospect. I question whether there are many men, even in Christian times, who, loving their country as Cicero loved his, would have left it with a less heavy heart, or bewailed themselves less bitterly in the ear of private friendship. In our own time, the brief exile of Guizot in England was bewailed by him on a public occasion in terms scarcely less pitiable. The total loss of property is something. The wreck of houses and villas—beautified by one's taste, and enriched with one's treasures of literature and art—is something. Disgrace is something. Ingratitude on the part of friends is something. The loss of all power of usefulness is something. It is idle to pretend to despise these things, or to take it for granted that we should have been courageous under them. And if to all these causes of depression was added, in the case of Cicero, a sensitiveness keen, delicate, almost morbid—so that what was pain to others was death to him; if in a peculiar manner he lived upon the sympathy of men, requiring a more than commonly genial atmosphere to give expansion to his faculties and vitality to his life; we shall find here enough to explain, if not to justify, those expressions of anguish and despair which mark every step of his journey, every day of his exile from Rome.

His absence lasted from the beginning of April in one year to the 4th of September in the next. During some

months he was the guest of the Roman quæstor Plancius, in a place so familiar to us all in the Christian records of the next century—the Macedonian city of Thessalonica.

For some time after his departure the exertions of his numerous friends at Rome were ineffectual in awakening public sympathy in his favour. It was natural, though quite undeserved, that, in his life of seclusion and melancholy abroad, he should be often tempted to accuse them of lukewarmness—so difficult is it for an interested person to see both sides of his own case, or to understand the thousand impediments which may interfere with the success of the most zealous efforts in his behalf. At length the turn came. Pompey was at last disgusted with Clodius. Cæsar and Crassus had wished rather to humble Cicero than to ruin him. The people missed his eloquence. The senate wanted his counsel. The new consuls, interpreting truly the popular feeling, proposed the vote for his recall. And though months of factious turbulence might still intervene, the result was no longer doubtful: all Italy was summoned to Rome to swell the divisions in his favour: and at length, amidst indications of joy such as had never greeted the triumph of a victorious consul, Cicero re-entered the city, and proceeded at once, with a piety which may teach a useful lesson to times more enlightened, to pay his dutiful thanksgivings in the Temple of the Deity of the Capitol.

Cicero was restored. His demolished house rose again from its ruins. His dismantled villas were adorned afresh from sums voted to him from the treasury. But who could restore him to himself? Who could re-invest with confidence in himself and in the Republic a man whose pride had been thus wounded, his fidelity thus rewarded? The five years which follow, after a brief moment of natural exultation at the honours which greeted his return, are the most melancholy of his whole life. Cæsar was now absent,

engaged in those arduous campaigns in Gaul which his own pen has immortalized. Yet even from thence he exercised a severe, though not unfriendly, control over the actions of Cicero. From the shores of Britain, amidst scenes of perpetual exertion, he found time to write to him constantly. We hear, and would gladly forget it, of poems by Cicero in honour of Cæsar. If for a moment the spirit of his consulship stirs within him, and he ventures upon the freedom of proposing the re-consideration of an agrarian law of Cæsar, the first hint of Cæsar's displeasure recalls him to his later and humbler self. If at last he cherishes the idea of escaping from the difficulties of his position by accepting a lieutenancy under Pompey in Spain, a word from the camp of Cæsar elicits renewed assurances of his devotion, and binds afresh the trammels from which he was just struggling to be free. With Crassus his relations were of a more equal, and therefore less painful, kind. There was a pleasant bond between them in the friendship of Cicero for his son. He still ventured to confront Crassus in the senate; and their last amicable meeting, when they supped together in the gardens of the Tiber before the departure of Crassus on his fatal expedition, was by Crassus's invitation, not Cicero's. To Pompey, notwithstanding occasional expressions in communications with his rival, he still gave a hesitating and often discontented adhesion, mistrusting more and more the sincerity of his professions, but regarding him as the only hope of a cause which he had deliberately chosen.

A time of political discomfort was always with Cicero one of literary toil. In his frequent sojourns at his various Italian villas—at Antium, at Astura, at Cumæ, at Pompeii, at Tusculum—he forgot for the time the entanglements of his public position, and devoted his energies to those glorious compositions over which the lapse of ages has had no power.

His treatises *De Oratore* and *De Republicâ* belong to this period.

It is not my purpose to dwell upon the merits of Cicero as a philosopher. But the hastiest survey of his life must not overlook the circumstance that it was he, first and perhaps alone, who opened to Rome those treasures of wisdom which till then were not only enshrined but concealed in the marvellous literature of Greece. To have done, for the second time, the work of Socrates upon philosophy; to have brought it down from the region of transcendental sages to the level of daily life and of common men; this was his legitimate boast, and the judgment of posterity has ratified it. An *original* thinker, perhaps, he was not; but he was what the world wants even more—a man of prodigious industry and boundless research, who could tell in the best of words what the wisest of men had thought.

At Rome his occupation was still that of twenty-five years earlier—the occasional prosecution and the frequent defence. A great demand was now to be made upon one quality which seldom, and another which never, failed him. Firmness and eloquence were alike needful for the defence of Milo. The hateful career of Clodius had been abruptly ended. His long course of turbulence, his violent aggressions upon life and property by the agency of hired ruffians, had had their natural effect. Others had learnt the same art. Milo, in particular, had hired a band of gladiators, with which he made reprisals upon Clodius. A strange time this, when even order must clothe itself in the garb of riot! Both were now candidates for office—Clodius for the prætorship, Milo for the consulship. The excitement of a contested election, always considerable, was by antecedent circumstances inflamed in this case into frenzy. It happened one afternoon

that Clodius, returning from the country with several armed attendants along the Appian Way towards Rome, encountered his enemy Milo, advancing from the city, with his usual retinue of gladiators. A scuffle ensued, in which Clodius was wounded. Taking refuge in a wayside tavern, he was pursued by his opponent, and left, with eleven of his followers, lifeless on the scene of the encounter. The arrival of the corpse in the city, with all the pomp and circumstance with which the fury of partisans could surround it, was the signal for a general riot, in which the senate-house and its adjoining portico were burnt to the ground, and of which the result was the appointment of Pompey to a third and sole consulship.

Pompey had no love for Clodius, but he dreaded scarcely less the turbulence of Milo. Every application, every offer in his behalf was coldly refused. The day of the trial arrived. The shops were shut, and the Forum crowded. Every avenue and passage was thronged with the ruffians of the murdered demagogue. High above the multitude, commanding the attention of the orator, and surrounded by an armed guard, sat the dictator-consul—his will well known, his power to enforce it obtruded upon the view. It was under these circumstances that Cicero rose in defence of Milo. His case was plausible, if not convincing. The encounter at Bovillæ had been planned, he said, not by Milo, but by Clodius. Clodius was on horseback, equipped for action: Milo was in a carriage, accompanied by his wife, and attended by her women. For the result the aggressor must be held responsible; and Clodius was the aggressor. But if otherwise—if the death of Clodius had been, in design as well as act, the work of Milo—he would have deserved, not the vengeance, but the gratitude, of the Republic, for ridding her of a pest so insufferable.

Such was the argument; and many a worse case had

satisfied a Roman jury. But the nerve of the orator was for once unequal to his eloquence. The parade of military force (though not personally unfriendly), and the murmurs with which his appearance was greeted by the faction of Clodius, robbed him of his accustomed fire, and neutralized the effect of that unrivalled oration, which, as we read it nineteen centuries afterwards, we pronounce to be irresistible. Milo was condemned and exiled; destined by his own restless genius to a yet worse end in the last days of that struggle which was now imminent.

The year which follows forms a curious episode in the life of Cicero. The command of a province, with the dignity and emoluments of a proconsul, was the great prize which stimulated the ambition of candidates for office at Rome. For Cicero it had no attractions. In his consulship, he had used his claim upon a province only as a means of winning his colleague to the side of duty. He had no military ambition; and in point of emolument a province was lucrative only to the unscrupulous. Besides, Rome was the centre of all his interests: whatever removed him from Rome was to him a misfortune. But a law now passed gave him no choice in the matter. 'An ex-consul of five years' standing must take a province, if the lot fell upon him. The lot did fall upon Cicero; and Cilicia, with its robber fastnesses and impending Parthians, was the province assigned to him.

With how much reluctance and how many lamentations he undertook this office, is known to all readers of his letters. From the day of his embarkation his incessant prayer to his friends is to prevent the extension of his governorship beyond one year. But, however uncongenial, the duty was nobly performed. It was well that, not in orations only or epistles, but in act and deed, he should show what a Roman magistrate might be to his province.

From the day of his arrival at Laodicea, he refused every purquisite and many statutable dues. He would neither accept, nor suffer any subordinate to accept, forage for his horses or firing for his kitchen. His table was maintained at his own charge, and yet open to all comers. His deportment was that of a Roman at Rome. He held his morning levee with all the courtesy and freedom of the metropolis. There was no porter to forbid ingress. There was no valet to delay access. He walked unattended in his colonnade, and conversed on equal terms with lieutenants and with Asiatics. When his Roman friends endeavoured to make a convenience of his authority, to exact a provincial debt, or to provide themselves with panthers for the shows of their ædileships, he turned a deaf ear to them. The result was what courtesy and equity in administration will always secure. He was worshipped by his subjects, and, after a few natural murmurs, obeyed and imitated by his subalterns.

Cicero was no soldier. In his early youth, to complete the education of a gentleman, he had served one campaign in the Italian war. In his consulship he had worn armour, directed movements, but not drawn the sword. He had now to expect active service. The dreaded Parthians had crossed the Euphrates, and were hanging on his frontier. With such troops as he had, he formed his camp and prepared for war. His lieutenant was his brother Quintus, who had served under Cæsar in Gaul. Everything was done, and well done, that the occasion required. Engagements took place, not indeed with the Parthians, but with the lawless tribes of the Cilician mountains, one of which earned for the pro-consul, at the hands of his army, the complimentary title of Imperator.

There is a strong wish in some minds to round the circle of honour. A civilian who has gained a battle cannot rest without a triumph. He could have contented himself with

the fame of an author, an orator, and a statesman, if nothing more had fallen in his way. But if he *can* go down to posterity as also a successful general, he feels that his life has been more complete. It is thus that I apologize for the anxiety of Cicero to extort from the senate the empty and (as it happened) ill-timed honours of a triumphal procession into Rome. In his eagerness for the passing pageant he counselled ill for his abiding reputation. When, amidst the agonies of a distracted country and the horrors of a civil war, he dragged with him from Rome to Capua, and from Capua to Brundisium, the encumbrance of those laurelled fasces which were the emblem of a demanded triumph; he left upon record a melancholy example of the possible littlenesses of real greatness, and of the damage done to the noblest character by the indulgence of a single weakness.

It is pleasant to contrast with such infirmity a record of a very different kind. Cicero had a slave named Tiro, who had risen by industry and ability to a position of trust and honour in his household. He assisted his master in his library, studied under his direction, and copied and preserved those invaluable letters which, but for him, might have been lost to us. On Cicero's return from his province Tiro was attacked by illness, and left behind in Achaia. Cicero wrote to him incessantly—often more than daily—in terms of the tenderest consideration, reproaching himself with leaving him, expressing his impatience for his return, but urging him on no account to allow his coming to be hurried, and to consider nothing but his health and inclination in the arrangements for his voyage. This is but one of a thousand indications of that more than woman's tenderness which makes the character of Cicero as attractive in its beauty as it is admirable in its strength.

Cicero reached Rome at a fearful moment. It had become impossible for Pompey and Cæsar to coexist longer

as citizens of one Republic. The senate had ceased to temporize, and cast in its lot with Pompey. Events followed each other with the speed of lightning. To the last moment the most ludicrous miscalculations were made in Rome of Cæsar's strength and Cæsar's daring. The possibility of disobedience, on his part, to the orders of the senate was ridiculed as sheer madness, and disbelieved accordingly. When the news came that, in defiance of those orders, he had crossed the Rubicon which bounded his province—that he had surprised Ariminum—that he was marching towards Rome—the panic was indescribable. Every preparation for resistance had still to be made. Pompey, the consuls, the senate, must disperse themselves where they could in quest of troops. In sixty days Cæsar was master of Italy, and Pompey had crossed the sea for Greece.

Cicero had left Rome with the rest of his order, but it was long before he could resolve to follow their flight from Italy. He loudly bewails in the letters of this period the miserable incapacity of Pompey. He would fain have been allowed in this struggle to stand neutral. But this was a position which neither party would concede to him. The senators across the water were already branding him as a renegade. Cæsar made it a condition that he should return to Rome, and return to register, or at least acquiesce in, his edicts. The result was that he crossed the Adriatic, and spent a miserable eighteen months in the camp at Dyrrhachium. When all was lost, he had no better resource than to throw himself upon the forbearance of the conqueror, and resume the occupations of peace.

It was in the interval between the victory and the death of Cæsar that Cicero suffered that heaviest of all his sorrows, the loss of his daughter Tullia. I know nothing in history more pathetic than the record of this grief. A man of the most affectionate nature, disappointed in every other

relation of public and private life, with an imperious wife, an irritable brother, and an often undutiful son—in this one point alone he had found rest. His anguish was inconsolable. He buried himself in the profoundest solitude—in the gloomy walks of his house at Astura—and nursed his misery into despair. What would he have given for one ray of that light which cheers the desolation of the Christian mourner! It is instructive to study the topics of consolation with which his friends approached him. “I cannot help mentioning,” says one of these, in a celebrated letter still extant, “one thing which has given me no small comfort, and may serve, perhaps, also to mitigate your grief. On my return from Asia, as I was sailing from Ægina towards Megara, I began to contemplate the prospect of the countries around me. Ægina was behind, Megara before me; Piræus on the right, Corinth on the left: all which cities, once famous and flourishing, now lie overturned and buried in their ruins. Upon this sight I could not but think presently within myself, Alas! how do we fret and vex ourselves if any of our friends happen to die, whose life is so short at the longest, when the carcasses of so many noble cities lie here exposed before me in one view! Believe me, I was not a little strengthened by this contemplation. Try the force of it upon yourself. Imagine the same prospect before your own eyes. Or, to come nearer home, consider how many of our greatest men have lately perished at once—what destruction has been made in the empire—what havoc in all its provinces—and then ask yourself how you can be so much shocked to be deprived of the fleeting breath of one feeble woman, who, if not now, must have died a few years later by the very law of her existence.” Alas! from such comforters well might Cicero turn away to his studies and to his writings, or to plans for the erection of temples to her whom his imagination had deified.

The next year witnessed that most striking of all the scenes of history—the assassination of Cæsar in the senate-house of Rome. Cicero was that day amongst the spectators. Rumour named him as an accomplice in the plot; but Shakespeare has more truly represented the fact, if not the reason, of his exclusion. Still, to a Roman, the morality of tyrannicide could be scarcely a doubtful question; and Cicero lost no time in applauding the deed, and aiding the cause of Brutus with his counsels and with his name.

I must not stay to unravel the tangled maze of events and of characters brought into view by the fall of Cæsar. The stage was speedily cleared of all save three actors—it might be said with more truth, of all save two. During the struggles which preceded this phase of the revolution, something of the same vacillation which had marked his earlier conduct was again apparent in Cicero. Through that year of agitation and excitement he never intermitted his literary labours: some of his greatest compositions date from this period. But he longed to escape from the manifold snares of that troublous time: he would bid farewell to Italy; he would visit his son at Athens, and return in happier days. He sailed slowly down the Campanian coast, writing as he went, and resting each night at some friend's seaside villa, till, in a fortunate hour, there met him at Rhegium a private summons from the capital, which revived within him an energy long dormant, and opened the last and brightest scene of his glory.

Cicero came to match himself against Antony. That unprincipled adventurer was in the act of throwing off the mask and opening the civil war. Twice before his departure he assailed Cicero in the senate; but the combatants, as it happened, never met. Cicero's line was at once taken. All hesitation, all reserve, were ended with him for ever. It was a time of magnificent, of redeeming, greatness. For

those few months Cicero was again what he had been in the days of Catiline. But the scale was larger. The stake was more enormous—for himself and for Rome. Through those long months, from September to April, the majestic volume of his Philippics was gradually unfolding—each oration marking some definite incident in the progress of events—each rising above the last in the vehemence of its invective and the persuasiveness of its enthusiasm. The sympathy of an enraptured audience, and the consciousness of a recovered dignity, roused into fresh life every energy of his soul; and when he closed his last effort, with the proposal of a fifty days' thanksgiving in honour of the victory of Mutina, it was in the tone of a man who feels that his work is done, and can enjoy the rest which follows it.

Cicero's work was done. We can picture to ourselves but too exactly the council which sealed his doom. The chances of war and the impulses of self-interest have united for the moment three rival leaders. On an island in the little river which flows by Bologna, there are seated together, in a three days' conference, the able and profligate Antony, the vain and incapable Lepidus, and one besides, the young Octavius—of deep discernment, and deeper dissimulation—the future Augustus of imperial Rome. On a table before them there lies a catalogue of illustrious names, and they are pricking them for proscription. Each by turns demands the sacrifice of an enemy, and it must be purchased by the sacrifice of a friend. Antony will surrender an uncle, if Lepidus will give up a brother. A list of three hundred senators and two thousand knights is at last completed. But there is a list within a list—seventeen pressing claims which must be satisfied on the instant. Need it be added that the first name on this list is that of Cicero?

It was now December, and Cicero was enjoying with his brother the repose of his villa at Tusculum. The aspect of

affairs was gloomy and threatening; but the bloody designs of the confederates were still secret, and the mild exterior and calm words of Octavius forbade despair. Suddenly the news is brought in that the ministers of death are in quest of them. The resolution is instantly taken; they must fly to the camp of the patriots in Macedonia. From Cicero's home at Astura they can at once embark and be free. Thither they were carried in litters, enjoying each other's conversation by the way. But a new difficulty presented itself—the want of money for their long exile. One of them must return—and to Rome. For Cicero, such an attempt would be madness: the search for his brother might be less keen. They parted—to meet no more. His brother, on reaching the city, was instantly detected, and murdered. Meanwhile, Cicero himself embarked at Astura, and slowly coasted along that familiar shore. But at nightfall, weary of the sickness and irresolution, which tormented him, he went ashore at Circeii, and lost some precious hours in a project, abandoned at daybreak, of killing himself on the threshold of Octavius at Rome. Again he resumed his voyage, and again, for the last time, determined to sleep on shore. His beloved villa at Formiæ was his latest resting-place. The agony of irresolution was now intolerable, and he implored his attendants to disturb him no more—to suffer him to die in peace, if it must be so, in the land which he had saved. For some hours he slept soundly: then his servants, lifting him in their arms, replaced him in his litter, and hurried through the woods towards the coast. Scarcely had they started, when the executioners reached the villa. The doors were closed against them; and, when they entered by force, they could obtain no tidings. At length they gained the clue. While some took the path through the wood, others went round to beset its outlet. But their task was soon ended. On their first appearance, Cicero directed his slaves

to set down the litter, and, with his chin resting on his hand—his favourite posture in meditation—he fixed his eye steadily on his murderers, and bade them strike.* The aspect of such misery and such courage shook, it is said, the resolution of the assassins, and prolonged the sufferings of the victim. By Antony's order, the head and the hands were severed from the body, to be affixed to the front of the Rostra at Rome:—for the head had planned, and the hands had written, those words of power, which only blood could expiate, and expiate at last without obliterating.

It is said that one of the authors of this tragedy lived to estimate more correctly the character and the merits of its victim. The intriguing dissembler has become the Emperor and the autocrat. Octavius has become Augustus. It might well be imagined that the name of Cicero would still either rekindle his resentment or disturb his conscience. Accordingly, a youthful member of his household, surprised one day in the midst of his reading by the Emperor's entrance, hastily concealed within his toga one of the works of the great orator. Augustus demanded the volume—read it, where he stood, with profound attention—and returned it with the emphatic observation, "My child, this was a learned man, and a true lover of his country."

The life of Cicero has drawn his character: I shall not detain you to moralize upon his end. A glorious end, as man judges; the death of a patriot, a philosopher, a hero; combining all that is great in courage with all that is beautiful in resignation. The very fact that to Cicero life was peculiarly dear, pain singularly painful, death unspeakably cheerless—must add to our admiration of his resolution even more than it deducts from our estimate of his philosophy. Viewed as a Christian must view it, the scene is gloomy and desolate; an *end indeed*, not a consummation; a sunset with no rising; a deluge without

its rainbow. Such—may the traveller exclaim, as he stands on that spot of surpassing beauty which tradition has marked out as the site of the catastrophe—such are the wages of this world. Such the vanity of its vanities. Such the measure of its gratitude. Such the satisfactions of its children. Here, in hopeless disappointment—without a ray of light from within or from above—fell one whose whole soul had yearned unconsciously throughout life for a strength and a peace and a love which would at once have sanctified his patriotism and illuminated his martyrdom. Alas, that such a thirst as his should have been left unslaked! that such a capacity for the Gospel should have remained to the end empty!

Authorship.

A LECTURE

BY THE

REV. THOMAS BINNEY,

WEIGH-HOUSE CHAPEL.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

IN EXETER HALL,

JANUARY 24, 1854.

AUTHORSHIP.

WHEN it was proposed to me to deliver one of the Lectures in the present course, I felt obliged to decline the request. I durst not undertake an engagement which, from what may reasonably be looked for by an audience like this, would, I well knew, make larger demands both on time and thought than I could afford to meet. When, however, it was stated, that on two of the evenings two short* papers were to be read, and I was requested to take one of these, I was induced to comply, feeling that less would be required, as less would be expected, than when a single mind has to be answerable for the whole of the evening's instruction. I

* As this was the understanding, and as this paper will probably appear to be longer than such an understanding would warrant, I think it proper to explain how that came to pass. I got interested in the subject, and wrote much more than I have here given. What is here, however, is all that I took with me to the Hall. It was never my intention to read more of that than the time allotted to me might permit, and then to promise to send the whole of it to the printer. Though I wrote more than what is included in this paper, I did not write all that suggested itself to me; and as I endeavoured to give this portion of the essay a sort of completeness, I confine myself, in its publication in this book, to what lay before me on the night of delivery and was promised to the audience. Whether I may ever recast and enlarge the piece, and attempt to make it into something that might be useful to such young men as it may interest, I cannot tell. That will depend on many circumstances.

greatly regret that the reading of two papers at the same time is confined to one evening, instead of taking place on two, as originally proposed, because, so far as my part in the experiment is concerned, I very deeply feel that it will not, by such a trial, have at all a fair chance of success.

In addition to this, you must permit me to say, that I have another very serious source of regret. I greatly fear that the word "Authorship" does not convey a correct idea of the object of this paper; it may have led to expectations which I did not mean to excite, and am not here to satisfy. The term, in itself, is vague and indefinite; too much so, for the use to which it has been put. It ought to have had some modifying epithet attached to it. The fault is mine,—but that only aggravates my regret. "Authorship" may be taken to signify so much,—the subject might be treated in such a variety of ways,—the word will have suggested such different ideas to different minds, and these, it may be, all so unlike anything I have thought of, that it is not only possible, but quite certain, the present essay will be productive of much more disappointment than pleasure. My sole object is merely to give a little plain, practical advice to some of these young men here, on a subject in which they happen to be interested, and on which, I happen to know, that a little advice is not unnecessary. From the apprehension, however, which I have expressed, of your coming here with other expectations, I frankly acknowledge that I have been greatly tempted to deviate from my original purpose, and to venture into that wide and fertile region, which the word "Authorship" naturally opens to all who can reflect, and who have any knowledge of writers and books. Without meaning any offence, I believe it may be said that a popular assembly generally likes better to be pleased than taught; and it is especially impatient if the subject of the lesson can only interest a few, and is of such a nature that it should

rather have been addressed in a more private way to those few themselves. This, unfortunately, is just my position in relation to what I have at present to say! • It *would* have been better—far more pleasant and agreeable to myself—for this paper to have been read at the rooms of the Society to those only whom it may concern; and it would have been better for *you*—a great deal more entertaining, at least, and perhaps more acceptable—if I had decided on leaving my first object, and had launched out in pursuit of the thousand and one things which the word “Authorship” suggests. Why, one might have gone back, like a Welsh pedigree, and have begun even *before* the beginning! The world once was without books,—without so much as a solitary author! Some may think that it would have been well for the world to have remained so; as a sort of author myself, *my* wonder is that it could live a day in such a state of melancholy destitution! Then, there were the faint, prophetic foreshadowings of Authorship, — the first rude embodiments of thought—of ideas that took hold of men—were regarded as memorable—got fixed in the general mind—and were, after a fashion, *published* and perpetuated in traditionary verse. Then, passing by pyramids and obelisks, and pictures and hieroglyphics, we might come down to alphabetical writing—that wonderful art (was it not an inspiration?—something divinely taught?)—that which gives visibility to sound,—catches it in the air as it issues from the lip, throws it on paper, and makes it stand forth in colour and form—which speaks to the eye—and which teaches language to become the guardian, in addition to its being the exponent, of thought! What questions, too, might be started in relation to the past! Whether the earlier invention of printing, for instance—in the times, say, of Plato or Cicero—would have been beneficial or otherwise for the world? Then, how wonderful it is, that by the instrumentality of a few written signs,—letters growing into

words, and words into books,—men should continue to live after they are dead, and be felt as a power and a presence in the earth! Of many who have been dead thousands of years, it may be truly said that they are more *alive* now than they were when seen and heard by their contemporaries! Look at the thing in another light,—take it commercially. London and Leeds, Birmingham and Manchester, may alike say, or be invited to notice, how wonderful it is that persons who wrote and spoke in Greek and Latin, and who belonged to nations that for so many ages have ceased to exist, should actually be *giving employment* at this moment to thousands of workmen in different branches of headcraft and handicraft, and, as having produced a permanently marketable article, are to many the source of wealth,—to more the givers of bread!* Then, to think of the slow diffusion of books, the limits to their popularity and multiplication, when all had to be copied by the hand; or when an author, instead of being published by others over the counter, had first to publish himself by reading his works to his assembled friends! How astonishing the difference *in these our times!* Millions upon millions of volumes are now annually produced. There were living in Germany it was said, not long since, more than fifty thousand men who had each written a book, or *books*. How many *live* authors there may be at this moment in Europe and America, who shall say? Who can conjecture what is in reserve for posterity by the constant increase in the number of books, and the growing facilities for their rapid issue and extensive diffusion, when successful? Then, what a perfect marvel is the modern newspaper! and, through it, what a power is wielded by anonymous authorship!

* For this thought, and for some of the other points enumerated in the course of this long paragraph, the writer is indebted to Rogers's Essay on "The Vanity and Glory of Literature," in his collected pieces from the "Edinburgh Review." The article will richly repay perusal.

Then, what interest there attaches to many departments of literary history!—lost books, forgotten books, neglected books; the royal and noble authors of books; the unlearned, the self-taught; dullness in wig and gown, and full-dress; genius at the loom, in the field, and at the forge. Voluminous authors, too, and authors of only one book,—authors whose title to distinction rests on a few pages, and whose claim society admits. Then, what topics open to us in looking at the peculiarities of the literary character, and at the personal history of literary men! How one might single out remarkable individuals,—one for his success, another for his misfortunes; one as the type of the poetical temperament, another as the representative and mirror of his age! Publishers might be extolled as the best and worthiest encouragers of literature; or the question might be started whether or not Campbell was right in toasting Buonaparte as a benefactor to his species (and especially to authors), *because he had hanged a bookseller!* So we might go on, touching on this and the other topic suggested by the word which stands for the theme of the present paper,—the lights of philosophy, the eccentricities of genius,—fortune and fame,—beggary and disgrace,—the bright and attractive side of the vocation (for it has such),—

“Or, all the ills the author’s life assail,—
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.”

A speaker, or lecturer, would always rather be interesting than dull; he would rather have attention, excite sympathy, and impart pleasure, than be heard with listlessness, and voted a bore. He would rather keep people in good humour to the last, than have to hurry to a close amid the noise of a restless and retreating assembly, in the face of its murmured disapprobation, or its hardly disguised or repressed impatience.

With all this, however, most distinctly before me, I have withstood the temptation to break faith with myself. I shall proceed, therefore, to attempt what, from the first, I proposed to do,—*and nothing else*. Confining myself to one topic, keeping to that, limiting my remarks to what belongs to it, and giving up the wide range I might have taken, I shall hope to be rewarded by one or two things which are worth a little self-denial to secure. I may be repaid, perhaps, by depositing in some minds a few of those seeds of thought which, one day, may come to have results far more valuable than any present, momentary pleasure; and I may find, moreover, myself, as Wordsworth has so beautifully sung in relation to his use of the sonnet, that my own part is not only easier but pleasanter, from my being confined to “a scanty plot of ground.” Such “solace” may be found there as those only can understand—

(“ And such there needs must be,
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty.”

II.

Some few months since I consented to be one of a small committee to examine a number of prize essays. These essays were to be written by young men—shopmen, clerks, and persons in some way connected with business. A large number of manuscripts was sent in. Many of them were exceedingly creditable to the talents, skill, and industry of the writers. I was surprised, however, to observe that several were absurdly below what any man of sense would suppose a real printed book ought to be! I could not but notice, too, that some, which were distinguished by unquestionable indications of originality and power, were blemished and disfigured, and rendered inadmissible, by carelessness

or haste, by confusion of thought, or from inattention to style, and utter ignorance of composition as an art. A few of the essays were evidently thrown off, or *dashed* off. We were favoured, I fear, by some of these aspirants to the honours of authorship with their first copy—with what older men would call a rough draft—the faint, unformed elements of thought—on which toil and taste would be afterwards employed. There was one really clever essay that had not such a thing as a new paragraph, a rest, or break, for about twenty pages! It went on and on, like some ladies' letters (and gentlemen's, too), without pause, and without points. It put me in mind of Lord Byron's letter to Murray, in which he asked him, in relation to a piece of prose manuscript, "whether he knew anybody that could put in the stops?" In many there was the neglect of order and arrangement. Few indicated anything like an approach to the perception of harmony in the construction of sentences. In most of them, too, there was the want of compression; the general argument was not condensed; in particular paragraphs you looked in vain for what was terse, forcible, or suggestive. Ideas, really good in themselves, were feebly put, and loosely illustrated; the sense was so beaten out into verbiage that you lost sight of what got so thin, and your attention flagged under the tiresome prolixity. In many cases, if the labour which had been employed to write what was so long, had been resolutely exerted to make the piece short—to put all that was said into half the size—it would have been a great relief to those who had consented to read the manuscripts, and might have resulted in some of the "rejected addresses" getting into print.

I never wrote as a competitor for a prize, but I *have* written, and printed too! As an old hand, then, at this sort of work—blotting and spoiling good paper, by making but indifferent books—I could not help being greatly interested in the

young authors to whom I have referred. I should have been a traitor and a renegade to the profession, if I had not felt that there was much to be commended in every one of them. I hold it to be a laudable ambition—the wish to send into the world a new book—a thing that can speak as soon as it is born (if the world will only give it the opportunity!) A new *man* cannot do that! It is a serious matter, though, the bringing forth of intellectual offspring. In looking at the great bundle of manuscripts which lay before me—written in all varieties of penmanship, and on all sorts and sizes of paper—I could not help thinking of the pangs and throes with which some of them, no doubt, had been produced—the parental partiality with which they had been welcomed when born in secret, and the fond affection which followed them still! I could well understand the tremulous anxiety of which they were the objects; the hopes and fears, the thoughts and dreams, which hung about, and hovered over them; the wishes that went with them, when they were sent forth to abide their fate; and the palpitating apprehensions, the strange mixture of fear and impatience, with which the decision and sentence were anticipated, which should either return them to whence they came, or advance them to the dignity of printed books:—

“None but an author knows an author’s cares
Or Fancy’s fondness for the child she bears.”

Thus, then, it came to pass that, when requested to read to you a short essay, instead of giving a lecture, the thought struck me that it might not be amiss to take up the subject of original composition. I am well aware that it is a thankless thing to give advice, and especially so if unasked. *When* asked, it is often unwelcome to men in general; and as to *authors*, the whole fraternity, even those in the earliest stage of developement, in what Young would call “the

bud of being," it is generally thought that they, of all men, are the least sensible of the value of such service, and are disposed to resent, with singular ingratitude, anything that comes to them in the form of advice. It is said that you must approach an author with extreme caution, and that even then you incur great risk. Your words may be pearls, every one of them, but the chances are that the unhappy man will "trample them under his feet, and turn again and rend you!" You will be glad to escape from his passion or impatience, and may possibly find that you have got a lesson instead of giving one! I am well aware that all this, and a great deal more of the same sort, is thought and said. But I was not to be deterred by such slander—by so base a calumny on my own craft. I don't admit the truth of the representation in respect to the constituted members of the guild; and I have more faith in those of you who aspire to membership than to admit it in relation to you. You all know that, as no man can command who has not been accustomed to obey, so none can teach who is not willing to learn. Knowing this, I am quite sure that those amongst you whom I more immediately address, will at once accord to me a listening ear, and listen with appreciating and, perhaps, grateful regard.

Authorship is a very different thing, in some respects, and in some departments, from what it used to be. The ability to write is far more general than it once was; the facilities for publication, in one form or other, are very numerous. In fact, invitations to write—invitations addressed specifically to the young, to artisans, to shop-keepers' assistants, and other classes, are now frequent; classes in which, formerly, if any one was found capable of writing, or addicted to it, he was thought a prodigy, or thought himself so—both things being about equally bad. A prize was offered, a few years since, for "Essays on the

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Sabbath," by working men—men literally engaged in the various handicrafts. There were sent in 1057—the most popular of the successful pieces being written by "A Labourer's Daughter." The Evangelical Alliance offered prizes for essays "On the Principles and Operations of Infidelity among the Working Classes;" all competitors for these prizes being limited wholly to this class of persons. There were sent in one hundred and nine. The essays to which I have already referred, as having myself been one of the adjudicators, were called for by "Prizes offered exclusively to young men engaged in commercial pursuits." There were sent in forty-six. Some years ago prizes were twice offered to the same class of persons for essays "On the Late Hours' System in Shops, and the Advantages of Early Closing." There were sent in, on the first occasion, about fifty; on the second, above one hundred. Such facts seem to indicate the existence of a very general disposition, and also of a general ability to write. Young men—men engaged in trade and manufactures, in warehouses and workshops, are ready, it seems, to embody their thoughts in original composition, and even to anticipate their possible appearance in the palpable form of a printed book. I am willing to hope that it may be a good and an acceptable service to explain to such, *one* only of the necessary and essential conditions of success.

III.

On an occasion like this, and considering who they are whom I am anxious to serve, I think it proper to make the statement, and to affirm and insist upon the fact, that it is quite possible for one who is a mere English scholar to write well—with force, purity, eloquence, and effect. I have the highest idea of the importance of thorough clas-

sical culture,—of the immense and incalculable advantages (the want of which, in some respects, nothing can supply) of a full scholastic and university education. I printed my views on that subject some twelve years since, and there is nothing in what I then wrote which I see any reason either to modify or retract.* In entire consistency, however, with those views—views expressive of the deepest sense of the value and importance of classical learning—I assert, and I wish you young men to believe and remember it, that one who knows nothing but his own tongue, may (if he likes) learn to use it with far more effect than thousands of those *do* who have studied the languages, and read the masters and models of antiquity. There was a time when England had not much of a literature of its own, and did not sufficiently value what it had; then, partly from the fashion of the age, and partly from the necessities of the case, even ladies, if they read, or read much, had to read Latin and Greek, for thus only could great and good authors be reached. This reason, however, does not hold now; whatever might be the benefit to English ladies of their learning the ancient tongues, it certainly is not necessary for them to do so, from the meagreness of their own literature—the want of thorough good English books. In like manner, there was a time when, if a man was to learn to write well, it was incumbent upon him to study the great writers of Greece and Rome,—though, even then, he could not do much *in English* beyond what English writers had done before him; for no man can be very far beyond the style and fashion of his time. While the learned were writing for each other in Latin, English was gradually advancing upon them; it was getting moulded, improved, purified, enriched. Age after age saw it develope; ever and anon something was

* See "EDUCATION." Two Addresses delivered at Mill Hill School.

achieved ; it kept growing in strength, stature, compass, refinement ; it forgot some words—it learnt others ; it got thoroughly formed, fixed, perfected ; acquired fulness of tone, variety of cadence, force of character ; so that now we have books in all possible styles of writing, to which every English reader has access, and by the study of which any one may be disciplined in English authorship. He who will put himself under these masters, and do justice to their lessons and their example, may acquire power over his own tongue, ability to embody and adorn his thoughts, to an extent far superior to what *they* will possess who have enjoyed the advantages of a learned education, *if they have not gone and done likewise*. Whatever may be a man's acquaintance with other literature and other languages, to be attractive and classical as an *English* writer, he must study English ; and England is now so rich in those who have used, or who use, her tongue, that he who knows only *that*, has ample means for learning *so* to speak in it, that the world shall listen—provided always that he has something to say.

“ Provided that he has something to say ; ” of course. We assume that. If a man has not something to say, he better ~~hold~~ his tongue, and certainly he better refrain from authorship. But I wish you to understand that, even when a man *has* something to say, the “ listening ” will not follow, or not always, unless there be something also in his mode of saying it. That there may be this, he must work and toil—*toil and work*. He must make it an object. He must labour upon style. He must give hours, and days, and nights, to *that*. His style must be his own, and it must be natural and simple ; but, to be his own, it must be formed by the study of other men's ; and to be simple and natural, it must be gradually arrived at by long devotion to composition as an art. This one thing, — the necessity for labour—for labour of this sort, and on this object,—*that*

is the one lesson which I bring to you young men to-night. If you wish to succeed as the writers of prize essays, or as the writers of anything else, ponder the lesson, and profit by it.

It is of more importance to *you* than to those who receive a higher education; who, whether they aim at and think of it or not, cannot help acquiring, while learning other tongues, something of power and skill as to their own. In acquiring the knowledge of Latin and Greek, they come into contact with the masters of the world,—with the men whose writings are distinguished by every attribute, and include every species, of excellence,—who have supplied models in every department, and left behind them lessons for all time. Students are taught, among other things, to notice peculiarities of style and expression; they may be required to write out careful translations of characteristic passages,—and if they have anything of spirit and enthusiasm, they will do this whether it be positively required or not. All along, as these classical scholars grow up into men, they necessarily become acquainted with the best writers in the English language. They cannot avoid reading a great deal. They must do so to acquire the knowledge which, as gentlemen, they are expected to possess. But in reading even with this view, they cannot be insensible to the characteristic peculiarities of our different writers. Their education and habits enable them to understand their excellencies and their defects; they can compare them with the works of the great authors to whom their daily studies introduce them; they read and hear discussions of various sorts, on everything connected with writing as an art; and hence, from the necessity of the case—without their having laboured at English composition, or made the attainment of an English style the object of specific and patient pursuit—such men can hardly help having skill and

power when they come to write. By necessary consequence, taste has been formed, a spirit imbibed, an influence felt, a knowledge of, and power over, words acquired; all the elements of good writing are thus generated and developed as by a natural growth, with unconscious spontaneity, so that when the time comes for something to be written, it can *be* written, and written well. It is very different, however, with *you*, who are not subjected to this mental discipline, and who must do for yourselves, by the study of writers in your own language, what in a great degree is done *for* a man, who is thoroughly drilled in classical scholarship. True, however, to what I have already said, I adhere to my former statement, in spite of all that I have now advanced; and I beg to repeat it in another form. Let it be understood, then, that many classical scholars would be nothing the worse, but something very much the contrary, for some tolerably long and laborious study of our own writers, with a specific view to their writing English,—their purposed attainment of a thoroughly good English style. I believe, moreover, that none of our great and distinguished men, who dazzle or charm, soothe or captivate, by the power, splendour, or graces of their diction,—none of them would ever have written as they do, if they had been content with what *they could not help*,—what was forced into, or came to them, as the unavoidable result of their training and education. Depend upon it, whatever the learning of our great authors, they became great, as English writers, by study and toil; by making the style in which they were to write the object at once of effort and ambition; giving—till they attained something like what they sought, or found out what they could do—their days and nights to the labour and the luxury. To such men it would be both.

IV.

Independently of all idea of your becoming authors, by actually sending anything to the press—which, in respect to most of you, I do not seriously apprehend or contemplate—independently of this, I recommend and urge the practice of composition, and of very careful and laborious composition, on all young men devoted to self-culture, and determined on self-advancement. If you will not only read, but also write—and do all you can to write well—I am sure you will derive great and manifold advantage from this; and I think, too, that I can promise you, in addition, a good deal of intellectual delight. After reading, for instance, the history of some particular period, if you will set to work and write your recollections and impressions, or construct an original narrative of your own, you will see what you can remember, you will find out what you have forgotten, you will ascertain how the historical events and characters fashion themselves to your apprehension and judgment. Such an exercise will discipline the memory, call forth your powers of discrimination, test your ability to record facts and to describe character, and in many ways may reveal to you something about yourselves well worth knowing. If you read the works of some poet, and then try to write an estimate of him, putting down your impressions of his genius,—what strikes you, in his thoughts or style, his imagery or measures, as in any way peculiar,—or what you suppose, from their effect upon yourself, must be the probable tendency or influence of his writings,—you will bring out, I believe, by such an effort, thoughts and feelings which had been passing within you half-unconsciously, which never would have been recalled, and never caught, but for the exercise which seizes and detains them. It is very useful

to write an analysis of a book, or of some extended and elaborate discourse ;—to put down with your own hand, and in your own words, what appears to you to be the order of the writer's ideas,—the cohesion, articulations, and success of his argument. After reading on any particular subject, either in one book or several (two or three are often to be preferred to one, for in many departments, or at particular times, it is better to read *subjects* than books), after doing this, if you try to write something of the subject yourself, to arrange your thoughts and state your conclusions, to argue and illustrate it in your own way, you will find out whether you understand it or not, or how far you understand it ; and, if you do understand it, you will get such a hold of it,—you will so see it, and so apprehend it, in all its lights, aspects, and accidents, that it will most likely never be lost—never forgotten. In this way, original composition may be used as an instrument of mental culture ; I believe it to be one singularly efficacious. It braces the faculties, it gives them strength, nimbleness, dexterity, by the tasks it imposes and the duties it demands ; it is an enemy to self-deception, by the terrible disclosures it sometimes makes as to the crudeness of your conceptions, the treachery of your memory, the poverty of your knowledge, your inability to express, clearly and competently, even what you know : it is favourable to growth and progress, by virtue of the great law of our nature, that power shall be increased and good secured by every honest and hearty effort at using rightly the strength we have.

Whatever you do, in your attempts at writing, always do your best ;—as to matter and manner, thought and style, labour at this. I return, you see, to my one lesson. I do so because I believe that the results of what I am now recommending, depend upon it,—its results, both as to solid advantage, and to safe and allowable delight. You must

work at the substance of your thoughts—their order and cohesion ; you must see to it that they are just, true, full, select—accurately arranged as parts of an argument, artistically so, to awaken interest or secure impression. You must labour, also, at something more than merely expressing them—expressing them so as to make them intelligible. A great deal of your labour, in your first efforts at original writing, must be spent upon writing itself—on composition as an art. Severe, painstaking, prolonged effort, thus directed, will have its reward—a manifold reward. It will not only assist your main object—intellectual culture, but it will be attended with great and intense pleasure. Time spent in testing terms, in moulding sentences, in observing the shades and colours of words, in finding out synonymous or parallel expressions, in forming the ear to harmony and rhythm, in compelling it to listen to march and cadence, and to become sensible to the niceties of measure and modulation ;—time thus spent will not only *not* be lost, as to solid improvement, but will be rich in enjoyments of no common order. Always doing your best, you will soon learn to do things well. Your power over words will rapidly increase. Habit will give facility and command. Your style will get formed. When you sit ~~down~~ to write, you will easily find fitting phraseology ; words will come at your call, or without being called—certainly without their being anxiously sought—and they will take their places without effort. You will not have to think about *how* to say a thing—you will say it ; and you will often be able to write straight on without attention to style at all, except that inward, secret, sentinel-like attention, of which every practised speaker is conscious, who, in the very act and ardour of utterance, while apparently absorbed by the passion of the moment, is yet looking a-head, choosing and rejecting among different terms which suggest themselves to his mind, that he may clench his argument or close his appeal in the man-

ner best adapted to his purpose. I must be permitted, further, to say, that the man who has paid attention to composition as a serious business, and who really knows something about it,—I must be permitted to say that he, in comparison with other men, will have an additional pleasure—a pleasure all his own—in reading anything well and artistically written. He looks at it as a painter can look upon a picture—who feels a thrill of delight or admiration, from the perception in the work of what is utterly unseen by the untaught eye. He who practically knows what authorship is, as a labour and an art, will derive a pleasure with which none can intermeddle from the contemplation of the successful efforts of others. I think, too, that he will be the most candid and tolerant, because he will be the most deep-seeing and discriminating of critics.

V.

The style of an author depends,¹ it must be acknowledged, upon many things, though, whatever be its characteristics,—provided it be an excellence—that, and everything else that is good about it must, I believe, have been attained, or perfected, by earnest labour at one time or other. I have no faith in anything else. I don't believe in inspirations and impulses—that is, I don't believe in them as the means of bringing things to perfection, though I know well their necessity or use in supplying or starting what effort must elaborate. A man's style is himself; it cannot but be marked by whatever belongs to him; it will betray his weaknesses, it will indicate his strength; it flows from his temperament, if it be peculiar; it is coloured by his genius, if he has any. Passion and earnestness, vigour or timidity, anything powerful or predominant in a man, will

make themselves seen and felt in his style. It is like his walk, his step, his tone of voice, his manners, his dress, or anything else which, as an outward and visible sign, embodies and reveals the inward life. Still, admitting all this, I adhere firmly to my lesson and my text. The way in which a man's style will be himself, will be greatly affected by his attention to it; by the kind and degree of labour he bestows upon it; by the books whose early or accidental influence directed, or misdirected, his efforts; by that culture which corrects and subdues instinct and impulse, which purifies taste, reveals the true idea of the perfect disrobed of eccentric peculiarities, and prompts the individual to reach and realise it. By long, patient, and successful service, a man comes to throw off his compositions, marked and modified by those qualities which it once cost him toil to attain, but which now belong to whatever is his, as by right and necessity—coming at his call with ease and naturalness. However, at one time, style itself may be a primary object; it is so for the very purpose that the man may get *above that*, and may so write as for it not to intrude upon him, and not to be permitted to intrude itself on others. All labour, indeed, on writing as an art, looks ultimately to this end. The composition must be distinguished by that which nothing but labour can bestow, but the labour itself must not be seen. Nature is the last thing that comes to us, or the last that we understand—the slowest to be acquired; to be really natural demands all the resources of the most consummate skill. No doubt the man, as we have said, may be seen in his style, as in anything else; but, in proportion as it is simple, and unaffected, and free from obtrusive and offensive mannerism, and all other literary vices and misdemours, he will have purified and perfected it by patient toil, by the exercise of principle, by intellectual conscientiousness, by adhering to a regal and righteous standard, by good sense, by honesty of purpose,

and many other things which make the discipline of authorship something analogous to the discipline of virtue. "I trace my success," says Norreys, in Bulwer's novel,—"I trace my success as an author to these three maxims, which are applicable to all professions: first, never to trust to genius for what can be obtained by labour; second, never to profess to teach what we have not studied to understand; third, never to engage our word *to what we do not do our best to execute.*" In learning to write, you young men engage *with yourselves* to do something, and *to yourselves* you must be true and honest; in venturing on the composition of a prize-essay, or anything else that may see the light, you enter into serious engagements *with others*; and in either case it is incumbent upon you *to do your best.* In addition to the thorough understanding of your subject, I urge the importance of your writing well; and I insist on the absolute necessity of labour in order to this. It is not enough that what you say is intelligible, if it be unattractive; it is not enough for it to be free from faults, if it be feeble, for feebleness will make it faulty throughout. I do maintain, that if a thing is worthy to be written at all, it is worthy of being written in the best possible way—in a way that will be auxiliary to your object in writing it; with such properties of style and illustration as shall give it effect, make it stick in the memory, sink into the soul, excite the imagination, carry the judgment, rouse energy, stimulate the feelings, or something or other besides merely being itself said,—which certainly may be after such a fashion as, while perfectly intelligible, shall be dull, heavy, tiresome, repulsive, without power to sustain attention, or anything to help the writer's end.

In learning to write, I don't think you will get much benefit from professed treatises on the art of composition. Such books, if very elementary, may be of use to those who really know nothing at all of composition as a practical

thing, and who wish to attempt it. It would be a great advantage, however, in such a case, and a great saving of time, for a youth to have the aid of an intelligent friend, who could act occasionally as his teacher and guide, and give him the benefit of his own experience. After a person has made some advances in the practical knowledge of the art, he will read "Blair's Lectures," or "Campbell's Philosophy of Rhetoric," and similar works, with intelligent interest, and may do so with much advantage. The great thing, however, is, for a young man distinctly to understand that he can no more be taught to write by rules and directions than he can be taught to ride or swim, or to do any sort of handicraft by theoretical instruction merely, or by a philosophical or technical explanation of the nerves and muscles, which, by such and such an exercise, are to be brought into play. Your plan must be, to read good writers; to observe how *they* write; and to familiarise yourselves with their spirit and diction. Open your minds and hearts to their influence; place your souls in the sunlight of their power; their correctness will purify your taste, their excellence will elevate your ideal, their achievements will awaken your ambition, their inspiration will fire your purpose. ~~Imitate~~ Imitate them, if you like; not one only, but several; try your hand in various directions and on different models; you may catch something from each, while you must take care yourselves to be caught by none. They will combine in their influence and effects; they will draw forth and modify whatever original power you possess; you will find out what it is that is natural to that power; you will acquire the art of using it aright. In doing this, you will learn to do what will be nature; and it will be that because it will be *you*,—you, however, freed alike from the defects and the excesses which always deform what is untaught, and raised towards that into which your original power was intended to be

developed—both parts of the process being the gradual result of slow elaboration.

VI.

Although the great authors, whose works are distinguished by some grand or striking peculiarity of style, which places them apart and by themselves, each from the other, and all from the common crowd of writers,—although these are comparatively few, yet style itself, as a thing distinguishable by some one or more characteristic attributes, is capable of almost endless varieties, or at least of being described by a great number of epithets or names. It may be called pure, mixed, simple, elaborate, splendid, ornate, forcible, sweet, smooth, sparkling, gorgeous, grotesque, strong, airy, light, massive, obscure, heavy, clear, plain, eloquent, grand, sententious, copious, fluent, nervous, muscular, robust, weak, glowing, dull, attenuated, feeble, coarse, fine, superfine, tawdry, dry, bald, figurative, poor, rich, silvery, metaphorical, polished, elegant, chaste, florid, declamatory, natural, deformed, affected, twaddling, harmonious, harsh, firm, compact, sleepy, turgid, poetical, condensed, diffuse, prosy, ambitious, vicious, vulgar, pointed, flat, &c. &c. &c.!

Now, I believe that a man may often go through a good many of these varieties before he settles down into that which belongs to him. If that be something bad, it belongs to him because *he* is so, intellectually speaking; if it is the contrary, it is because *he* has got over the errors and faults into which young writers for the most part fall (as youth falls in relation to goodness), has come to a better mind, and learnt to be willing to do his duty like an earnest and honest workman. But depend upon it, young men, this is never the result of mere nature,—unregulated impulse, untaught and

untrained effort,—nor is it ever attained without toil and conquest, though the indications of this may not be seen, nor even the struggle itself suspected,—never, any more than the highest virtue is natural to man,—can ever be secured without a battle,—or ever become fixed, settled, established, without our committing in the pursuit many a fault, and suffering in the process many a fall and many a failure.

Familiarity with the best writers will help you in forming your style; designed imitations of these, at one period of your progress, may greatly contribute to your ultimate object; but you must not become the copyist of any. Mannerism is bad, even when original; it is a thousand times worse in an imitator or a mimic. The great thing is, to succeed in realising a designed result, to the idea of which others may contribute, but not to betray the thought of the models by which it may have been suggested, nor the instruments and appliances by which it may have been reached. A similar principle to this, which belongs to the acquisition of style, applies to the substance of your attempted compositions. When you have something on hand which you are engaged in writing, you may read anything upon it, or on kindred subjects, reading only for stimulus and excitement. You are not to read to borrow or steal; but you may read, and frequently must, for suggestion and inspiration. The thing sought, is not what you will get out of the author, but what the author will enable you to find in yourselves. A word or thought, a metaphor or allusion, will excite your mind, and set it off on something which had occurred to you, or on something akin to it, or may even suggest something new; and you will thus come to enrich your work, or to adorn and perfect it, with some conception novel to yourselves, which you had not thought of, which the author you were reading had never thought of, but which, nevertheless, never would have been produced but for the spur applied to

your invention or memory, your heart or imagination, by something or other which that author said. The thing is not his, but yours; yet it would not have been yours, or you would not have known that you had it, or could create it, if it had not been for *him*. This is one of the great secrets of authorship—one of the deepest mysteries of the craft! It may account for things that look like thefts; but it has done far more to adorn books by originality than it ever did to debase them by imitation. It is like the harp and hand of the Hebrew minstrel, in the analogous case of the Hebrew prophet. The external operations of another's skill influenced the soul, and awoke to action the dormant energies of the gifted seer. The sound of the instrument aroused and animated the prophetic impulse; it drew forth from the soul it touched what it did not put there, but what would not have come, nevertheless, but for the external stimulus it brought.

I shall conclude this paper by a single extract, which will sustain and fortify everything I have said. It is taken from one who has an unquestionable right to be heard. There is a small railway volume entitled, "Essays from The Times." It consists of articles and reviews which originally appeared in that newspaper. The book is anonymous, though the author is supposed to be pretty well known. Be that, however, as it may, the book itself, considered as so much English writing, is attractive and admirable in the highest degree. The style is terse, compact, easy, forcible. The book abounds with sentences exquisitely constructed, chiselled and polished to the utmost perfection,—with passages and paragraphs surpassingly beautiful. You meet with nothing like prolixity or carelessness; nothing that appears feeble or dull, or as if flung off in wantonness or haste. Time has been taken to condense and compress; labour has been bestowed in selecting and detaining what was fitting to be said, and in rejecting at once irrelevant

thoughts and superfluous expressions. Hard as I can suppose such a writer to have laboured once on composition as an art, and easy as I can imagine he may now find it to throw off, if occasion require, a strong, pointed, eloquent article, worthy of being perpetuated just as it flows from his practised pen, without transcription and without revision, I yet cannot, I confess, believe but that such pieces as compose this book, and such as I fancy I sometimes see from him in "The Times" still, are even now the result of somewhat slow and careful elaboration, of constant recurrence to the principles of his art by the accomplished writer, and of his continued labouring on style itself as one of the conditions of literary success. This critic, then, in a review of Grote's "History of Greece," delivers himself on the subject of the present essay, in a way worthy of the attention of every writer who aspires to anything like artistic excellence. Listen to his words. After speaking highly of the substantial value of Mr. Grote's work, he proceeds to notice a defect in the workmanship. I extract from the passage the following sentences:—

"It is pity that such high intrinsic merits should be marred, both as regards the pleasure and the instruction of the reader, by a fatal deficiency of style. It is pity, but it is true. Mr. Grote seems to have lived in the works of the Greek writers till he has almost forgotten the forms and cadence of his mother-tongue. It is not only that he so frequently has resort to an uncouth Greek compound when he might easily express the same idea in two or three English words, if not in one; there is a perpetual clumsiness in his construction of common sentences and his use of common words. Clarendon himself is not harder or more tortuous. Even in purely narrative parts, which ought to flow most easily, the understanding of the reader can seldom keep pace with his eye. Cyclopean epithets are

piled together, almost at random, on any substantive which will have the complaisance to receive them. The choice of expression and metaphor is sometimes such as almost to rival the achievements of Castlereagh in his happiest hour. We have people existing, 'not as individual names on paper, but simply as an imposturous nominal aggregate,' [and such like.] * * * We are sorry to say that these instances are taken from the last two volumes, so that Mr. Grote does not improve as he advances. * * * The redeeming point, and a great redeeming point it is, is the total absence of anything like affectation. All the peculiarities are genuine, and everything that is genuine in composition, though it cannot be admired, may be borne. But for this, we should be compelled to class one of the best of English books among the very worst of English writings. Mr. Grote must remember, that no man who writes for posterity can afford to neglect the art of composition. 'The trimmer bark, though less richly laden, will float farther down the stream of Time; and when so many authors of real ability and learning are competing for every niche in the temple of Fame, *the coveted place will assuredly be won by style.*'"

The Study of Modern History
in London.

A LECTURE

BY THE

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THE STUDY OF MODERN HISTORY.

It was a great satisfaction to me to find, after choosing this subject for a Lecture, that it was the very one which had been commended to your special attention by the distinguished man who has done you and us the honour of opening this course of Lectures by advice on the best mode of systematic reading; and I trust that in what I am about to say there will be nothing inconsistent with the spirit of his remarks.

I need not waste words on the great importance and interest of Modern History—of History altogether, ~~as the~~ link which binds together the successive generations of mankind—of Modern History in particular, as that of which we ourselves form a part. But when I come to speak of the study of it, the same question, doubtless, will occur to every one—How can we hope to grapple with such an immense subject? On the one hand, detailed histories of the whole extent of English or of European history are entirely beyond our reach; on the other hand, short abridgements and compendiums are so dry and meagre, that we hardly learn anything from them. To a certain extent this difficulty is insurmountable. If we would know History fully, we must bestow much time upon it; if we wish to

know it compendiously, we must be content to lose half its instruction, and almost all its attractions.

Still, there is a remedy arising from the very nature of History itself, which, as soon as we are reminded of it, we can apply for ourselves. In history, as in everything else, it is a great mistake to look upon everything that is told us as of equal importance. Here, as elsewhere, there are some points which concentrate and condense in themselves whole masses of inferior events; so that, if we know them thoroughly, we shall be able to know a vast number of lesser objects, before, and behind, and around us, which those greater points involve. If we can get hold of any one point of this kind, it is like ascending to the top of some commanding height, over a large city or country: what seemed all confused and unintelligible whilst we were in the streets or the plain now assumes its proper proportion and meaning. One hour of such a view is worth days of minuter investigation amongst the various objects which we now see unrolled before us as in a map. Abridgements which should, as it were, leap from one such eminence to another, describing particular epochs, persons, events, places, with great ~~fulness~~, and passing slightly over the dreary wastes of intervening periods, might be full, not only of instruction, but of amusement and interest.

What, then, are these points, and, which shall I select? I might take one or more of those great epochs which contain within themselves the secrets of the whole of the rest of Modern History. Or, I might take some one great event or scene which represented each one of those epochs, describing it in all its details, and showing in what relation it stood to the rest of the age. Or, I might take some one great character; a thousand ordinary men go, it is said, to make up one hero—and so, by understanding perfectly that one saint or hero, you understand all the thoughts and feelings that in his

great character were wrapt up and expressed. Or, I might take the history of some one great place — some scene where great events have been performed—where great men have lived and died—where by the thousand threads of local associations we are insensibly brought within the recollections of the past, and introduced into its very presence.

I have mentioned all these modes that they may serve as landmarks for your reading, if any of you are so disposed. I mention them all with the general advice, which the mention of them of itself involves,—“Take care of the great events, and the little ones will take care of themselves.”

But in my own selection this evening I have been guided by the wish to take one of these points on which I might presume all of my hearers to be more or less familiar. I therefore propose to view the study of Modern History through the eyes, if I may so say, not of a great age, or event, or man, but of a *great place*. And here I feel sure that you will anticipate me in the selection of the place which I shall choose as my instance. Whatever might be the mode by which I should enforce or illustrate the study of Modern History elsewhere, *here* I can have no doubt that it ought to be by the study of LONDON.

It is the peculiar compensation to the inhabitants of a city like this, that what others gain from the study and enjoyment of Nature, you may gain from the study and enjoyment of History. What geology, mineralogy, and botany, are to the dwellers in rustic parishes, that History is to the occupants of streets, the neighbours of houses, whose very names are famous. The pleasure which a botanist finds in the flowers along the common pathways of his daily walks—the pleasure which the geologist finds in hills, and valleys, and roads, and railroads, as if their very sides were hung with beautiful pictures, which to him alone are visible—this same pleasure is given to the historian

as he looks at the buildings, as he sees the names, of even the commonest streets in London. He sees there what others see not; and, as the structure of the earth to a student of geology becomes an orderly and beautiful system instead of a disjointed mass of stone and earth, so London, to a student of History, instead of a mere collection of bricks and mortar, becomes a book in which the history of the past is written on every street, and in every square, as in the pages of some richly-illuminated volume.

Let me, then, so far as the present time will allow, unfold this book before you, and show you how in it some of the most striking lessons of History may be conveyed, where, perhaps, you may least expect to find them.

Before I go into any detail, let me make two remarks which apply to London as a whole. First, the mere fact of its grandeur—of its vast size—of the ceaseless stir and excitement of its daily and hourly life—is an assistance to the comprehension of History far beyond what those can have who live away from it. It raises us out of ourselves—it gives us a consciousness of nearness to the great pulses of national life. No thoughtful person, ~~who~~ can remember his first entrance into London, can fail to look back upon it as an epoch in his life. To have seen, for the first time, that countless tide of human beings—to look, for the first time, from one of the bridges, or from any height, within or around the city, over the vast region, rather than town, which is included within the name of “London”—is a shock like that which the Englishman experiences when, for the first time, he lands amidst the unwonted sights and sounds of a Continental port,—which the European traveller experiences when, for the first time, he encounters the strange, yet familiar, images of an Eastern land. London, as has been truly said, however deficient in splendour or beauty, is yet, by the mere fact of its immense

size, "sublime with the sublimity of sea or of mountains." It conveys, to any one who views it in connexion with its History, the same elevating and ennobling feelings which sea or mountains give to those who live within their reach. It teaches us, in this respect, exactly that lesson of humility and of moderation which we ought to derive from the magnitude and many-sidedness of famous events and famous men.

But, secondly, there is another circumstance in the historical aspect of London which, at first sight, might seem to detract from its interest, but which still has a peculiar lesson of its own to tell us. You must not expect to find in London what you find in many Continental cities—the actual scenes of many great events. Look over the history of England, and you will find that, except the State-trials, imprisonments, executions, and meetings of Parliament, hardly any great event has happened in London. Look, on the other hand, over the history of France, and you will find that hardly any great event has—at least in later times—happened out of Paris. What a key is this to the characters, the feelings, the revolutions, of the two countries! We see, by a glance at Paris, how entirely France is the nation of a great city; we see, by a glance at London, how entirely London is the city of a great nation. We see this, and we feel at once its importance to our whole mode of regarding the relations of the capital to the country. We feel that, great as London is, England is a thousand times greater; our pride and our thankfulness is, not that we are Londoners, but that we are Englishmen; not that *we* rule the country, but that the country *rules us*; and that in the welfare of that common country the highest nobleman, the busiest citizen, the most retired rustic, has, I will not say an equal, but certainly a deep and a common interest.

And now, from these two general remarks on this great

book of English history, which all of you have, as it were, in your hands whilst I speak,—from these two remarks, telling you what you are, and what you are not, to expect in its pages,—let me open those pages and go through them, not, indeed, in detail, but selecting such parts as chiefly bear on the subject now before us.

First, as in all history, we must go back as far as we can, and find that basis on which it must always rest, namely, its geography. No one can ever gain a clear notion of historical events without a clear notion of the ground on which they have been enacted: and this is specially important with regard to capital cities. Ask always what was the reason why this or that place should have been selected as the metropolis of a great nation, and you will, in all probability, have learned one chief characteristic of the nation itself. Was there anything of the kind in the situation of London? Was there anything which might have taught a Druid of ancient times what was in store for his coming country, as he sat where we are now assembled?

Let us for a moment try to see London as he then saw it. A long range of rising ground, covered with a vast forest, full of wild deer, wild boars, and wild bulls—descending from what are now the hills of Hampstead in a gradual slope to a broad river, steeply on the east, through a deep morass on the west—a few streams rushing down from the hills, through the woods, into the river—this was the most ancient form of London. Most of these features it is difficult now even to imagine, much less to recognise; yet some of them still linger where you would least expect.

In the depths of the city you may remember one of the most beautiful of Sir Christopher Wren's churches—St. Stephen's, Walbrook. By that church there flows the *Brook* of London *Wall*—the *Wall-brook*—which still rushes down with such a torrent that a workman, clearing the sewer

which it now forms, was once carried away by it. Every one knows Holborn Hill, but how few remember that it takes its name from the *Old Bourne* or stream which, rising in High Holborn, ran down that steep declivity, and turned the mills at *Turnmill*, or Turnbull Street, at the bottom,—the River of Wells, as it was sometimes called, from those old consecrated springs which now lie choked and buried in Clerken *Well*, and Holy *Well*, and St. Clement's *Well*. *Fleet Ditch*, *Fleet Street*, *Fleet Market*—all mark the course of the brook, called, from its rapidity, the Fleet, rising far away in the breezy slopes of Hampstead. Tyburn, in like manner, is the brook of the *Tye*, or *Aye*, which, after giving name, first, to Mary-le-bourne (now corrupted into Marybone), and then to Upper and Lower *Brook Street*, and running under the *mount* of Mount Street, and under "*Hay*," or, as it used to be called (from this stream) "*Aye Hill*," ran out through the *Green Park*, and spread into the western morass of which I spoke before. That morass occupied the whole of what is now Belgravia,—which, as you know, has been but recently reclaimed,—and the still older marsh inclosed between the river and the Long Ditch which once gave its name to what is now Great George Street in Westminster, and so formed a marshy island, overgrown with thickets, whence it was called Thorney Island, on which rose, in after days, Westminster Abbey.

Now, when you think how completely most of these natural features have been obscured, you may wonder what connexion they can have with any subsequent history of the great city which has grown out of them. But, even if there were no direct connexion, there is still something almost affecting in the thought that, after all, we are not so far removed from our mother earth, from natural influences, as you might suppose. There is something of a quaint and touching interest to remember that the great arteries of our

crowded streets, the vast sewers which cleanse our habitations, are fed by the life-blood of those old and living streams—that underneath our tread the Tyburn, and the Oldbourne, and the Fleet, and the Wall-brook, are still pursuing their ceaseless course—still ministering to the good of man, though in a far different fashion than when Druids drank of their sacred springs, and Saxons were baptized in their rushing waters, centuries and ages ago.

But amidst all these changes there is one natural feature which remains the same—the River Thames—the largest river in England—here widening to an almost majestic size, yet not too wide for thoroughfare—the direct communication between London and the sea, on the one hand, between London and the inland counties on the other. When roads were bad, when robbers were many, when the forests were still thick—then, even more than now, the Thames was the great highway of English life—the great inlet and outlet of English commerce. Here, from the very earliest times, the coracles, or wicker-boats, of the British tribes, the galleys of the Roman armies, were moored, which gave to the place its name—now through its thousand masts and funnels far more appropriate than in its first origin—the *city of ships*. Such is the probable meaning of the name of *London*, which it bore as early as the first century of our era, when it first appears in the pages of Tacitus, even before the birth of Modern History. Such was the situation which ultimately fixed its supremacy over all the other towns which have at various times claimed to be capitals of England—York, Canterbury, and Winchester,—such the omen which it gave, even at its very birth, of being the seat of the greatest maritime empire which the world has ever seen. The Thames is the parent of London. The chief river of England has given birth, by a natural consequence, to England's greatest city. The old historic stream, which gathered on

the banks of its upper course Oxford, Eton, Windsor, and Richmond, had already, before the first beginning of those ancient seats of learning and of regal luxury, become on these its lower banks the home of England's commerce and England's power.

This is the chief natural element of London connected with its subsequent growth; but the others which I mentioned have not been without importance in determining the rest of its fortunes. The slight rising grounds on the east naturally became the seat of the city. *Corn Hill*, *Tower Hill*, and *Ludgate Hill*, still remind us that the old London, like all fastnesses and capitals, took advantage of whatever strength their natural situation afforded; and, therefore, as you go up to *Corn-Hill*, the original seat of British chiefs and Roman governors, as you feel the ground swelling under your feet when you begin the ascent from Fleet Street to St. Paul's, or as you see the eminence on which stands the Tower of London, the oldest, and once the chief palace and fortress of our English kings, you have before you the reasons which fixed what is properly called the "*city*" of London on its present site. There the first dwellers of the land looked down on the river beneath; drank of the fresh rivulets in the winding valleys which intersected their earthen bulwarks: the deep ravine of the Fleet protected them on the west—the rushing Wallbrook on the east; behind them was the great forest, with its savage beasts; before them was the Thames, then spreading far and wide over what were then the lakes and marshes of Lambeth and Southwark. And when from these heights, if I may so call them, you descend to the level plain, and ask how it is that the seat of government was transferred from these eastern eminences to that remote corner in Westminster, where it is now fixed; there again the original cause may be found in the wild morass—the

thorny thickets which occupied the ground eighteen hundred years ago. The one nucleus and centre of the whole of what we now call Westminster is the great Abbey, of which the first foundation was laid by a Saxon king in the seventh century; and the situation of that Abbey, as of most monastic institutions, was probably fixed by the nearness to the river side, whence they could receive provisions with less trouble and difficulty; and also by the jungle and marsh, which made the island on which they were settled a natural refuge from the savage marauders who then infested the country. And round the Abbey, thus entrenched within its deep morass, gradually sprang up, first, the favourite Palace of the sovereigns, who felt more secure under the shadow of the great sanctuary than even in their own fortress in the Tower, and then within the walls of the Palace, the "Chambers"—the "Houses"—first one, and then both "Houses" of Parliament, which have now grown in power and grandeur till they have absorbed the whole site of that ancient habitation of their sovereign.

If there are any Scotchmen here present,—if any who have visited the beautiful capital of the sister kingdom, it may help you to understand what I have said about London, if I compare it with the same features exhibited on a smaller scale—but still more forcibly—in Edinburgh. There you will remember the Castle on its high rock, corresponding to Cornhill and the Tower of London,—then the houses of the nobles, in the High Street, corresponding (as I shall afterwards show you) to our Strand,—then the old Palace of the Scottish kings, in the Abbey of the Holy Cross, or Holy Rood, which, like Westminster, stood in early times amidst what was once a thick forest.

I have dwelt longer on this original aspect of London than, perhaps, its intrinsic importance deserves, because it is never out of place to trace back to its very first causes the

origin of what has since become famous—because the influence thus exercised over our history by the natural features of our capital city is an index of that constant interweaving of God's Providence with man's efforts, of which all History is composed. On the one hand, without its river, without its morasses, without its fresh streams, without its gentle eminences, London would not have been what it is; but, on the other hand, without the energy, and the courage, and the piety, first of the Roman colonists, who chose this as their harbour,—then of the Saxons, then of the Normans, then of the great English empire,—without all this, the Thames and its tributary brooks would have flowed in vain,—the hills of Ludgate and the Tower would have remained steep banks of London clay,—the place where the most august assembly of the world is at this moment debating the fortunes of Europe and of Asia would still have been an impenetrable thicket in a pestilential marsh.

This is one advantage of studying History through the medium of a great place like London—that it takes us back to the time before History began, and out of which it sprang. Another advantage is, that it enables us, perhaps, more vividly than anything else, to imagine the difference between our times and those which have gone before. Doubtless, we are in many important points the same as were our ancestors. We are men, we are Christians, we are Englishmen, as they were. But we do not enough remember how differently, in many points, they must have placed things before their minds—what different ideas the same objects, the same words, the same names in religion, in politics, in nature, in art, must have suggested to them and to us. One easy and ready mode of thus recalling the past, at least in its outward form, is by familiarity with the relics which it has left, few and far between, in an ancient city like this.

But, perhaps, before I go further, I ought to remind you of one melancholy cause why the old City of London contains so much less of these past recollections than any other city equally ancient; and that is, the great Fire which raged for four long days and nights in the disastrous year of 1666. And, in speaking of this great Fire, I cannot forbear to remind you of some of the historical lessons which it teaches us. One is, that though it destroyed much it cleared away much. If it carried away fine old churches, and beautiful wooden houses, and dark winding alleys, it also carried away the Plague. The Plague, which raged in the spring of that year, has never attacked us since—and that blessing we owe, in great measure, to the clearance made by the Fire. So it is that there always is a compensation in human events—no evil comes without its good, no good without its evil. Let us make the best of both.

Another lesson that the Fire teaches us is, what is contained in the story of the great pillar which is called the Monument. That pillar, which stands at the entrance of *Pudding Lane*, where the Fire began, as by an odd and well-known coincidence it ended in *Pie Corner*, was the Monument of which Pope speaks, when he says—

“Like a tall bully, lifts its head and *lies*.”

It lies now no longer. The lie which it once told was a ridiculous calumny—that the city was burnt (so the inscription ran) “by the malice and treachery of the Popish faction,” who were at that time even more unpopular with the mass of our countrymen than they are now. The inscription which recorded this was erased about twenty years ago. The Monument, therefore, now remains a happy instance of what it is often the privilege of history to record, an instance of at least one cause of needless irritation gone

to the abyss, whence it will no more return,—a proof that truth and justice have no need of support from folly and falsehood.

But now let me very briefly go through such points as escaped the Fire, and as may best recall to us the successive stages of Modern History with which London has kept pace.

First, there is the earliest beginning of London and of England—when the armies of the Roman conqueror lifted up the veil which concealed Britain from the rest of the world. Last week you heard of the noble deeds and words of the touching life and tragical death of the Roman orator Cicero. Is there anything which can recall him or his countrymen to your thoughts as you pass to and fro through the crowded thoroughfares of London? In the churchyard of St. Giles's, Cripplegate (a church famous for the burial and the marriage of two of our greatest men in later times—the burial of Milton and the marriage of Cromwell), many of you may have seen—but many of you, perhaps, have never seen—the venerable remains of the old Roman wall imbedded in the huge bastion of later times, as truly a fragment of Roman workmanship as the columns that are now standing in the Forum, or the aqueducts that still stretch their melancholy and majestic lines along the desolate Campagna. And if you chance, as you walk up Cannon Street, to cast a glance, on your left-hand side, at the wall of St. Swithin's Church—you will there see, in the ancient fragment called *London Stone*, a memorial of the manner in which that mighty nation carried their customs everywhere throughout the world. That stone was the central stone, or terminus, from which radiated out in all directions those magnificent roads, running straight as an arrow over hill and valley, north, and west, and south, and east, for which the Romans were so justly celebrated—the great instruments by which they replenished, and subdued, and

civilised, the nations that were subject to their sway. Such a stone—called the Golden Milestone—stood in the Roman Forum amidst all the splendour of the statues, and temples, and triumphal arches, which adorned that glorious scene. Such, on a miniature scale—making London, even in that its first infancy, so far as they could, a copy of their own great capital—is the stone which you can still see, and feel, and touch, in the heart of what is now grown to be the greatest city, except Rome, that has ever yet arisen.

These relics of Roman times lie barely within our subject—but they are on the threshold of Modern History, though not within the province of Modern History itself; and they are for this very reason important, as reminding you that out of Ancient History Modern History rose—that the study of Greece and Rome is indispensable to a full knowledge of the growth of our own country, and constitution, and religion. They are the witnesses, in the midst of the roar and whirl of modern times, to the importance and the value to our history and to our education of what we call Classical Studies.

From this remote age let us come nearer to our own time. I will not detain you in the periods of British, of Saxon, and Danish history, further than to give you two or three instances which may, at least, give a transient gleam of interest to names and streets which connect us with those distant epochs.

I know not whether the British period is too obscure to justify any allusion. What traces there are of its existence can at best be very doubtful; yet I cannot altogether forget that St. Peter's, Cornhill, claims to stand on the most ancient consecrated ground in England; that it pretends (as you may still see, if you read the brass-plate in its vestry) to take precedence even of the great Cathedral of St. Paul's—yes, and I must add even of the great Cathedral of Can-

terbury itself; for there, as the story runs, the first British king, Lucius, lived and was baptized, four hundred years before the conversion of the Saxon Ethelbert, and made it the metropolitan church of his whole kingdom,—the same Lucius, on whom, in his after years, we unexpectedly stumble, if we travel abroad amongst the Alps of Eastern Switzerland, as one of the British missionaries, who gave up his crown to go and convert those wild mountaineers to the faith of Christ.

So much for British times. In Saxon times, how few there are who remember, as they pass through *Addle* Street, in the City, that it derives its name from the palace of the great King *Athelstane*, who broke down the last resistance of the British race—carried the banner of the White Horse of the Saxon to the Land's End in Cornwall, and slew the last King of Cumberland, whose bones lie buried under the huge cairn, between Grasmere and Keswick, called from him *Dunmail Raise*. In Danish times, only a few hundred yards from this,—in the name of the Church of St. Clement *Danes*, you may be reminded of the time when the brief power of that savage nation was overthrown, and the few that, in consideration of their English wives, survived the extirpation of their countrymen, were constrained to live on that spot,—shut out, as you will observe, from the sanctuary of Westminister on the one side, from the city of London on the other,—a desolate, isolated, solitary refuge, as it then was, fit for the dwelling-place and burial-place of an accursed and Pagan race.

Let us pass on to the periods which, though still remote, bring before us more clearly the state of London, and, therefore, of England, in times more within the reach of our own history. I have spoken of the two extreme points of London—the City on the east, and Westminister on the west. Let us follow its growth between the two;—let us see how far

its gradual expansion has received the impress of the events that have rolled during the course of ages within and around it. Temple Bar, as every one knows, is the limit of the city. From thence to Whitehall was for many centuries a free and open space—not, indeed, uninhabited, but still occupied only by occasional houses or villages, whose existence we can still trace in the names as we pass through what is now one long unbroken mass of streets.

First, what is the great region on one side of which we are now assembled? It is the *Strand*, the shore, of the River Thames—once lined with the palaces of the old nobility, whose beautiful gardens sloped down to the water's edge, where they embarked in their stately barges, and then went to and fro on the river, not yet crowded with its countless steamers, to Lambeth, to Westminster, to the Tower, as their business or pleasure called them. Every name, as you look right and left through the whole length of the Strand is the name or group of names of some illustrious family—Somerset, Cecil, Salisbury, Arundel, Surrey, Norfolk. Two instances only I will select out of the whole mass. One is on the other side of the Strand. If any of you look carefully, you will see in rapid succession *George Street*, *Villiers Street*, *Duke Street*; then a little behind, *Of Alley*,* *Buckingham Street*. Those streets, that alley, those shops, mark the site of what was once one of the most splendid

Since this Lecture was delivered, I have learned that '*Of Alley*' has disappeared. It had become such a haunt of vice that it was deemed advisable to change the very name of the locality; and this change of name and purpose has thus become another incident in the associations of a place which had been for so many generations only linked with the traditions of crime and sin. It has been reserved for our time (if I may use the words of the excellent Vicar of the parish, from whom I derive my information) to hear "the voice of prayer and praise ascending in the immediate vicinity of those ancient resorts of vice," and to witness "a devout congregation assembled in that long desolate heritage."

palaces in England—York House, once the palace of the Archbishops of York—then of the wicked *George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham*, whom you may remember in Sir Walter Scott's novel of "Peveril of the Peak," whose names are now preserved, as I have said, in the streets and alley into which his property was afterwards divided. The other instance I will take is that of the place where we are now met. *Exeter Hall* is so called from Burleigh House, afterwards *Exeter House*, which took its name from the Earl of *Exeter*, and his father, the great Lord Burleigh, Prime Minister of Queen Elizabeth, and one of the best and wisest statesmen that this country ever possessed. Between Burleigh Street, which runs on my right, and Exeter Street, which runs on my left, rose the noble mansion which witnessed the consultations of that great man against enemies abroad and rebels at home—Spanish Armada and Irish insurrections—and which established the Church, the Monarchy, and the Empire on their present solid basis. I know not how far historical associations may be supposed to linger round a place which has lost all vestiges of its ancient aspect, but any one who considers how grave and how complicated are the questions which are from time to time discussed within these walls, could wish no better wish for their successful issue than that they might be viewed in the calm spirit of the enlightened and high-minded counsellor who once lived and died within the precincts of this famous Hall.

From the Strand let us advance into what is still an open space. St. Martin's-in-the-Fields still reminds you that there was once a time when it stood a village church in green fields; and *Charing Cross* recalls one of the most touching scenes in English history, when the long funeral procession of Eleanor, the beloved wife of King Edward I., who had sucked the poison from his wounded arm in the Holy Land, halted, for the last time, before it reached its final

resting-place in Westminster Abbey, in the little village which from her is said to have taken its name of Charing—*La Chère Reine*—*The Dear Queen*; and in which was erected the last and most beautiful of the memorials called from her “Queen Eleanor’s crosses.”

There is a statue in Charing Cross which almost irresistibly takes us on a few steps to one of the most historical spots in London. Yesterday—the 30th of January—was the anniversary of that scene which has made Whitehall Place for ever memorable, by the execution of the unfortunate King Charles I. It is one of the few scenes in English history which, in spite of all the changes of time and place, you can still follow step by step from beginning to end. You can go with the king and his escort, from St. James’s Palace, where he slept the night before,—you can cross St. James’s Park with him on that cold, wintry morning,—you can imagine him entering from the Park the long gallery that then ran across the street, joining together the two parts of Whitehall Palace,—you can fancy him passing through the Banqueting Hall, the only part of the Palace that remains, now turned into Whitehall Chapel. You must then imagine him issuing from an aperture made in the wall, east of the Hall. You can see the vast mass of human heads far away to Charing Cross on one side, and to Westminster on the other. You may fancy the old Archbishop Usher sitting, an awe-struck spectator, on the roof of what is now the Admiralty, and fainting away as he saw the axe descend. You may hear the deep groan which burst forth from the whole assembled multitude, as the head of the King—still beloved in spite of his faults and because of his misfortunes—rolled on the scaffold. I will not enter into the various questions which that scene raises; they would furnish a Lecture in themselves. I now only notice it that you may remember that there is the place where you may

form a picture of its outward aspect to your mind's eye. But there is another spot in Whitehall which illustrates so well and so briefly another part of English history, that I must dwell upon it for a moment. Pass behind the Banqueting Hall—step into the open space by Whitehall Gardens. You may possibly have turned in there to look at the house of the great statesman for whose untimely death four years ago all London, as it was truly said, “mourned as one family.” Pass into that open space, and observe another statue. Who is the King there standing in the midst of the palace court? It is the son of Charles—the hardly less unfortunate James II. It is, with one exception, the only statue of that wayward and obstinate king which exists in England. That one exception is over the gateway of the oldest, and, I trust, not the least useful of the colleges of Oxford, where it was placed by the then Jacobite head, Obadiah Walker. But it is not the fact of the statue having been erected either in London or Oxford, but the fact of its continuance in Whitehall, to which I call your attention. It was erected a short time before his flight, but it remained after the occupation of that very same palace by his rival and enemy, William III. I have spoken of the contrast between Paris and London—between France and England. I know of no more striking instance of it than the contrast between the total overthrow of all the monuments of the past dynasties by those who succeed them in France, and the permission accorded to this memorial of James to remain in the heart of the palace by the very man who had driven out the king whom it represents. Look at it in this aspect, and it becomes one of the most instructive—I had almost said one of the most edifying—monuments in London. It tells of the mildness, of the moderation, of the wisdom of our revolution, as compared with those of other countries. It tells us of the regard for law, of the

respect for the past, of the dislike to violent changes which, combined as it is now, and as it was then, with manly love of freedom and independence, constitutes the greatest charm of our national history—the greatest gift that God has bestowed on our national character. Long may we keep it; long may the wise and peaceful lessons of Whitehall Gardens prevail, as they have prevailed, over the bloody and mournful recollections of Whitehall Place!

Let us briefly follow the course of London westward. Gradually it rolled on. What the Strand was once, Grosvenor Square became in later times; and what Grosvenor Square was in the days of our fathers, Belgrave Square is becoming now. But it was long before this was effected. In the seventeenth century, Oxford Road was the highroad running to that ancient seat of learning, through fields and hedges; Piccadilly was the name of a solitary house in the outskirts of the suburbs of London; woodcocks were shot in Conduit Street and Regent Street; the little brook, of which I spoke before, which gives its name to Brook Street, was sufficient, for many years, to prevent the tide of houses and population from advancing to its western bank. Many instances might be given of the great changes which have been effected in the westward part of London even within the memory of man. I will confine myself to one, which I mention partly because it is, perhaps, not generally known, partly because it is, on a small scale, a curious illustration of what often has occurred on a larger scale in the history of men and manners. Any one who has ever gone through the narrow passage which leads between the gardens of Lansdowne House from Berkeley Square to Piccadilly, will remember the iron rails which bar its entrances. It is now rather more than sixty years ago since the incident occurred which led to their erection. A distinguished person, now dead, was sitting in his study in Bolton Street; he heard a great tumult outside—ran

to ask what it was—was told that a mounted highwayman had robbed a gentleman in Piccadilly, and had galloped down Bolton Row, with a crowd behind him, who hoped to catch him under the walls of Lansdowne Gardens. To the surprise of every one, the highwayman darted down the passage, then free of access, climbed up the steps on the further side, and rode off through Berkeley Square, beyond the reach of his pursuers. And it was to prevent the recurrence of such an escape that the iron rails which you now see were placed at the entrance and exit of the narrow passage.

This little incident, curious, in the first instance, as recalling, where you least expect it, an image of past times, brings me to a graver and more important series of historical lessons, which London may well teach us all. The iron rails of Lansdowne Passage are a memorial of a state of insecurity which has now passed away for ever. Whatever other dangers we may encounter in or about London, we shall certainly never again see a mounted highwayman attacking a traveller in Piccadilly, or escaping at full gallop through Berkeley Square. But what this is on a small scale is brought before us on the largest scale elsewhere. Wherever you turn in London, you see what is the most reassuring and encouraging of all sights that History furnishes—the graves, if I may so call them, of gigantic evils, once triumphant, acknowledged, defended—now trodden under foot, never to revive. Turn your steps once more eastward, and look up at Temple Bar. Now every one hurries through it as fast as the throng will allow. But transport yourselves a hundred years back, and I will venture to say, that there is not one amongst the thousands who now rush through its narrow arches who would not have paused for a moment to look up at the dreadful sight at the top of the gateway. There were fixed the grisly heads of the noblemen and gentlemen con-

cerned in the great Stuart Rebellion of 1745. There they were placed immediately after the execution, and there they remained rotting away year by year, to greet you on your approach to the city. These were the last—our fathers just saw the last fragments of the blanchèd and broken skulls—and we may be well assured that such a sight will be no more seen there as long as the world lasts. I do not venture into the controversy whether that curious gateway should stand or fall; but so long as it does stand, it is a lasting memorial of one evil, at least, from which we have escaped for ever. We are now sure never more to have rebellions of rival families against the constitutional throne of these realms; we are still more sure never again to see such a bloody and barbarous practice as the exhibition of our enemies' heads in the great thoroughfare of our metropolis.

Go on yet again. Look once more, at the Tower, the ancient citadel and palace of English kings. I will not go through its eventful history; I will only ask you to remember what is the chief recollection which it presents. Is it that of the seat of law and justice? Is it of a sovereign reigning happily and fearlessly in the midst of a virtuous court and a loving family? No; it is almost from first to last a monument of war, of oppression, of injustice. Built as a fortress to keep the citizens of London in check, always uniting within its walls the prison hard by the palace, and close beside its walls the place of public execution, there is, perhaps, no spot in England which conveys so striking a picture of the violence of the middle ages, which some call happy and holy—, the odious union of law with injustice, and monarchy with tyranny, out of which, by long and terrible struggles, our present good constitution has worked itself out. Of the many celebrated persons whose names you see scratched on the guard-room of the Tower, and whose mangled remains lie buried in the Tower Chapel, how few were traitors—how

many were martyrs ! Of the many deaths within and without the walls of that stately edifice, under the sanction, almost under the eye of archbishops, and statesmen, and kings, how few were righteous executions—how many were judicial murders, nay, even midnight assassinations !

Once more. Turn northward from the Tower, pass beyond the limits of the city walls, and look out on the vacant space of Smithfield. It is now nearly three hundred years ago since the beginning of those terrible days when the fires were lit opposite the church of St. Bartholomew, of which the ashes remained even till our own time, in which perished the Protestant victims of Queen Mary's cruel persecution. The very thought of those dreadful scenes still rouses the indignation of every Englishman. But it is not for this that I now call your attention to them ; it is to remind you that the fires then lighted are now, and have been long, extinguished, never again to be kindled, that this great evil of burning men and women for differing in opinion from ourselves is one which we may be quite sure will never return.

I dwell upon all these cases for two reasons ; first, as a reason for thankfulness, and, secondly, as an example and encouragement. We shall never again see the gory heads of rebel noblemen looking down upon us from Temple Bar ; we shall never again hear of kings murdered by their cousins and uncles in the Tower ; we shall never again see Reformers burnt alive in Smithfield. Let us thank God with all our hearts that from these evils He, through the progress of His Providence, through the workings of His good Spirit in the hearts of men and of nations, has set us for ever free. They are gone ; we have left them very far behind us ; with them, at least, we need trouble ourselves no more ; to guard against them *now*, to declaim against them *now*, is like putting up crossbars at the corners of our streets to prevent the escape

of mounted robbers from Piccadilly. But do they teach us nothing for the future? Yes. They teach us that as those evils, great in their day, have now been put down entirely by those who have gone before us, so evils as great in our own day may and must be put down by ourselves and our children. I need not name them. Every one who lives in this metropolis must know of evils, social and moral,—in his neighbourhood, in his calling, in the streets and the alleys of London,—sufficiently great to require all the energy of man, and all the grace of God, to subdue or even to mitigate their power. Think not that such evils are insuperable. Be not discouraged; remember that evils as great have fallen; remember the heads on Temple Bar; remember the murders on Tower Hill; remember the fires of Smithfield.

And remember also—which brings me to a no less important, though more pleasing, lesson of the same kind—remember the good that, even amongst all this evil, existed in former times—the salt of England, the salt of London then—the warning to us how we of this age may be the strength of the generations which are yet to come. There are many spots to which I might call your memory, as the monuments of the good of former times—the bright spots of Modern History. Recollections of Samuel Johnson meet us almost everywhere; John Milton lies buried in St. Giles's Church; John Bunyan in Bunhill Fields; John Wesley by the City Road; Oliver Cromwell under Tyburn Turnpike. But there are two such places, which above all will occur—two which are happily the most conspicuous objects to every one in the whole metropolis—the sight of which we can never lose—the Abbey of Westminster, the Cathedral of St. Paul's. Each of them in itself is a study of Modern History. Any one who goes through the tombs of those magnificent churches, and asks himself who and what were those whose remains are there interred—what they

did for England and the world—why they are buried within those walls—would acquire a far more solid and lively knowledge of English history than by reading many books and hearing many lectures. But I confine myself to the general fact. There you see what can and has been done by the genius, the courage, the wisdom, the piety of Englishmen in times past—there you may think what may and ought to be done by the same means in times future. It is now a little more than a year since the vast majority, I doubt not, of those who now hear me witnessed one of the most instructive, one of the most historical scenes that this city and this nation has ever beheld. You saw the long funeral procession defiling through park, and street, and square, and strand; you saw London turned into a vast amphitheatre of gazing multitudes—of silent and respectful mourners; you saw the remains of England's greatest soldier carried to his last resting-place beneath the dome of St. Paul's. Such a sight was instructive, if only as helping you to imagine and understand like events in former times. But it is instructive also, as showing what one man can do—what gratitude one man can earn—how much the rough and simple virtues of a man devoted to his public duty can avail against the evils and difficulties of his time.

It is no abrupt transition from the great and good men who sleep in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, to fix your thoughts for a moment on those buildings themselves. They are, as I have said, the most conspicuous edifices of our city. Let us ask, as the concluding lesson which London teaches us, what we may learn, as often as we look on those noble towers or on that majestic dome. Look at them well. Their outward aspect conveys, as in a parable, one of the most important of all the truths that Modern History can teach us. Nothing can be more unlike than their forms, either in conception or execution. They re-

present the two extremes of history and of architecture. One is all Gothic, the offspring of mediæval and romantic ages—the masterpiece of bishops, and monks, and crusaders. The other, though first founded in remote antiquity, yet dates its fame from the time when the Reformers preached at Paul's Cross; and its present building is the highest result of that style of classical architecture which was introduced by the same causes that produced the Reformation, and which a century later was carried into execution by the great mechanical genius of Sir Christopher Wren. There was a time, when he who admired the Abbey could have never dreamed of a building like St. Paul's; or, again, when he who admired St. Paul's, looked down with contempt on the Abbey, as Gothic and barbarian. Such prejudices have now passed away, and there is, I trust, no one here present who has not the capacity to enjoy them, and admire them, *both*. But what we feel with regard to the different manifestations of beauty in architecture, this is what History ought to teach us in regard to the different manifestations of goodness and truth in men and in history. You may remember the old proverb about robbing Peter to pay Paul. That proverb took its first origin from the time when the revenues of the Abbey of *St. Peter*, at Westminster, were transferred to the Cathedral of *St. Paul*, in London. But it has a much more extensive application, of which those two noble edifices may always serve to remind us. There are a thousand ways in which we may be tempted to rob Peter for paying Paul—or to rob Paul for paying Peter. We are tempted to do so, if, as I said, we refuse, in our admiration of one kind of beauty, to recognise any beauty of another kind. We may be tempted still more seriously to do so, if in our study of political or religious questions, ancient or modern, past or present, we insist on dwelling only on one side, and never looking at the

other. This is, indeed, in the highest sense, robbing Peter to pay Paul; it is refusing to acknowledge that variety of character, of taste, of opinion, which God himself has forced upon us, not only in common history, but in the most sacred history of all. St. Peter and St. Paul were both alike apostles and servants of their common Lord, however differing in much beside; and we shall read history to no purpose if we cannot, in like manner, admire the various forms of goodness in later times, acknowledging the mixture of truth and error, of strength and of weakness, in each, and the higher good in all. And to that higher good, each in its different way, St. Peter's at Westminster, and St. Paul's in London, point surely and truly, if we will but see it. Their foundations are on the graves of the good and wise of former ages; but their massive structure—their towering height—their majestic size—the Gothic pinnacles of the one—the golden Cross of the other—remind us not only of what is around us, but of Who is above us—remind us of that Eternal Power, and Strength, and Wisdom, which is above and beyond all the roar and turmoil of the world below.

Such were the monuments which, of old, our fathers reared to remind us of that Divine Presence. It may be that such monuments will be reared no more; that the age for erecting such outward memorials of the unseen world is past and gone. Yet, if this be so, the more need to make the best of what we have—the more need, above all, to endeavour to do in our day, and in our way, what in their day and their way our fathers did before us. When I think of the overwhelming greatness of this city, of which I spoke at the beginning of my Lecture—when I look upon the faces of the rising generation now gathered before me, it is impossible to believe that the noble works of Modern History are finished. There are still needed, and there may still be achieved, for

London and for England, good deeds, as vast in dimension, as grand in design, as Abbey or Cathedral that ever yet were raised. Out of the vast masses of your and our poorer brethren, through the examples and exertions of those whom I am now addressing, the true Temple and Church of God must be built up and renewed amongst us. In that great work may you and all of us be enabled to bear a part, by those only means which, under God, can accomplish it—by those only means which History and Revelation alike enforce upon us—by hope and humility, by patience and forbearance, by the energy of Christian faith, and the comprehensiveness of Christian love.

NOTE.

FOR most of the facts to which I have alluded, it is superfluous to refer to any more recondite source than Mr. Cunningham's excellent "Handbook of London." Any one who wishes to obtain a more general view of the city in its successive stages, may turn with advantage to Stow's "Survey" and Pennant's "Account of London," to the curious contemporary description of London in the twelfth century by Fitzstephen, and to Mr. Macaulay's celebrated Chapter on the State of Society in the first volume of his "History of England."

The Two Records: Mosaic and Geological.

A LECTURE

BY

HUGH MILLER, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE OLD RED SANDSTONE."

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

IN EXETER HALL,

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THE TWO RECORDS: MOSAIC AND GEOLOGICAL.

It is now exactly fifty years since a clergyman of the Scottish Church, engaged in lecturing at St. Andrews, took occasion, in enumerating the various earths of the chemist, to allude to the science, then in its infancy, that specially deals with the rocks and soils which these earths compose. "There is a prejudice," he remarked, "against the speculations of the geologist which I am anxious to remove. It has been said that they nurture infidel propensities. It has been alleged that geology, by referring the origin of the globe to a higher antiquity than is assigned to it by the writings of Moses, undermines our faith in the inspiration of the Bible, and in all the animating prospects of the immortality which it unfolds. This is a false alarm. *The writings of Moses do not fix the antiquity of the globe.*"

The bold lecturer on this occasion,—for it needed no small courage in a divine of any established church to take up, at the beginning of the present century, a position so determined on the geologic side,—was at the time an obscure young man, characterised, in the small circle in which he moved, by the ardour of his temperament and the breadth and originality of his views; but not yet distinguished in the science or literature of his country, and of comparatively

little weight in the theological field. He was marked, too, by what his soberer acquaintance deemed eccentricities of thought and conduct. When the opposite view was all but universal, he held and taught that Free Trade would be not only a general benefit to the people of this country, but would inflict permanent injury on no one class or portion of them; and, further, at a time when the streets and lanes of all the great cities of the empire were lighted with oil burnt in lamps, he held that the time was not distant when a carburetted hydrogen gas would be substituted instead; and, on getting his snug parsonage-house repaired, he actually introduced into the walls a system of tubes and pipes for the passage into its various rooms of the gaseous fluid yet to be employed as the illuminating agent. Time and Experience have since impressed their stamp on these supposed eccentricities, and shown them to be the sagacious forecastings of a man who saw farther and more clearly than his contemporaries; and Fame has since blown his name very widely as one of the most comprehensive and enlightened, and, withal, one of the most thoroughly earnest and sincere of modern theologians. The bold lecturer of St. Andrews was Dr. Thomas Chalmers—a divine whose writings are now known wherever the English language is spoken, and whose wonderful eloquence lives in memory as a vanished power, which even his extraordinary writings fail adequately to represent. And in the position which he took up at this early period with respect to geology and the Divine Record, we have yet another instance of the great sagacity of the man, and of his ability of correctly estimating the prevailing weight of the evidence with which, though but partially collected at the time, the geologist was preparing to establish the leading propositions of his science. Even in this late age, when the scientific standing of geology is all but universally recognised, and the vast periods of time which it demands fully conceded, neither geologist nor

theologian could, in any new scheme of reconciliation, shape his first proposition more skilfully than it was shaped by Chalmers a full half century ago. It has formed, since that time, the preliminary proposition of those ornaments of at once science and the English Church, your present venerable Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Bird Sumner,—with Doctors Buckland, Conybeare, and Professor Sedgwick,—of eminent evangelistic Dissenters, too,—such as the late Dr. Pye Smith, Dr. John Harris, Dr. Robert Vaughan, Dr. James Hamilton, and the Rev. Mr. Binney—enlightened and distinguished men, who all alike came early to the conclusion, with the lecturer of St. Andrews, that “the writings of Moses do not fix the antiquity of the globe.”

In 1814, ten years after the date of the St. Andrews’ lectures, Dr. Chalmers produced his more elaborate scheme of reconciliation between the Divine and the Geologic Records in a “Review of Cuvier’s Theory of the Earth;” and that scheme, perfectly adequate to bring the Mosaic narrative into harmony with what was known at the time of geologic history, has been very extensively received and adopted. It may, indeed, still be regarded as the most popular of the various existing schemes. It teaches, and teaches truly, that between the first act of creation, which evoked out of the previous nothing the *matter* of the heavens and earth, and the first act of the first day’s work recorded in Genesis, periods of vast duration may have intervened; but, further, it insists that the days themselves were but natural days of twenty-four hours each; and that, ere they began, the earth, though, mayhap, in the previous period, a fair residence of life, had become void and formless, and the sun, moon, and stars, though, mayhap, they had before given light, had been, at least in relation to our planet, temporarily extinguished. In short, while it teaches that the successive creations of the geologist may all have found ample room in

the period preceding that creation to which man belongs, it teaches also that the record in Genesis bears reference to but the existing creation, and that there lay between it and the preceding ones a chaotic period of death and darkness. The scheme propounded by the late, truly admirable Dr. Pye Smith, and since adopted by several writers, differs from that of Chalmers in but one circumstance, though an important one. Dr. Smith held, with the great northern divine, that the Mosaic days were natural days; that they were preceded by a chaotic period; and that the work done in them related to but that last of the creations to which the human species belongs. Further, however, he held, in addition, that the chaos of darkness and confusion out of which that creation was called was of but limited extent, and that outside its area, and during the period of its existence, many of our present lands and seas may have enjoyed the light of the sun, and been tenanted by animals, and occupied by plants, the descendants of which still continue to exist. The treatise of Dr. Pye Smith was published exactly a quarter of a century posterior to the promulgation, through the press, of the argument of Dr. Chalmers; and this important addition,—elaborated by its author between the years 1837 and 1839,—seems to have been made to suit the more advanced state of geological science at the time. The scheme of reconciliation, perfectly adequate in 1814, was found in 1839 to be no longer so; and this mainly through a peculiarity in the order in which geological fact has been evolved and accumulated in this country, and the great fossiliferous systems studied and wrought out, to which I must be permitted briefly to advert.

William Smith, the “Father of English Geology,” as he has been well termed (a humble engineer and mineral surveyor, possessed of but the ordinary education of men of his class and profession), was born upon the English Oolite—

that system which, among the five prevailing divisions of the great Secondary class of rocks, holds exactly the middle place. The 'Triassic system' and the 'Lias' lie beneath it ; the Cretaceous system and the Weald rest above. Smith, while yet a child, had his attention attracted by the Oolitic fossils ; and it was observed, that while his youthful contemporaries had their garnered stores of marbles, purchased at the toy-shop, he had collected instead a hoard of spherical fossil terebratula, which served the purposes of the game equally well. The interest which he took in organic remains, and the deposits in which they occur, influenced him in the choice of a profession ; and when supporting himself in honest independence as a skilful mineral surveyor and engineer, he travelled over many thousand miles of country, taking as his starting-point the city of Bath, which stands near what is termed the Great Oolite ; and from that centre he carefully explored the various Secondary formations above and below. He ascertained that these always occur in a certain determinate order ; that each contains fossils peculiar to itself ; and that they run diagonally across the kingdom, in nearly parallel lines, from north-east to south-west. And, devoting every hour which he could snatch from his professional labours to the work, in about a quarter of a century, or rather more, he completed his great stratigraphical map of England. But, though a truly Herculean achievement, regarded as that of a single man unindebted to public support, and uncheered by even any very general sympathy in his labours, it was found to be chiefly valuable in its tracings of the Secondary deposits, and strictly exact in only that Oolitic centre from which his labours began. It was remarked, at an early period, that he ought to have restricted his publication to the formations which lie between the Chalk and the Red-marl, inclusive ; or, in other words, to the great Secondary division. The Coal Measures had, however, been

previously better known, from their economic importance, and the number of the workings opened among them, than the deposits of any other system; and ere the publication of the map of Smith, Cuvier and Brogniart had rendered famous all over the world the older Tertiary formations of the age of the London clay. But both ends of the geological scale, comprising those ancient systems older than the Coal, and representative of periods in which, so far as is yet known, life, animal and vegetable, first began upon our planet, and those systems of comparatively modern date, representative of the periods which immediately preceded the human epoch, were equally unknown. The light fell strongly on only that middle portion of the series on which the labours of Smith had been mainly concentrated. The vast geologic bridge, which, like that in the exquisite allegory of Addison, strode across a "part of the great tide of eternity," "had a black cloud hanging at each end of it." And such was the state of geologic science when, in 1814, Dr. Chalmers framed his scheme of reconciliation.

Since that time, however, a light not less strong than the one thrown by William Smith on the formations of the Lias and the Oolite has been cast on both the older and the newer fossiliferous systems. Two great gaps still remain to be filled up; that which separates the Palæozoic from the Secondary division, and that which separates the Secondary from the Tertiary one. But they occur at neither end of the geological scale. Mainly through the labours of two distinguished geologists, who, finding the geologic school of their own country distracted by a fierce and fruitless controversy, attached themselves to the geologic school of England, and who have since both received the honour of knighthood in reward of their labours, both ends of the geologic scale have been completed. Sir Roderick Murchison addressed himself to the formations older than the Coal—more especially to the

Upper and Lower Silurian systems, from the Ludlow rocks to the Llandeilo flags. The Old Red sandstone, too, a system which lies more immediately beneath the Coal, has also been explored, and its various deposits, with their peculiar organic remains, enumerated and described. And Sir Charles Lyell, setting himself to the other extremity of the scale, has wrought out the Tertiary formations, and separated them into the four great divisions which they are now recognised as forming. And of these, the very names indicate that certain proportions of their organisms still continue to exist. It is a great fact, now fully established in the course of geological discovery, that between the plants which, in the present time, cover the earth, and the animals which inhabit it, and the animals and plants of the later extinct creations, there occurred no break or blank, but that, on the contrary, many of the existing organisms were contemporary, during the morning of their being, with many of the extinct ones, during the evening of theirs. We know, further, that not a few of the shells which now live on our coasts, and several of even the wild animals which continue to survive amid our tracts of hill and forest, were in existence many ages ere the human age began. Instead of dating their beginning only a single natural day, or at most two natural days, in advance of man, they must have preceded him by many thousand years. In fine, in consequence of that comparatively recent extension of geologic fact in the direction of the later systems and formations, through which we are led to know that the present creation was not cut off abruptly from the preceding one, but that, on the contrary, it dovetailed into it at a thousand different points, we are led also to know, that any scheme of reconciliation which would separate between the recent and the extinct existences by a chaotic gulf of death and darkness, is a scheme which no longer meets the necessities of the case. Though perfectly adequate forty

years ago, it has been greatly outgrown by the progress of geological discovery, and is, as I have said, adequate no longer; and it becomes a not unimportant matter to determine the special scheme that would bring into completest harmony the course of creation, as now ascertained by the geologist, and that brief but sublime narrative of its progress which forms a meet introduction in Holy Writ to the history of the human family. The first question to which we must address ourselves in any such inquiry is, of course, a very obvious one—*What are the facts scientifically determined which now demand a new scheme of reconciliation?*

There runs around the shores of Great Britain and Ireland a flat terrace of unequal breadth, backed by an escarpment of varied height and character, which is known to geologists as the Old Coast-line. On this flat terrace most of the seaport towns of the empire are built. The subsoil, which underlies its covering of vegetable mould, consists usually of stratified sands and gravels, arranged after the same fashion as on the neighbouring beach, and interspersed in the same manner with sea-shells. The escarpment behind, when formed of materials of no great coherency, such as gravel or clay, exists as a sloping, grass-covered bank,—at one place running out into promontories, that encroach upon the terrace beneath, at another receding into picturesque, bay-like recesses; and where composed, as in many localities, of rock of an enduring quality, we find it worn, as if by the action of the surf,—in some parts relieved into insulated stacks, in others hollowed into deep caverns,—in short, presenting all the appearances of a precipitous coast-line, subjected to the action of the waves. Now, no geologist can, or does, doubt that this escarpment was at one time the coast-line of the island—the line against which the waves broke at high-water in some distant age, when either the sea stood from twenty to thirty feet higher along our shores than it

does now, or the land sat from twenty to thirty feet lower. Nor can geologist doubt that along the flat terrace beneath, with its stratified beds of sand or gravel, and its accumulations of sea-shells, the tides must have risen and fallen twice every day, as they now rise and fall along the beach that girdles our country. But, in reference to at least human history, the age of the Old Coast-line and terrace must be a very remote one. Though geologically recent, it lies far beyond the reach of any written record. It has been shown by Mr. Smith, of Jordan Hill, one of our highest authorities on the subject, that the wall of Antoninus, erected by the Romans as a protection against the Northern Caledonians, was made to terminate at the Firths of Forth and Clyde, with relation—not to the level of the Old Coast-line—but to that of the existing one. And so we must infer that, ere the year A.D. 140 (the year during which, according to our antiquaries, the greater part of the wall was erected) the Old Coast-line had attained to its present elevation over the sea. Further, however, we know from the history of Diodorus the Sicilian, that at a period earlier by at least two hundred years, St. Michael's Mount, in Cornwall, was connected with the mainland at low water, just as it is now, by a flat isthmus, across which, upon the falling of the tide, the ancient Cornish miners used to carry over their tin in carts. Had the relative levels of sea and land been those of the Old Coast-line at the time, St. Michael's Mount, instead of being accessible at low ebb, would have been separated from the shore by a strait from three to five fathoms in depth. It would not have been then as now, as described in the verse of Carew—

“Both land and island twice a-day.”

But even the incidental notice of Diodorus Siculus represents very inadequately the antiquity of the existing coast-

line. Some of its caves, hollowed in hard rock in the line of faults and shifts by the attrition of the surf, are more than a hundred feet in depth; and it must have required many centuries to excavate tough trap or rigid gneiss to a depth so considerable by a process so slow. And yet, however long the sea may have stood against the present coast-line, it must have stood for a considerably longer period against the ancient one. The latter presents generally marks of greater attrition than the modern line, and its wave-hollowed caves are of a depth considerably more profound. In determining, on an extensive tract of coast, the average profundity of both classes of caverns, from a considerable number of each, I ascertained that the proportional average depth of the modern to the ancient is as two to three. For every two centuries, then, during which the waves have been scooping out the caves of the present coast-line, they must have been engaged for three centuries in scooping out those of the old one. But we know, *historically*, that for at least twenty centuries the sea has been toiling in these modern caves; and who shall dare affirm that it has not been toiling in them for at least ten centuries more? But if the sea has stood for but even two thousand six hundred years against the present coast-line (and no geologist would dare fix his estimate lower), then must it have stood against the old line, ere it could have excavated caves one-third deeper, three thousand nine hundred years. And both periods united (six thousand five hundred years) more than exhaust the Hebrew chronology. Yet what a mere beginning of geologic history does not the epoch of the Old Coast-line form! It is but a mere starting-point from the recent period. Not a single shell seems to have become extinct during the last six thousand five hundred years! The shells which lie embedded in the subsoils beneath the Old Coast-line are exactly those which still live in our seas.

Above this ancient line of coast, we find at various heights beds of shells of vastly older date than those of the low-lying terrace, and many of which are no longer to be found living around our shores. I spent some time last autumn in exploring one of these beds—once a sea-bottom, but now raised two hundred and thirty feet over the sea—in which there occurred great numbers of shells now not British, though found in many parts of Britain at heights varying from two hundred to nearly fourteen hundred feet over the existing sea-level. But though no longer British shells, they are shells that still continue to live in high northern latitudes, as on the shores of Iceland and Spitzbergen; and the abundance in which they were developed on the submerged plains and hill-sides of what are now England and Scotland, during what is termed the Pleistocene period, shows of itself what a very protracted period that was. The prevailing shell of the bed which I last explored,—a bed which occurs in some places six miles inland, in others elevated on the top of dizzy crags—is a sub-artic tellina (*Tellina proxima*), of which only dead valves are now to be detected on our coasts, but which may be found living at the North Cape, and in Greenland. In this elevated Scottish bed, of the Pleistocene period, I laid this boreal shell open to the light by hundreds, on the spot evidently where the individuals had lived and died. Under the severe climatal conditions to which (probably from some change in the direction of the Gulf-stream) what is now Northern Europe had been brought, this tellina had increased and multiplied until it became a prevailing shell of the British area; and this increase must have been the slow work of ages, during which the plains—and not a few of the tablelands—of the country were submerged in a sub-artic sea, and Great Britain existed as but a scattered archipelago of wintry islands. But in a still earlier period, of which there exists unequivocal evidence in the buried forests of Happisburg

and Cromer, the country had not only its head above water, as now, but seems to have possessed even more than its present breadth of surface. During this ancient time—more remote by many centuries than not only the times of the Old Coast-line, but than even those of the partial submergence of the island—that northern mammoth lived in great abundance, of which the remains have been found by hundreds in England alone, together with the northern hippopotamus, and at least two northern species of rhinoceros. And though they have all ceased to exist, with their wild associates in the forests and jungles of the Pleistocene, the cave-hyæna, the cave-tiger, and the cave-bear, we know that the descendants of some of their feebler contemporaries, such as the badger, the fox, and the wild cat, still live amid our hills and brakes. The trees, too, under which they roamed, and whose remains we find buried in the same deposits as theirs, were of species that still hold their place as aboriginal trees of the country, or of at least the more northerly provinces of the continent. The common Scotch fir, the common birch, and a continental species of conifer of the far north, the Norwegian spruce (*Abies excelsa*), have been found underlying the Pleistocene drift, and rooted in the Mammiferous Crag; and for many ages must the old extinct elephant have roamed amid these familiar trees. From one limited tract of sea-bottom on the Norfolk coast, the fishermen engaged in dredging oysters brought ashore, in the course of thirteen years (from 1820 to 1833), no fewer than two thousand elephants' grinders, besides great tusks and numerous portions of skeletons. It was calculated that these remains could not have belonged to fewer than five hundred individual mammoths of English growth; and various in their states of keeping, and belonging to animals of which only a few at a time could have found sufficient food in a limited tract of country, the inference seems inevitable, that they must have belonged, not to one or two,

but to many succeeding generations. The further fact, that remains of this ancient elephant (*Elephas primigenius*) occur all round the globe in a broad belt, extending from the fortieth to near the seventieth degree of north latitude, leads to the same conclusion. It must have required many ages ere an animal that breeds so slowly as the elephant could have extended itself over an area so vast.

Many of the contemporaries of this northern mammoth, especially of its molluscan contemporaries, continue, as I have said, to live in their descendants. Of even a still more ancient period, represented by the Red Crag, seventy out of every hundred species of shells still exist; and of an older period still, represented by the Coraline Crag, there survive sixty out of every hundred. In the Red Crag, for instance, we find the first known ancestors of our common edible periwinkle and common edible mussel; and in the Coraline Crag the first known ancestors of the common horse-mussel, the common whelk, the common oyster, and the great pecten. There then occurs a break in the geologic deposits of Britain, which, however, in other parts of Europe we find so filled up as to render it evident that no corresponding break took place in the chain of existence; but that, on the contrary, from the present time up to the times represented by the earliest Eocene formations of the Tertiary division, day has succeeded day, and season has followed season, and that no chasm or hiatus—no age of general chaos, darkness, and death, has occurred to break the line of succession, or check the course of life. All the evidence runs counter to the supposition, that immediately before the appearance of man upon earth there existed a chaotic period which separated the previous from the present creation. Up till the commencement of the Eocene ages, if even then, there was no such chaotic period in at least what is now Britain and the European continent;—the persistency from a high antiquity of some of the existing races,

of not only plants and shells, but of even some of the mammiferous animals, such as the badger, the goat, and the wild cat, prove there was not; and any scheme of reconciliation which takes such a period for granted must be deemed as unsuited to the present state of geologic knowledge, as any scheme would have been forty years ago which took it for granted that the writings of Moses *do* "fix the antiquity of the globe."

The scheme of reconciliation adopted by the late Dr. Pye Smith, though, save in one particular, identical, as I have said, with that of Dr. Chalmers, is made, in virtue of its single point of difference, to steer clear of the difficulty. Both schemes exhibit the creation, recorded in Genesis, as an event which took place about six thousand years ago; both describe it as begun and completed in six natural days; and both represent it as cut off from a previously existing creation by a chaotic period of death and darkness. But while, according to the scheme of Chalmers, both the Biblical creation and the previous period of death are represented as co-extensive with the globe, they are represented, according to that of Dr. Smith, as limited and local. They may have extended, it is said, over only a few provinces of Central Asia, in which, when all was life and light in other parts of the globe, there reigned for a time only death and darkness amid the welterings of a chaotic sea; and which, at the Divine command, was penetrated by light, and occupied by dry land, and ultimately, ere the end of the creative week, became a centre in which certain plants and animals, and finally man himself, were created. And this scheme, by leaving to the geologist in this country and elsewhere, save, mayhap, in some unknown Asiatic district, his unbroken series, certainly does not conflict with the facts deduced by geologic discovery. It virtually removes Scripture altogether out of the field. I must confess, however, that on this, and on some other ac-

counts, it has failed to satisfy me. I have stumbled, too, at the conception of a merely local and limited chaos, in which the darkness would be so complete, that when first penetrated by the light, that penetration could be described as actually a *making* or creation of light; and that, while life obtained all around its precincts, could yet be thoroughly void of life. A local darkness, so profound as to admit no ray of light, seems to have fallen for a time on Egypt, as one of the ten plagues; but the event was evidently miraculous; and no student of natural science is entitled to have recourse, in order to extricate himself out of a difficulty, to supposititious, unrecorded miracle. Creation cannot take place without miracle; but it would be a strange reversal of all our previous conclusions on the subject, should we have to hold that the dead, dark blank out of which creation arose was miraculous also. And if, rejecting miracle, we cast ourselves on the purely natural, we find that the local darknesse, dependent on known causes, of which we have any record in history, were always either very imperfect,—like the darkness of your London fogs,—or very temporary,—like the darkness described by Pliny, as occasioned by a cloud of volcanic ashes;—and so, altogether inadequate to meet the demands of a hypothesis such as that of Dr. Smith. And yet, further, I am disposed, I must add, to look for a broader and more general meaning in that grand description of the creation of all things, with which the Divine Record so appropriately opens, than I could recognise it as forming, were I assured it referred to but one of many existing creations—a creation restricted to, mayhap, a few hundred square miles of country, and to, mayhap, a few scores of animals and plants. What, then, is the scheme of reconciliation which I would venture to propound?

Let me first remark, in reply, that I come before you this evening, not as a philologist, but simply as a student

of geological fact, who, believing his Bible, believes also, that though theologians have at various times striven hard to pledge it to false science, geographical, astronomical, and geological, it has been pledged by its Divine Author to no falsehood whatever. I occupy exactly the position now, with respect to geology, that the mere Christian geographer would have occupied with respect to geography in the days of those doctors of Salamanca, who deemed it unscriptural to hold with Columbus that the world is round—not flat; or exactly the position which the mere Christian astronomer would have occupied, with respect to astronomy, in the days of that Francis Turretine who deemed it unscriptural to hold with Newton and Galileo, that it is the earth which moves in the heavens, and the sun which stands still. The mere geographer or astronomer might have been wholly unable to discuss with Turretine or the doctors the niceties of Chaldaic punctuation, or the various meanings of the Hebrew verbs. But this much, notwithstanding, he would be perfectly qualified to say :—However great your skill as linguists, your reading of what you term the scriptural geography or scriptural astronomy must of necessity be a false reading, seeing that it commits Scripture to what, in my character as a geographer or astronomer, I know to be a monstrously false geography or astronomy. Premising, then, that I make no pretensions to even the slightest skill in philology, I remark, further, that it has been held by accomplished philologists, that the days of the Mosaic creation may be regarded, without doing violence to the genius of the Hebrew language, as successive periods of great extent. And, certainly, in looking at my English Bible, I find that the portion of time spoken of in the first chapter of Genesis as *six* days, is spoken of in the second chapter as *one* day. True, there are other philologers, such as the late Professor Moses Stuart, who take a different view ; but

then I find this same Professor Stuart striving hard to make the phraseology of Moses "fix the antiquity of the globe;"—and so; as a mere geologist, I reject his philology, on exactly the same principle on which the mere geographer would reject, and be justified in rejecting, the philology of the doctors of Salamanca, or on which the mere astronomer would reject, and be justified in rejecting, the philology of Turretine and the old Franciscans. I would, in any such case, at once, and without hesitation, cut the philological knot, by determining that that philology cannot be sound which would commit the Scriptures to a science that cannot be true. Waving, however, the question as a philological one, and simply holding with Cuvier, Parkinson, and Silliman, that each of the *six days* of the Mosaic narrative in the first chapter were what is assuredly meant by the *day* referred to in the second—not natural days, but lengthened periods—I find myself called on, as a geologist, to account for but three of the six. Of the period during which light was created—of the period during which a firmament was made to separate the waters from the waters—or of the period during which the two great lights of the earth, with the other heavenly bodies, became visible from the earth's surface, we need expect to find no record in the rocks. Let me, however, pause for a moment, to remark the peculiar character of the language in which we are first introduced in the Mosaic narrative to the heavenly bodies—sun, moon, and stars. The moon, though absolutely one of the smallest lights of our system, is described as secondary and subordinate to only its greatest light, the sun. It is the apparent, then, not the actual, which we find in the passage—what *seemed* to be, not what *was*; and as it was merely what appeared to be greatest that was described as greatest, on what grounds are we to hold that it may not also have been what appeared at the time to be made that

has been described as made? The sun, moon, and stars, may have been created long before, though it was not until this fourth period of creation that they became visible from the earth's surface.

The geologist, in his attempts to collate the Divine with the geologic record, has, I repeat, only three of the six periods of creation to account for—the period of plants, the period of great sea-monsters and creeping things, and the period of cattle and beasts of the earth. He is called on to question his systems and formations regarding the remains of these three great periods, and of these only. And the question once fairly stated, what, I ask, is the reply? All geologists agree in holding that the vast geological scale naturally divides into *three* great parts. There are many lesser divisions—divisions into systems, formations, deposits, beds, strata;—but the master divisions, in each of which we find a type of life so unlike that of the others, that even the unpractised eye can detect the difference, are simply three,—the Palæozoic, or oldest fossiliferous division; the Secondary, or middle fossiliferous division; and the Tertiary, or latest fossiliferous division.

In the first, or Palæozoic division, we find corals, crustaceans, molluscs, fishes, and, in its later formations, a few reptiles. * But none of these classes of organisms give its leading character to the Palæozoic,—they do not constitute its prominent feature, or render it more remarkable as a scene of life than any of the divisions which followed. That which chiefly distinguished the Palæozoic from the Secondary and Tertiary periods was its gorgeous flora. It was emphatically the period of plants,—“of herbs yielding seed after their kind.” In no other age did the world ever witness such a flora;—the youth of the earth was peculiarly a green and umbrageous youth—a youth of dusk and tangled forests—of huge pines and stately araucarians—of

the reed-like calamite—the tall tree-fern—the sculptured sigillaria—and the hirsute lepidodendron. Wherever dry land, or shallow lake, or running stream appeared, from where Melville Island now spreads out its ice-wastes, under the star of the Pole, to where the arid plains of Australia lie solitary, beneath the bright cross of the south, a rank and luxuriant herbage cumbered every foot-breadth of the dank and steaming soil; and even to distant planets our earth must have shone through the enveloping cloud with a green and delicate ray. Of this extraordinary age of plants, we have our cheerful remembrancers and witnesses in the flames that roar in our chimneys when we pile up the winter fire,—in the brilliant gas that now casts its light on this great assemblage, and that brightens up the streets and lanes of this vast city,—in the glowing furnaces that smelt our metals, and give moving power to our ponderous engines,—in the long dusky trains that, with shriek and snort, speed dart-like athwart our landscapes,—and in the great cloud-enveloped vessels that darken the lower reaches of your noble river, and rush in foam over ocean and sea. The geologic evidence is so complete as to be patent to all, that the first great period of organised being was, as described in the Mosaic record, peculiarly a period of herbs and trees, “yielding seed after their kind.”

The middle great period of the geologist—that of the Secondary division—possessed, like the earlier one, its herbs and plants, but they were of a greatly less luxuriant and conspicuous character than their predecessors, and no longer formed the prominent trait or feature of the creation to which they belonged. The period had also its corals, its crustaceans, its molluscs, its fishes, and, in some one or two exceptional instances, its dwarf mammals. But the grand existences of the age, the existences in which it excelled every other creation, earlier or later, were its huge creeping things—its

enormous monsters of the deep,—and, as shown by the impressions of their footprints stamped upon the rocks, its gigantic birds. It was peculiarly the age of egg-bearing animals, winged and wingless. Its wonderful *whales*; not, however, as now, of the mammalian, but of the reptilian class,—ichthyosaurs, plesiosaurs, and cetiosaurs, must have tempested the deep; its creeping lizards and crocodiles, such as the teleosaurus, megalosaurus, and iguanodon,—creatures, some of which more than rivalled the existing elephant in height, and greatly more than rivalled him in bulk, must have crowded the plains, or haunted by myriads the rivers of the period; and we know that the footprints, of at least one of its many birds, are of fully twice the size of those made by the horse or camel. We are thus prepared to demonstrate, that the second period of the geologist was peculiarly and characteristically a period of whale-like reptiles of the sea, of enormous creeping reptiles of the land, and of numerous birds—some of them of gigantic size; and, in meet accordance with the fact, we find that the second Mosaic period with which the geologist is called on to deal was a period in which God created the fowl that flieth above the earth, with moving [or creeping] creatures, both in the waters and on the land, and what our translation renders great whales, but what I find rendered in the margin, great sea-monsters.

The Tertiary period had also its prominent class of existences. Its flora seems to have been no more conspicuous than that of the present time; its reptiles occupy a very subordinate place; but its beasts of the field were by far the most wonderfully developed, both in size and numbers, that ever appeared upon earth. Its mammoths and its mastodons, its rhinoceri and its hippopotami, its enormous dinotherium and colossal megatherium, greatly more than equalled in bulk the hugest mammals of the present time

and vastly exceeded them in number. The remains of one of its elephants, *Elephas primigenius*, are still so abundant amid the frozen wastes of Siberia, that what have been not inappropriately termed "ivory quarries" have been wrought among their bones for more than a hundred years. Even in our own country, of which, as I have already shown, this elephant was for long ages a native, so abundant are the skeletons and tusks, that there is scarcely a local museum in the kingdom that has not its specimens dug out of the Pleistocene deposits of the neighbourhood. And with this ancient elephant, there were meetly associated in Britain, as on the Northern Continents generally all around the globe, many other mammals of corresponding magnitude. "Grand, indeed," says an English naturalist, "was the fauna of the British Islands in those early days. Tigers, as large again as the biggest Asiatic species, lurked in the ancient thickets; elephants of nearly twice the bulk of the largest individuals that now exist in Africa or Ceylon, roamed in herds; at least two species of rhinoceros forced their way through the primæval forest; and the lakes and rivers were tenanted by hippopotami as bulky, and with as great tusks, as those of Africa." The massive cave-bear, and large cave-hyæna, belonged to the same formidable group, with at least two species of great oxen (*Bos longifrons* and *Bos primigenius*), with a horse of smaller size, and an elk (*Megaceros Hibernicus*), that stood ten feet four inches in height. Truly, this Tertiary age—this third and last of the great geologic periods—was peculiarly the age of great "beasts of the earth after their kind, and of cattle after their kind."

Permit me, at this stage, in addressing myself to a London audience, to refer to what has been well termed one of the great sights of London. An illustration drawn from what must be familiar to you all, may impart to your con-

ceptions respecting the facts on which I build a degree of tangibility which otherwise they could not possess.

One of, perhaps, the most deeply interesting departments of your great British Museum—the wonder of the world—is that noble gallery, consisting of a suite of rooms, opening in line, the one beyond the other, which forms its rich store-house of organic remains. You must, of course, remember the order in which the organisms of that gallery are ranged. The visitor is first ushered into a spacious room devoted to fossil plants, chiefly of the Coal Measures. And, if these organisms are in any degree less imposing in their aspect than those of the apartments which follow in the series, it is only because that, from the exceeding greatness of the Coal-Measure plants, they can be exhibited in but bits and fragments. Within less than an hour's walk of the Scottish capital there are single trees of this ancient period deeply embedded in the sand-stone strata, which, though existing as mere mutilated portions of their former selves, would yet fail to find accommodation in that great apartment. One of these fossil trees—a noble araucarian—which occurs in what is known as the Granton quarry, is a mere fragment, for it wants both root and top, and yet what remains is sixty-one feet in length, by six feet in diameter; and beside it there lies a smaller araucarian, also mutilated, for it wants top and branches, and it measures seventy feet in length, by four feet in diameter. I saw lately, in a quarry of the Coal Measures, about two miles from my dwelling-house, near Edinburgh, the stem of a plant allied to the dwarfish club mosses of our moors, considerably thicker than the body of a man, and which, reckoning on the ordinary proportions of the plant, must have been at least seventy feet in height. And of a kind of aquatic reed, that more resembles the diminutive mare's-tail of our marshes than aught else that now lives, remains

have been found in abundance in the same coal-field, more than a foot in diameter, by thirty feet in length. Imposing, then, as are the vegetable remains of this portion of the national museum, they would be greatly more imposing still, did they more adequately represent the gigantic flora of the remote age to which they belong.

Passing onwards in the gallery, from the great plants of the Palæozoic division to the animals of the Secondary one, the attention is at once arrested by the monstrous forms on the wall. Shapes that more than rival in strangeness the great dragons, and griffins, and "laithly worms," of mediæval legend, or, according to Milton, the "gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire," of classical fable, frown on the passing visitor; and though wrapped up in their dead and stony sleep of ages, seem not only the most strange, but also the most terrible, things on which his eye ever rested. Enormous jaws, bristling with pointed teeth, gape horrid in the stone, under staring eye-sockets a full foot in diameter. Necks that half equal in length the entire body of the boa-constrictor, stretch out from bodies mounted on fins like those of a fish, and furnished with tails somewhat resembling those of the mammals. Here, we see a winged dragon that, armed with sharp teeth and strong claws, had careered through the air on leathern wings like those of a bat; there an enormous crocodilian-whale, that, mounted on many-jointed paddles, had traversed in quest of prey the green depths of the sea; yonder an herbivorous lizard, with a horn like that of the rhinoceros projecting from its snout, and that, when it browsed amid the dank meadows of the Wealden, must have stood about twelve feet high. All is enormous, monstrous, vast, amid the creeping and flying things, and the great sea-monsters of this division of the gallery.

We pass on into the third and lower division, and an entirely different class of existences now catch the eye.

The huge mastodon, with his enormous length of body, and his tusks projecting from both upper and under jaw, stands erect in the middle of the floor—a giant skeleton. We see beside him the great bones of the megatherium, — thigh-bones eleven inches in diameter, and claw-armed toes more than two feet in length. There, too, ranged species beyond species, are the extinct elephants; and there the ponderous skull of the dinotherium, with the bent tusks in its lower jaw, that give to it the appearance of a great pickaxe, and that must have dug deeply of old amid the liliaceous roots and bulbs of the Tertiary lakes and rivers. There, also, are the massive heads and spreading horn-cores of the *Bos primigenius*, and the large bones and broad, plank-like horns of the great Irish elk. And there, too, in the same apartment, but leaning against its farther wall,—last, as most recent, of all the objects of wonder in that great gallery,—is the famous human skeleton of Guadalupe, standing out in bold relief from its slab of grey limestone. It occurs in the series, just as the series closes, a little beyond the mastodon and the mammoths; and in its strange character, as a fossil-man, attracts the attention scarce less powerfully than the great Palæozoic plants, the great Secondary reptiles, or the great Tertiary mammals.

I last passed through this wondrous gallery at the time when the attraction of the Great Exhibition had filled London with curious visitors from all parts of the empire; and a group of intelligent mechanics, fresh from some manufacturing town of the Midland Counties, were sauntering on through its chambers, immediately before me. They stood amazed beneath the dragons of the Oolite and Lias; and with more than the admiration and wonder of the disciples of old when contemplating the huge stones of the Temple, they turned to say, in almost the old words, “Lo! master, what manner of great beasts are these?” “These are,” I

replied, "the sea-monsters and creeping things of the second great period of organic existence." The reply seemed satisfactory, and we passed on together to the terminal apartments of the range appropriated to the Tertiary organisms. And there, before the enormous mammals, the mechanics again stood in wonder, and turned to inquire. Anticipating the query, I said, "And these are the huge beasts of the earth, and the cattle of the third great period of organic existence; and yonder, in the same apartment you see, but at its farther end, is the famous fossil-man of Guadalupe, locked up by the petrifactive agencies in a slat of limestone." The mechanics again seemed satisfied. And, of course, had I encountered them in the first chamber of the suite, and had they questioned me respecting the organisms with which it is occupied, I would have told them that they were the remains of the herbs and trees of the *first* great period of organic existence. But in the chamber of the mammals we parted, and I saw them no more.

There could not be a simpler incident. And yet, rightly apprehended, it reads its lesson. You have all visited the scene of it, and must all have been struck by the three salient points, if I may so speak, by which that noble gallery lays strongest hold of the memory, and most powerfully impresses the imagination,—by its gigantic plants of the first period (imperfectly as these are represented in the collection) by its strange misproportioned sea-monsters and creeping things of the second, and by its huge mammals of the third. Amid many thousand various objects, and a perplexing multiplicity of detail, which it would require the patient study of years even partially to classify and know, these are the great prominent features of the gallery, that involuntarily on the part of the visitor, force themselves on his attention. They at once pressed themselves on the attention of the intelligent, though unscientific mechanics, and I doubt

not still dwell vividly in their recollections; and I now ask you, when you again visit the national museum, and verify the fact of the great prominence of these classes of objects, to bear in mind that the gallery in which they occur represents, both in the order and character of its contents, the course of creation. I ask you to remember that, had there been human eyes on earth during the Palæozoic, Secondary, and Tertiary periods, they would have been filled in succession by the great plants, the great reptiles, and the great mammals, just as those of the mechanics were filled by them in the Museum. As the sun and moon, when they first became visible in the heavens, would have seemed to human eyes—had there been human eyes to see—not only the greatest of the celestial lights, but peculiarly the prominent objects of the epoch in which they appeared, so would these plants, reptiles, and mammals, have seemed in succession, the prominent objects of the several epochs in which *they* appeared. And asking the geologist to say, whether my replies to the mechanics were not, with all their simplicity, true to geological fact, and the theologian to say, whether the statements which they embodied were not, with all their geology, true to the scriptural narrative, I ask, further, whether (of course, making due allowance for the laxity of the terms, botanic and zoological, of a primitive language unadapted to the niceties of botanic or zoologic science), the Mosaic account of creation could be rendered more essentially true than we actually find it, to the history of creation, geologically ascertained. If, taking the Mosaic days as equivalent to lengthened periods, we hold that, in giving their brief history, the inspired writer seized on but those salient points that, like the two great lights of the day and night, would have arrested most powerfully during these periods a human eye, we shall find the harmony of the two records complete. In your visit to the Museum, I would yet further

ask you to mark the place of the human skeleton in the great gallery. It stands,—at least it stood only a few years ago,—in the same apartment with the huge mammifers. And it is surely worthy of remark that, while in both the sacred and geologic records, a strongly defined line separates between the period of plants and the succeeding period of reptiles; and, again, between the period of reptiles and the succeeding period of mammals, no line in either record separates between this period of mammals and the human period. Man came into being as the last-born of creation, just ere the close of that sixth day—the third and terminal period of organic creation—to which the great mammals belong.

Let me yet further remark, that in each of these three great periods we find, with respect to the classes of existence, vegetable or animal, by which they were most prominently characterised, certain well-marked culminating points, together, if I may so express myself,—twilight periods of morning dawn and evening decline. The plants of the earlier and terminal systems of the Palæozoic division are few and small; it was only during the protracted *eons* of the Carboniferous period that they received their amazing development, unequalled in any previous or succeeding time. In like manner, in the earlier or Triassic deposits of the Secondary division, the reptilian remains are comparatively inconsiderable; and they are almost equally so in its Cretaceous or later deposits. It was during those middle ages of the division represented by its Liassic, Oolitic, and Wealden formations that the class existed in that abundance which rendered it so peculiarly, above every other age, an age of creeping things and great sea-monsters. And so also in the Tertiary, regarded as but an early portion of the human division, there was a period of increase and diminution, a morning and evening of mammalian life. The mammals of

its early Eocene ages were comparatively small in bulk and low in standing ; in its concluding ages, too, immediately ere the appearance of man, or just as he had appeared, they exhibited, both in size and number, a reduced and less imposing aspect. It was chiefly in its middle and latter, or Miocene, Pliocene, and Pleistocene ages that the myriads of its huger giants,—its dinotheria, mastodons, and mammoths, cumbered the soil. I, of course, restrict my remarks to the three periods of organic life, and have not inquired whether aught analogous to these mornings and evenings of increase and diminution need be sought after in any of the others.

Such are a few of the geological facts which lead me to believe that the *days* of the Mosaic account were great periods, not natural days ; and, be it remembered, that between the scheme of lengthened periods and the scheme of a merely local chaos, which existed, no one knows how, and of a merely local creation, which had its scene, no one knows where, geological science leaves us now no choice whatever. It has been urged, however, that this scheme of periods is irreconcilable with that Divine “reason” for the institution of the Sabbath which he who appointed the day of old, has, in his goodness, vouchsafed to man. I have failed to see any force in the objection. God, the Creator, who wrought during six periods, rested during the seventh period ; and as we have no evidence whatever that he recommenced his work of creation—as, on the contrary, man seems to be the last formed of creatures—God may be resting still. The presumption is strong that his Sabbath is an extended period, not a natural day, and that the work of Redemption is his Sabbath-day’s work. And so I cannot see that it in the least interferes with the integrity of the reason rendered, to read it as follows :—Work during six periods, and rest on the seventh ; for in six periods the Lord created the heavens and the earth, and on the seventh period

he rested. The Divine periods may have been very great, the human periods very small; just as a vast continent or the huge earth itself is very great, and a map or geographical globe very small; but if, in the map or globe, the proportions be faithfully maintained, and the scale, though a minute one, be true in all its parts and applications, we pronounce the map or globe, notwithstanding the smallness of its size, a faithful copy. Were man's Sabbaths to be kept as enjoined, and in the Divine proportions, it would scarcely interfere with the logic of the "reason annexed to the fourth commandment," though in this matter, as in all others in which man can be an imitator of God, the imitation should be a miniature one.

The work of Redemption may, I repeat, be the work of God's Sabbath-day. What, I ask, viewed as a whole, is the prominent characteristic of geologic history, or of that corresponding history of creation, which forms the grandly-fashioned vestibule of the sacred volume? Of both alike the leading characteristic is progress. In both alike do we find an upward progress from dead matter to the humbler forms of vitality, and from thence to the higher. And after great cattle and beasts of the earth had, in due order, succeeded inanimate plants, sea-monsters, and moving creatures that had life, the moral agent, man, enters upon the scene. Previous to his appearance on earth, each succeeding elevation in the long upward march had been a result of creation. The creative fiat went forth, and dead matter came into existence. The creative fiat went forth, and plants, with the lower animal forms, came into existence. The creative fiat went forth, and the oviparous animals—birds and reptiles, came into existence. The creative fiat went forth, and the mammiferous animals—cattle and beasts of the earth, came into existence. And, finally, last in the series, the creative fiat went forth, and responsible, immortal man, came into

existence. But has the course of progress come, in consequence, to a close? No! God's work of elevating, raising, heightening—of making the high in due progression succeed the low—still goes on. But man's responsibility, his immortality, his God-implanted instincts respecting an eternal future, forbid that that work of elevation and progress should be, as in all the other instances, a work of creation. To create would be to supersede. God's work of elevation now is the work of fitting and preparing peccable, imperfect man for a perfect, impeccable, future state. God's seventh day's work is the work of Redemption. And, read in this light, his reason vouchsafed to man for the institution of the Sabbath is found to yield a meaning of peculiar breadth and emphasis. God, it seems to say, rests on *his* Sabbath from his creative labours, in order that by his Sabbath-day's work he may save and elevate you; rest ye also on your Sabbaths, that through your co-operation with him in this great work ye may be elevated and saved. Made originally in the image of God, let God be your pattern and example. Engaged in your material and temporal employments, labour in the proportions in which he laboured; but in order that you may enjoy an eternal future with him, rest also in the proportions in which he rests.

One other remark ere I conclude. In the history of the earth which we inhabit, molluscs, fishes, reptiles, mammals, had each in succession their periods of vast duration; and then the human period began—the period of a fellow-worker with God, created in God's own image. What is to be the next advance? Is there to be merely a repetition of the past?—an introduction a second time of man made in the image of God? No! The geologist in those tables of stone, which form his records, finds no example of dynasties, once passed away, again returning. There has been no repetition of the dynasty of the fish—of the reptile—of the mammal.

The dynasty of the future is to have glorified man for its inhabitant; but it is to be the dynasty—"the *kingdom*," not of glorified man made in the image of God, but of God himself in the form of man. In the doctrine of the two cojoined natures, human and divine, and in the further doctrine that the terminal dynasty is to be peculiarly the dynasty of HIM in whom the natures are united, we find that required progression beyond which progress cannot go. We find the point of elevation never to be exceeded meetly coincident with the final period never to be terminated—the infinite in height harmoniously associated with the eternal in duration. Creation and the Creator meet at one point and in one person. The long-ascending line from dead matter to man has been a progress Godwards, not an asymptotical progress, but destined from the beginning to furnish a point of union;—and occupying that point as true God and true man, as Creator and created, we recognise the adorable Monarch of all the Future!

The Jews and Judaism.

A LECTURE

BY THE

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ST. PAUL'S, LIVERPOOL.

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THE JEWS AND JUDAISM.

LIFE, death, immortality, truth, God! What words are these, and what thoughts do they suggest! Dear young friends, objects of our Christian solicitude,—or, as St. Paul would have said to you, “Of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you,”—what do you want? What does man want? The question is short and simple—so simple as to seem, at first hearing, unworthy of the prominence thus given to it. But be not content with a first hearing; consider it, and the more seriously you consider it, the more you will find it expanding its meaning and application, till you will see involved in it all that you are, and all that you hope to be; all that Philosophy gropes after, and all that Faith finds; all that Apostles and Prophets were inspired to proclaim; all that martyrs and confessors died to defend; all that God, the eternal Word, was incarnate to reveal.

What does man want? That plainly depends upon what man is. What does a stone or a clod of earth want? What does a flower or a tree want? What does a bird or a beast want? These questions, elementary as they are, have already had this good effect, that they have set you all to thinking about the nature of stones, clods, plants, and animals; and also about the difference, the essential difference, between all these and a man.

One of our poets has said that "Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long." This has reference to his animal wants and his natural mortality. 'It may serve' for a sentimental verse, but, if taken as an answer to the question, what does man want, even *here below*, it will not bear examination. Even here below man wants not a little, but much, very much. How sensitive he is! His heart vibrates with trembling apprehensions, and expands with glowing anticipations. The inmate of his bosom, which is an heir and an earnest of immortality, renders this fallen world, and all that it contains, utterly incapable of satisfying his wants. In vain his coffers are filled with this world's wealth; in vain his intellect is stored with this world's knowledge; in vain his path is adorned with this world's grandeur; in vain his name is associated with this world's applause. All these are but superficial; they are but the ornaments, the trappings, the holiday costume of a first-rate worldly man. But underneath this dress, behind its most gorgeous folds and glittering orders, there beats a craving after something far different from these. There lurks a secret consciousness of infirmity—a "sentence of death" in the body—a progress of decay—a feeling after, if haply he may find, some resting-place more permanent than a silken couch or bed of down; an occupation for the intellect more truly ennobling, more satisfying, because more sanctifying, than a knowledge of the sciences or languages of men; a voice of welcome more touching, calming, tranquillising, than the shout of popularity upon earth.

Yes, man is a longing creature. His heart pants after happiness in some shape. He is a wondering creature in his ignorance; his mind affects the marvellous; he is a proud creature in his knowledge, rejecting what is still too high for him, and resenting what tends to make but little of him. He is an unsolved riddle to himself.

Christianity, rightly understood and cordially received, contains a response to all his wants—repose to the most agitated heart, from whatever cause the agitation may arise; exercise for the most cultivated understanding, leading to a reasonable service; mystery for the reverent cravings of a finite spirit, keeping it in that posture of humility which must ever be suitable to a creature, as such, in its highest possible estate. Happy are the people who are in such a case! yes, happiest of their kind are the people who have received Christianity intelligently, cordially, and spiritually!

But this haven of rest is rejected by many; by some, after what they consider a fair trial; by others, who have never tried: and we are called on, from time to time, to leave our loved harbour of repose and safety, and go out to sea, that we may offer a helping hand to the tempest-tossed inquirer; that we may tell him of our chart, and our pilot, and our lighthouse, and say to him, "Come with us, and we will do you good."

Our invitation is too often slighted; but in self-denying love to our fellow-men we repeat it; and, in the reasonable hope of making it more acceptable and more effectual, we address ourselves to the high duty of giving such reasons for it as may commend it to the unsettled, and thereby enlarge on the earth the happiness we experience in ourselves. We desire, also, to cheer the hearts and strengthen the hands of our young friends who feel with us, but who are exposed to harassing conflicts and agitating debates with unbelievers. This is the history of such lectures as this.

Some of our modern reasoners, in their opposition to Christianity, or, as they call it—with unintentional truth—orthodoxy, have set up what is *their* ideal of all that is true and valuable—of all that is characteristic of enlarged intelligence, and productive of purity in conduct, in what they are pleased to designate by the name of *secularism*. They

tell us that orthodoxy offers to men of mind "its dry husks; but they now know that husks cannot afford strength or pleasure. In such a position 'secularism meets them with promise and power.' It offers the study of the order rather than the origin of nature, and thus calls the mind from speculation on an incomprehensible Being to a living observance of living facts. It teaches that man's condition is not the result of some decree or power apart from himself but that his sole dependence is in himself. It brings peace to the mind, by showing that sincere unbelief of any opinion, however true, is innocent; and that right actions and right motives are sufficient to justify us in the sight of a moral God."—*The Reasoner*, Oct. 5, 1853, p. 216.

It is not my intention to analyse the entire of this statement. I do not now ask these reasoners, as I might very reasonably do, to give us their definitions of *right* motives and *right* actions, with some intelligible account of *what* is their standard of right, and *why* it is so. I do not now ask them to consider that an opinion may be sincere without being innocent, if for some time it has been insincerely fostered and encouraged. I might remind them on this point of the truth of the Latin proverb, "*Quod volumus facile credimus*," and of the converse, which is equally true, "*Quod nolumus facile negamus*." I might remind them of a higher proverb still—"There is a way that *seemeth right* unto a man, and the end of it are the ways of death." I do not now pause to show them, as I might, that man's condition, as we actually find it, is a mixed result, to be traced in part—in much of its *physique*, *e. g.*—to causes over which he himself had no control (who had the choice of his own parentage or bodily constitution?) and to be traced, in part—in much of its *morale*—to causes over which we deny not, but maintain, that he himself has apparently unbounded, and really very extensive influence.

My present subject rather fixes attention on another clause of the passage I have quoted. The perfection of reason, it is alleged, invites to the "study of the order rather than the origin of nature, and thus culls the mind from speculation on an incomprehensible Being to a living observance of living facts." "*A living observance of living facts!*" Good. We accept this. We grant freely that *a priori* reasonings on the perfections, or supposed perfections, of a Being whom we would approve of as God are unfit for our finite and fallible minds; and that we could not succeed in that direction unless we were ourselves morally perfect and intellectually omniscient—*i. e.* unless we were above the necessity of any reasoning process whatever.

"A living observance of living facts" is in accordance with the demands of the physical science of our times. It seizes on facts as principia, and speculates only in the way of apparently sound and consequential deductions. Where results are produced, it is a conclusion of reason that adequate causes must have been at work. Results *have* been produced. The facts are here—we see them, hear them, handle them; they cannot be denied, if our own existence be admitted. How came they to be? They must be accounted for, if possible. There is an hypothesis which would account for them. There is no other that we know of, or have ever heard of, that would. Therefore, in our present state of information, it is reasonable to embrace this one as the truth, and to maintain it against every objection, short of the production of a more reasonable and equally adequate hypothesis. Thus the astronomer argues with reference to gravitation: grant it, and the phenomena are accounted for; deny it, and they remain to be accounted for: we hold it, therefore, against any and every plausible objection, until we are supplied with a better principle, accounting for the phenomena in a more satisfactory manner. Thus the geo-

logist argues with reference to the antiquity of the earth. In common with the astronomer, he starts with an observance of facts. On this, as a basis, their theories are constructed; and it becomes highly satisfactory, and corroborative to demonstration of the correctness of the theory, when it is confirmed by a further and more enlarged observance of facts. Of this you had an interesting illustration in the Lecture delivered here last week.

To "a living observance of living facts," then, we are challenged by our reasoners. I accept the challenge. To "a living observance of living facts" let us go. Mine are convenient facts, and easy of observation. I have no occasion to dig, or bore, or break, to bring out perfect fossils. I have no occasion to study and explain comparative anatomy, in order to supplement with accuracy mutilated remains. I have no occasion to construct and adjust a telescope, to observe the occurrence of the predicted eclipse, the time of the predicted transit, or the shading of the predescribed parallax. My facts are literally and indeed living facts; they walk about among us, and among all nations, in the accessible and intelligible shape of men, women, and children. My facts are Jews. I invite attention to them. I beg no question as to who they are, or whence they came. These are matters for inquiry. I am content to begin with what is beyond all question—*what* they are. Open your eyes, and see.

Jewish specimens are found everywhere, and everywhere they present the same general features. In every inhabited region of the civilised world, in every port, in every great city, in every mart of business, in every climate, among people of every language, in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, Jews are dispersed. They are found, not merely as travellers come to see the country, and then to leave it, nor as men of business, come to conduct certain

transactions of traffic or finance, and then return to their own home. They have no home anywhere; they possess none of those features, whether of territory or government, which give nationality and unity to other people. Everywhere they are found to be residents; everywhere they are felt to be strangers.

This is a living fact. As a strange fact, it deserves attention; as an unparalleled fact, it demands explanation. When we begin to inquire about it, the first thing we discover is, that as it is a fact now, so it has been a fact for ages. Take up a volume of history of any country, at any age since the fall of the Roman empire, and you find, as a matter of fact, that Jews were there, just as we now see that they are here.

The people so found in every place are very distinct from all around them, and very peculiar. They are found in very different states of intellectual culture. "Highly favoured for ages, both by the Gothic and Moorish kings, the Jews in Spain acquired an elevation of character, and even of countenance and manner, which was never attained by the German and Slavonic Jews." But in all the varieties—intellectual, moral, social, physical—discernible among them in the various countries of their dispersion, we find one marked and remarkable uniformity of religious, or rather superstitious, usage.

Doubtless there are among them individuals—and in some places they may be numerous—who have been in every age infected with scepticism, denying the existence of angels or spirits, and holding themselves superior to all religious observances. There was a sect of Sadducees from the earliest times. But, as a body, the Jewish nation were, and still are, Pharisees.

The ceremonial, to the observance of which they are still in bondage, may, in all its most important features, be

traced to the six hundred and thirteen precepts which every true Jew is bound to observe. Three of these precepts, namely, those enjoining the use of *phylacteries*, *fringes* at the corner of garments, and *the sign on the door-posts*, are specified by modern Jews as “the fundamental principles of Judaism,” and declared to be coeval with its institution. A few words on each of these may prove interesting.

Phylacteries are thus made. Four portions of Scripture—two from the Book of Exodus, and two from the Book of Deuteronomy—are transcribed on slips of parchment. These slips are rolled up, and put into small boxes, made of leather, and sewed with the sinews of a clean animal. For use on the head, four of these boxes are fastened together in the shape of the Hebrew letter *shin*; for use on the hand, one box is sufficient. The following description of the sewing of these boxes is taken from the work of a celebrated Rabbi:—

“Take the sinews of a clean beast, particularly the sinews that are in the steps of the animal, which are white and stiff; bruise them with stones, or other hard substances, until they become like flax; then spin them, and with the threads sew the divisions together at the four sides; on each side, three stitches, in order that there may be altogether twelve stitches, according to the number of the twelve tribes of Israel. If the number be lessened, and made ten, according to the number of ten only, leaving out Judah, who was a king, and Levi, who was a priest; or, if the number be increased, and made fourteen, according to the number of the twelve tribes, with the addition of Manasseh and Ephraim, it is also right.”

The reason why four boxes should be used in a phylactery for the head, and only one for the hand, is thus given by the great Jewish champion, *Rabbi Lipman*:—

“We are commanded to make the phylacteries for the head of four boxes, and to put them on the head in the place where

the pulse of an infant's brain beats (for the four senses—seeing, hearing, smelling, and tasting—derive their source from the brain), but to make phylacteries for the hand of one box only, and to put it on the left arm opposite the heart, for strength is in the arm, and the main sensorium of the whole body is in the head.”

The phylacteries are fastened on by a leathern thong, called *R'tsuoth*. The Rabbis define the breadth of this thong to be equal to the length of a barleycorn, or a little wider. Its length, when used for the head, must be sufficient to compass the head once, to form the *kesher*, or knot, and to leave ends hanging down as far as the breast. When used for the hand, it must be long enough to go seven times round the arm, and three times round the middle finger, with a little surplus.

Fringes.—It appears that, whatever may have been the practice of ancient Jews with reference to fringes on their garments, the more modern Rabbis were for a long time divided upon the question, whether they should be worn on an outer or an inner garment. But at last they decided on having a particular article of dress on purpose to put the fringes on. It is called *Talith*, and resembles a shawl in shape. The fringes are of various shapes and breadths, but always connected with a blue riband. Every talith has blue stripes on its border.

The practice is a strict compliance with a commandment of Scripture, Num. xv. 37-40; and, again, Deut. xxii. 12. Christ, as a man and member of the Jewish Church, obeyed this precept according to the Law of Moses. This appears from the narrative in the Gospel of the poor woman who came behind him and touched the border of his garment. The word here used by the Evangelist (Luke, viii. 44) is *ῥασιδίον*. It is derived from the Chaldee. It is translated border, but it literally signifies *fringe*. The same word

occurs in Christ's reproof to the Pharisees (Matt. xxiii. 5) for the ostentation of piety, when he tells them they made broad the *borders*, literally, the *fringes*, of their garments.

But when, it may be asked, do the Jews wear these phylacteries and these fringes? We see them in the streets and in the houses, and as a matter of fact we do not see these peculiarities. The answer is, the Rabbis, in consideration of the exposure of their people among strangers, have relaxed the obligation to wear these things all the day, and confined it to the morning, from daylight till after their morning prayers. According to one Rabbi, the phylacteries are to be put on in the morning, "when a person is able to distinguish between blue and white." Another Rabbi says, "when a person is able to distinguish between a wolf and a dog." A third Rabbi describes the time, "when a person is able to recognise his friend with whom he is but little acquainted." We are informed, however, by travellers in Poland and Russia, that many Jews there wear their phylacteries all the day long.

Another practice I must mention, namely, the use of the *M'zuzah*, or sign on the door-post. This also is derived from Scripture. Two passages in Deuteronomy are specified, vi. 4-9, and xi. 13-20. These must be written out on ruled parchment; if not ruled in regular lines, it has no virtue in it. They must compose twenty-two lines, and all the lines be of equal length. The parchment is then rolled together, and the word *Shaddai* (Almighty) written on the outside of the scroll. The scroll is then put into a cane, or a cylindrical tube of glass or tin, in the side of which a hole is made, so that the word *Shaddai* on the scroll may be visible. This tube is then fastened to the door-post by a nail at each end.

The reason assigned by the Rabbis for the use of this sign, or *M'zuzah*, is well intended, though, of course, it is found wholly ineffectual. "A man is apt to commit a fault

secretly, and says, Peradventure some one will see me; but he does not say, Lest God should see me. Therefore our Rabbis of blessed memory eulogised such an one who would not do anything in his private chamber which he would not do in a public place. For this reason the Blessed One has commanded that wherever there is a habitation for men, even if there were a thousand houses, one within the other, there should be a *M'zuzah*, even on the innermost, in order that whensoever thou comest into thine house, or into thy bed-chamber, thou mayest recollect His blessed love, and that thou shouldest not deviate from the good way, though no man may see thee."

These usages of the Jews may be considered as too frivolous in themselves to deserve serious notice; but, as living facts to be accounted for, they form a link by no means frivolous in the chain of our general argument.

Another fact undeniable by any attentive reader of history is the bitter and protracted suffering of this singular people—suffering for indomitable constancy to the faith and usages of their fathers; since, had they renounced Judaism, they might have escaped the suffering. Their sufferings have arisen mainly from a persecution of a three-fold character, proceeding from the state, the church, and the people. "The first is the persecution practised by governments themselves. As the Jews were, at least negatively, quiet subjects and good citizens, the motive for this kind of oppression was almost invariably thirst of gold. When the Jews became, or were supposed to have become, so rich, that their plunder was more tempting than their loans, they were fleeced without mercy. The story of the English king who drew the teeth of wealthy Jews to extort money is, perhaps, an exaggerated type of this spirit in the European sovereigns.

"The second form of persecution was that practised

by the church, for the conversion of the Jews to Christianity. Besides the unreasonable nature of the means employed to work this important change, it is easy to observe that the ecclesiastical authorities were able and accustomed to contemplate without much horror the contingency of obstinate refusal and impenitence, on account of the substantial compensation furnished by the forfeited possessions of the infidels. It is, indeed, no breach of charity to utter the suspicion, that in process of time the hopes of a corrupt clergy were directed rather to the failure than to the success of their proselyting efforts, and that they often needed to be comforted, as much for the salvation of the Jews as for their perdition; at least when the reprobates were very rich.

“The third form was that of popular persecution, sometimes existing in connexion with the others, sometimes arising in rebellious opposition to the ruling powers, both of church and state. The occasions of these popular outbreaks were both various and capricious; and the state of mind in which they had their origin resulted from a combination of exciting causes. Not the least powerful of these were the external differences of dress and residence continually presented to the senses. The Jews were required to wear a distinctive dress; and traces of their compulsory confinement, for residence to particular quarters of great towns have long survived the usage itself. We find them in the names of streets, such as the Old Jewry in London, and many kindred designations on the Continent.

“This palpable external separation, like the difference of colour in America, though it did not of itself excite to persecution, made it easier and more severe when once aroused. To all this we must add the popular prejudice against the Jews as hereditary money-lenders, and their growing ill-repute as usurers. Something was also due,

no doubt, to the tradition of their participation in the slave-trade. But the chief appeal was to religious prepossessions. Besides the general stigma of the race, as the murderers of Christ, there were particular enormities imputed to them in the middle ages, and exaggerated by the fancies of the people into various forms of superstitious horror. Of these imaginations there were two particularly frequent. One was the alleged violation of the host, or consecrated wafer of Romanism; the other was the alleged crucifixion of Christian children by the Jews in their secret haunts—a charge which has led to sanguinary persecution even in our own day.

“Another favourite charge was that of creating or promoting epidemical disorders. The different forms which this accusation was made to assume is a strong proof of the *animus* by which the populace was actuated in its treatment of the Jews. When a disease prevailed throughout the north of Europe bearing strong resemblance to the leprosy, it was instantly ascribed to the Jews, as being their national or hereditary malady. But when it was discovered that the Jews, to a great extent, were free from its ravages, the people, with their usual versatility, ascribed it to the poisoning of the wells by Jewish agency. The strength of such popular impressions was exemplified by the existence of a similar panic vailed in Paris fifteen years ago.”

Volumes might be filled with the details of the plundering, hypocritical, and ferocious outrages, from all these sources, which have been committed against the Jews. Our own country shares in the guilt; but the darkest page in the tragedy of torture, robbery, and blood, must be

* See a paper on “Modern Jewish History,” in “The British and Foreign Evangelical Review” for March 1853.

read in the history of the Inquisition in Spain. In the Archbishopric of Seville alone, in the space of thirty-seven years, from 1483 till 1520, between imprisonment, confiscation, banishment, torture, and death, 100,000 Jews received what the Papal historian calls the just sentence of heretics.

Another fact, discernible by all who have any acquaintance with the state of the Jewish mind, is the unity of their *hope*. Everywhere they are expecting a great deliverer. The present condition of the nation, however protracted, is still felt not to be final. And whatever changes may be effected, or whatever ameliorations or improvements may be introduced by human policy, something better still is anticipated. Their Messiah is expected, and with him such a change in their relative position among the nations as only Divine power can accomplish. Their Messiah is expected, and with him such a fulfilment of what Moses and the Prophets have written as will silence the last scoff of scepticism. One of the strongholds of modern infidelity is found in the discrepancy between the predictions of the Prophets and the past history of Jesus of Nazareth. Such objectors take for granted that in his case, as in the case of other men, his past history is his only history; and finding that it does not correspond with the expectations excited by the Prophets, they turn round and deny the inspiration of the Prophets, and ascribe their high-flown language to mere poetical fancy. Hear a celebrated writer of this class, Mr. Theodore Parker. He says, in his "Discourse on Religion:"—

"The Messianic expectations and prophecies seem to have originated in this way. After the happy and successful period of David and Solomon, the kingdom was divided into Judah and Israel—the two tribes and the ten: the national prosperity declined. Pious men hoped for better times; they *naturally*

connected these hopes with a personal deliverer, a descendant of David, their most popular king. The deliverer would unite the two kingdoms under the old form: *A poetic fancy* endowed him with wonderful powers—made him a model of goodness. Different poets arrayed their expected hero in imaginary drapery, to suit their own conceptions. Malachi gives him a forerunner. The Jews were the devoutest of nations: the popular deliverer must be a religious man. They were full of pious faith; so the darker the present, the brighter shone the Pharos of Hope in the future.

“These hopes and predictions of a deliverer involved several important things:—a reunion of the divided tribes; a return of the exiles; the triumph and extension of the kingdom of Israel, its eternal duration, and perfect happiness. Idolatry was to be rooted out; the nations improved in morals and religion; truth and righteousness were to reign, Jehovah to be reconciled to his people; all of them were to be taught of God; other nations were to come up to Jerusalem and be blessed.”

Such is the summary given by this writer of the obvious meaning of certain prophecies of the Old Testament. And then he asks, in triumph,—“Are these predictions of Jesus of Nazareth? Was he the Messiah of Jewish expectation?—of the Prophets’ foretelling?—the farthest from it possible? The ten tribes—have they come back to the home of their fathers? They have perished, and are swallowed up in the tide of the nations, no one knowing the place of their burial. The kingdom of the two tribes soon went to the ground. These are notorious facts. The Jews are right when they say *their* predicted Messiah has not come.”

Thus Mr. Parker concludes, to his own satisfaction against the Divine inspiration of the Prophets. They were pious poets, *naturally* anticipating an imaginary personage

and his proof is, that no such personage as they did anticipate has ever appeared.

How is he to be answered? Is it an answer to say that a personage has appeared in whose history other predictions of the same Prophets have been fulfilled? And is it an answer to say that those predicted events which have not been in like manner fulfilled must be understood in a different sense? Nay, is not this to accommodate the language of the Prophets according to what we see to be the course of events, instead of anticipating events according to the language of the Prophets? I am free to confess my conviction, that if it could be proved that no events such as those predicted in the Old Testament, and enumerated in the passage I have quoted from Mr. Parker, *ever can come to pass*,—if it could be proved that Jesus of Nazareth *never will do*, as clearly as it may be proved that he *never has done*, these things,—if this could be proved as undeniably as it is proved that they never have come to pass,—the Divine inspiration of the Prophets could no longer be consistently defended.

How, then, is the cavil to be answered? The disciples of Jesus Christ appear to have been thrown for a moment into the same sort of perplexity which lies at the root of Mr. Parker's unbelief. Satisfied by what they had seen in his life, and confirmed by the infallible proofs of his glorious resurrection from the dead, that he was indeed the predicted Messiah, they, of course, anticipated the fulfilment of the predicted events, and therefore asked him,—“Wilt thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?” Restore the kingdom! This was comprehensive of the events in question. His reply left their expectation of the events untouched, and turned upon *the time* appointed for the purpose. The time was a secret. This was somewhat

disappointing; but as they were still left in anticipation of the events themselves, they could bear to wait.

What, however, was their astonishment, what must have been their dismay, when immediately afterwards they saw him taken up and received into heaven out of their sight? What, gone! Gone, and so many important events plainly predicted still unfulfilled! Gone, and the kingdom not restored to Israel! Gone, and the ten tribes not found, and the two tribes not gathered, and Jerusalem not made a praise in the earth! Were we then deceived, after all? Have we mistaken our man? Or were the men who predicted these events poets only, and not Prophets?

Under this staggering disappointment, so highly calculated to make them recoil into infidelity, as regarded the Prophets, they stood gazing up into heaven. But they were not exposed long to this bitter trial. Angelic messengers came to their relief, and said—"Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, *shall so come* in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven."

Shall so come! This is the point. As if the angels had said, "We know the ground of your astonishment; it is not the mere wonder of the ascension of Jesus. You are accustomed to wonders in his person; and, if it were so, we would supply no abatement of your surprise by announcing to you another similar wonder, namely, his coming again. But we know your minds; we are aware of the nature of your perplexity; you cannot reconcile the departure of Messiah from the earth with your well-founded expectations of events to be fulfilled by him on the earth. Left to yourselves, you will lose all confidence in the Scriptures; but hearken to our answer. He is indeed gone, but not forever. He shall come again. Be not impatient. There is a time for everything, and everything in its time."

This is our answer to Mr. Parker, and all who think with him. We admit, nay, we zealously maintain, that the events to which you refer, connected with the kingdom of Israel, have not been fulfilled. We do not attempt to evade the language of the predictions treating the Prophets like mere poets. We admit that a large portion—the largest portion—of the prophecies concerning the doings of the great Messiah upon earth has not found any fulfilment in the past history of Jesus of Nazareth. He is gone, and these things are not done. We agree in your facts, but we do not agree in your conclusions. We are not impatient. We know there is a time for everything, and expect nothing before its time. Jesus of Nazareth is indeed gone, but not forever. He shall come again in like manner as he went away. He shall do all that is written of him in the Old Testament; and the Prophets will be proved to have spoken not by poetic fancy, but by inspiration of God.

Another fact of no ordinary importance is, that for all these peculiarities the Jews refer to a written revelation. Their phylacteries, and fringes, and signs on their door-posts, are all undying testimonies to their conviction of the Divine authority of the Books of Moses. Their suffering and constancy proclaim the same truth. Through this conviction they have esteemed the spoiling of their goods and the imprisonment of their persons greater riches than the ease, and respectability, and honours of this world's society. The tenacity of their hope, though so long deferred, proves the same reverence for the writings of the Prophets, although by those Prophets the conduct of their fathers is pointedly condemned, and the condition of themselves, in justly deserved dispersion and degradation, is plainly predicted.

They have, it is true, overloaded and obscured the writings of Moses and the Prophets with their own traditions: but still the traditions themselves, in their wildest absurdity,

bear witness to their origin. Their phylacteries in the hands of their Rabbis have become ludicrous; but still the slips of parchment enclosed in them are inscribed with words held sacred—words from the Books of Moses. The *M'zuzah* has become an idol, but still the scroll enclosed in the cylinder, and nailed on the door-post, contains words considered sacred—words from the Law of Moses: just as the scapulars of the Church of Rome, though in themselves degrading superstitions, yet contain in the portions of Scripture enclosed a testimony to the Catholic conviction of the Divine authority of the New Testament, which not even anastasy itself has been able to eradicate.

Concerning the Jews I may further remark, that even their cabalistic writings, which most of all abound in childish frivolities, are yet such as to supply a most convincing test of the safe keeping of even the very letter of Holy Scripture. The cabalists have thirteen rules for their guidance in the discovery and exhibition of the various mysteries of letters, and the shapes of letters, and the transposition of letters. It is difficult to make these plain to an English reader, because the only examples to be cited depend for their force upon an acquaintance with the Hebrew letters.

The fifth rule of the Cabalists refers to the use of initial and final letters. It is exercised by forming one word from the initials or finals of certain several words. For instance, an objection was suggested against having the Book of Esther inserted among the holy books, because the name of the Holy One, Jehovah, is not once mentioned therein. This objection was answered by the Cabalists, after their fashion, thus. They found in the fifth chapter of Esther this sentence: "Let the king and Haman come this day;" and they found that the initials of the words composing this sentence composed the sacred name, Jehovah. This was sufficient.

Another rule of the Cabalists will be more readily appre-

ciated, because it can be practised in any language, and we sometimes amuse ourselves with it in English. It is the anagram, or transposition of letters, making of the same letters different words. *Astronomers* may be transposed into *moon-starers*; *old England* into *golden land*; *penitentiary* into *nay I repent it*.

The Cabalists supply chapters of this kind on the Old Testament: vastly absurd certainly, but still based on the very letter of the sacred text, and calculated to detect the slightest tampering with that text afterwards.

Such are some of the "living facts" to which you invite a living, intelligent observance. If this people had been destroyed when they were expatriated, or if they had amalgamated with other nations; if, in the space of nearly eighteen centuries after their dispersion, they had in any way lost their identity or their distinctness; if their history, and circumstances, and claim to a written revelation, had been analogous to those of any nation upon earth; an attempt might, with some plausibility of reason, be made to gainsay the evidence they supply for the Divine authority of that revelation. If the past history and present state of the Jews, considered as facts, were not of a nature so singular and peculiar as to bear out to the letter the truth of the prophecies concerning them, with what triumph, we ask, would the infidel have produced those very prophecies as fatal to the idea of the inspiration of the Scriptures? And when the Jews have been scattered throughout the whole earth; when they have remained every where a distinct race; when they have clung with fond tenacity to rites and usages which, while they superstitiously corrupt the spirit, seem, at the same time, to fix and stereotype the letter of their sacred books; when they have been despoiled evermore, yet never destroyed; when the most wonderful and amazing facts, such as never occurred among any other people, form the

ordinary narration of their history, and fulfil literally the prophecies concerning them; may not the believer challenge his adversary to the production of such credentials for the faith that is in *him*?

The Jews present an unbroken chain of evidence, each link a prophecy and a fact, extending throughout a multitude of generations, and not yet terminated. The prophecies concerning the Jews are as clear as a narrative of events; they are as ancient as the oldest records in existence; and it has never been denied that they were delivered and well known long prior to their fulfilment. They were so unimaginable by human wisdom, that the whole experience of the world has never exhibited a parallel to the events; and the facts are visible and present, and applicable to an hairbreadth.

Could Moses, as an uninspired mortal, have described the history, the fate, the dispersion, the treatment, the dispositions of the Israelites to the present day, or for two thousand two hundred years? Could the Prophets have testified, in different ages, of the self-same and similar facts, as wonderful in themselves as they have proved accurate in their accomplishment? The probabilities were infinite against them. The mind of man often fluctuates in uncertainty over the nearest events, and the most probable results; but, in regard to remote ages, when hundreds of years shall have elapsed, and to facts *then* to be exhibited, contrary to all previous knowledge, experience, or analogy, it feels that they are dark as death to mortal ken. And when, in the light of their cherished writings, declared by themselves to be Divine, and watched over by successive generations with a superstitious jealousy, we contemplate the Jews as historical and living facts, their country desolate, their city trodden down of Gentiles, themselves despoiled, persecuted, enslaved, shattered in pieces like a wreck of a vessel in a mighty storm—scattered

over the earth like fragments on the waters—and, instead of disappearing or mingling with the natives, remaining a perfectly distinct people—in every kingdom the same—retaining similar habits and customs, and creeds and manners, in every part of the globe—meeting everywhere the same insult, and mockery, and oppression—multiplying amidst all their miseries—surviving their enemies—beholding unchanged the extinction of many nations and the convulsions of all—robbed of their silver and their gold, though cleaving to the love of them still, as the stumbling-block of their iniquity—well may we ask, how could mortal man, piercing through a hundred successive generations, have foretold any one of these wonders that are now conspicuous in these latter times? Who but the Father of Spirits, possessed of perfect prescience, even of the knowledge, of the will, and of the actions of free, intelligent, and moral agents, could have revealed their unbounded and yet unceasing wanderings, unveiled all their destiny, and presented, as in a picture, the condition of the Jews, and the conduct of their enemies in every age and clime? The creation of a world might as well be the work of chance or imposture as the revelation of these things. Whoever seeks a miracle may here behold a sign and a wonder that which there cannot be a greater. It is an accumulation of miracles. It is a sublime display of God, who said, concerning the Jews, “This people have I formed for myself: they shall show forth my praise.” And although all this forms but a part of a small portion of the Christian evidence, yet it fixes an insurmountable barrier at the very threshold of infidelity.*

Objections may, indeed, still be urged, and cavils raised, against particular passages in the Books of Moses and the Prophets. Arguments from probabilities, and apparent im-

* See Keith on “Fulfilled Prophecy.”

probabilities, may be made so plausible as to deceive the unwary and embarrass the uninformed. The ingenuity of scepticism against Divine revelation can only be equalled by its credulity in every other direction. Such objections, and cavils, and arguments, demand undoubtedly, the careful investigation and detailed exposure of men competent to the task; inasmuch as every stone in the Divine building, every frieze, every cornice, when really understood, will redound to the glory and praise of the Divine Architect. But, meantime, let the Christian believe and remember that the foundation standeth sure, and that none of these nibbling objections have even assailed, much less shaken, the Rock which Jehovah has laid in Zion.

Having thus defended, we are now privileged to enter into and enjoy the Temple of Revelation. By this I mean the Old Testament Scriptures. Judaism, as exhibited therein, is the everlasting Gospel in a figure, or rather a system of figures. Those figures were all facts—significant facts—pregnant with saving truth. One distinguishing feature pervades them all—vicarious sacrifice; in other words, *the suffering unto death as a penalty, of a substitute in the place of the culprit*. Without this, the facts of Judaism are an unmeaning jargon, such as could not have come from God; and their place of worship was a hideous slaughter-house rather than a house of prayer.

The special peculiarities of Judaism date their commencement from Abraham; but the previous patriarchal history, though not strictly speaking a part of Judaism, yet stands so connected with it, is so introductory to it, and so absolutely requires for its explanation the same great principle of vicarious sacrifice, that I must refer to it. I do so the rather because it will direct attention to a portion of Holy Scripture full of interest and full of difficulty. I mean the history of Cain and Abel, and of their respective sacrifices.

Cain was the eldest son, and had all the privileges and authority of the first-born. His brother was inferior in position, as he was later in time. They were of different occupations. Abel was a keeper of sheep, but Cain was a tiller of the ground.—Genesis, iv. 3-7.

As a first step towards a right understanding of this, we have recourse to the Apostle's observation upon it, where he tells us, that "*by faith* Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain," by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts."—Heb. xi. 4.

The words here translated *a more excellent* sacrifice are, in an early version of the English Bible, rendered *a much more sacrifice*, which phrase, though uncouth in form, adequately conveys the original. The meaning is, that Abel offered what was much more of the true nature of a sacrifice than what Cain offered. But how so? In what, let us ask, did the distinction consist? Cain was no atheist. He presented his offering before God. It consisted of the produce of the ground; and the offering of it recognised the sovereign proprietorship of the Almighty. He was Creator of all and Preserver of all. By him was vegetation carried on, with all its increase. The grass, the corn, the fruits, the trees, the flowers, all were his. Instead of an infidel, Cain, was all that our poet imagines a Christian to be, when he talks of looking from nature up to nature's God. His was that natural piety in which many, very many, sentimental worshippers among and around ourselves, allege that all true religion consists. Cain looked around, and saw God in all his works. He looked up and adored the beneficent Giver of all, and manifested his adoration and his dependence by a practical expression of his gratitude. This is lovely. Many are the lovely descriptions of such religion which might be quoted. In this

strain, the most fascinating writers on natural religion luxuriantly indulge.

Unfortunately, however, for this scheme, it omits and loses sight of two things—two vital things—sin in man and justice in God. This scheme was suitable to man as originally created. In the garden of Eden there was no sin in man, and no occasion for any exercise of justice in God. All was very good in the creature; and all that was manifested of the Creator was goodness. But to man as a sinner, this scheme is unsuitable; because it does not recognise his fault, neither does it deprecate his danger. It aims at dealing with God as if no fall had taken place. It seems very amiable and very kind; and it is very captivating, because it is very flattering. But it is not right; it is not sound. The state of mind it springs from does not become a rebel, because it contains no acknowledgment of his revolt; and the service it leads to is not such as an offended Sovereign can consistently accept, because it contains no propitiation of his justice.

In contrast with this, Abel offered *a more excellent* sacrifice. It consisted of an animal—its blood shed—its fat burned. It was an expressive acknowledgment that he who offered it deserved death himself, and burning punishment after death. It recognised, therefore, a new relationship between God and man, in addition to that of Creator and creature: it recognised the relationship of sinner and Redeemer. This is, indeed, the truth; and the worship which proceeds upon the footing of this truth is more excellent. Abel thus worshipped. This is the fact.

The principle by which he did so was faith. And here the question arises, faith in what? What was it that Abel believed, and by the faith of which he was led to approach God in a more excellent way than Cain? Without some revelation granted, some assurance held out as the object

of faith, he could not have exercised this virtue; and without some peculiar mode of sacrifice enjoined, he could not have exemplified his faith by an appropriate offering. What revelation, then, had he? Nothing of the kind is recorded with special reference to himself; and, therefore, we naturally inquire, what revelation his father had? since, whatever his father had, we may reasonably suppose was made known both to him and his brother.

His father had revelation in both word and deed. He was present when God spake to Satan about the seed of the woman, announcing the bruising of his heel, and the consequence, eventually, in the crushing of the usurper's head. He heard, also, the curse pronounced upon the earth—upon the woman—upon himself: and he saw death inflicted upon animals, and their clothing transferred to cover himself and his wife in their discovered nakedness,—the outward symbol of their inward guilt.

“It is obvious that the language of God, in the hearing of our first parents, conveyed an intimation of some future deliverer who should overcome the tempter. This assurance, without which, or some other ground of hope, it seems difficult to conceive how the principle of religion could have had place among men, became to Adam and his descendants the true object of faith. To perpetuate this fundamental article of religious belief among men, some striking memorial would naturally be appointed. And if we admit, as all who receive the Scriptures as Divine must admit, that the scheme of redemption by the death of the only-begotten Son of God was determined from the beginning; that is, if we admit that, when God had ordained the deliverance of man, he had ordained the means; if we admit that Christ was the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, what more appropriate memorial could be devised than that of animal sacrifice?—exemplifying, by the slaying

of the victim, the death which had been denounced against man's disobedience:—thus exhibiting the awful lesson of that death which was the wages of sin, and at the same time representing that death which was actually to be undergone by the Redeemer of mankind; and hereby connecting, in one view, the two great cardinal events in the history of man—the FALL and the RECOVERY, the death denounced against sin, and the death appointed for that Holy One who was to deliver man from the consequences of sin.

“The institution of animal sacrifice seems, then, to have been peculiarly significant, as containing all the elements of religious knowledge; and the adoption of this rite, with sincere and pious feelings, would, at the same time, imply an humble sense of the unworthiness of the offerer,—a confession that death, which was inflicted on the victim, was the desert of those sins which had arisen from man's transgression; and a full reliance upon the promises of deliverance, joined to an acquiescence in the means appointed for its accomplishment.

“Agreeably to these principles, we shall find but little difficulty in determining on what ground it was that Abel's offering was accepted, whilst that of Cain was rejected. Abel, in firm reliance on the promise of God, and in obedience to his command, offered that sacrifice which had been enjoined as the religious expression of his faith; whilst Cain, disregarding the gracious assurances which had been vouchsafed, or, at least, disdaining to adopt the prescribed mode of manifesting his belief, possibly as not appearing to his *reason* to possess any efficacy or natural fitness, thought he had sufficiently acquitted himself of his duty in acknowledging the general superintendence of God, and expressing his gratitude to the Supreme Benefactor, by presenting some of those good things which he thereby confessed to have been derived from his bounty.

"In short, Cain, the first-born of the fall, exhibits the first-fruits of his parent's disobedience, in the arrogance and self-sufficiency of REASON, rejecting the aids of revelation because they fell not within its apprehension of right. He takes the first place in the annals of Deism, and displays, in his proud rejection of the ordinance of sacrifice, the same spirit which, in later days, has actuated so many (and now, in our own days, is in renewed activity) in rejecting the sacrifice of Christ."*

Abel obtained witness that he was righteous. How so? God had respect unto him and to his offering. In what way this was *shown*, we know not. But the fact we know. It was in some way made plain to Abel, and not to him only, but to Cain also. Cain and his offering were rejected. This deprived him of his temporal position, relatively with his brother. Forfeiting his right standing with God, he forfeited his privileges and authority as the first-born, and had the mortification to see Abel preferred before him. This was what excited his wrath, and led to the expostulation from God, which in this view of the matter becomes clear and pointed.—Gen. iv. 6, 7.

The word here translated *sin* is commonly translated *sin-offering*.—Exod. xxix. 14, xxx. 10; Lev. iv. 3, 21, 24, 29, vi. 25.

"If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted?" Or, rather, as the margin of your Bible reads, shalt thou not have *the excellency* or exaltation above thy brother, which belongs to thy birth-right? "And if thou doest not well, a sin-offering is at hand; it lieth at thy door to make the due reconciliation, and restore thee to the station which thou hast lost by thy misconduct. So that, in either case, it depends upon thyself that he, thy brother, shall be still subject unto

* See Magee on the Atonement.

thee, and that thou shalt still have the superiority over him."

"The connexion is thus rendered evident. God rebukes Cain for not conforming to that species of sacrifice which had been offered by Abel. He refers to it as a matter of known injunction, and thus, in direct terms, enforces the observance of animal sacrifice."

One word here, in illustration of a clause in the Epistle to the Hebrews. In Genesis, iv. 10-12, we read:—"And he said, What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground. And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand. When thou tillest the ground, it shall not henceforth yield unto thee her strength. A fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth." The Apostle to the Hebrews, writing of the blood of the Mediator of the New Covenant, says, "It speaketh better things than that of Abel."

To us it seems a slight, and therefore a strange, commendation of the blood of the great Sacrifice to say that it speaks better things than vengeance. But to Hebrews, who had shed their brother's blood, the case was widely different. Of the men who, in the madness of their persecuting zeal, had cried concerning Jesus, "His blood be upon us and upon our children," imagine some brought afterwards to feel what they had done; what more natural apprehension in their awakened consciences than that their brother's blood would cry for vengeance against them, as Abel's blood cried against his murderer? It has been so. The Hebrew nation is a living Cain. Their brother's blood crieth against them. God's mark is upon them, that no man should be able to kill them; and God's curse is upon them, as a fugitive and vagabond on the earth.

To a penitent Hebrew, therefore, how needful, and how

suitable, and how satisfactory, was the Apostle's assurance, while commending the Gospel, that the blood of Christ had, indeed, a voice, but not of vengeance. His death in their hands was, indeed, a murder, but by the hand of God it had been turned into a mercy; and it was their privilege to look for its parallel, not in the blood of Abel, speaking wrath, but in the blood of the sacrifice upon the altar, speaking pardon and peace.

Abraham practised animal sacrifice. From the period of that Divine call, in obedience to which he forsook his country and his kindred; in all his wanderings, wherever he pitched his tent, he built his altar, and on every altar he poured forth blood which is the life. He had frequent communications with God—in what way is not explained; but it must have been such as to leave no doubt upon his mind as to their reality. In some of them he had received promises which in the course of events had been fulfilled—events of a nature wholly beyond the power of man to accomplish, or his sagacity to anticipate. Abraham had the guarantee of experience to prove to him, that in hearkening to such communications, he was not under any deception, or led astray by any vain vision. This is what gives force to a clause, not generally noted, but of vital consequence, in Gen. xxii. 1,—*after these things*: after the antecedents of Abraham's history; after the experience thus corroborated, which he had enjoyed, of communications really and truly Divine; so that now he could no more be deceived as to the reality of another such communication than he could as to the reality of his own existence: after these things, God tried him. God was the giver, or rather the lender and owner, of his reason; of his natural sense of right and wrong; of his natural affection; of his son, the darling object of that affection; and the trial was, could he subordinate all these, and at the command—the unmistakable command—of God,

the Head of all—could he do violence to all that was natural within him, and, as God's agent, take away the life of the lad, which only God had a right to take away? The moral trial was intense. In all that was mental in it Abraham triumphed; and in this sense he may be truly said to have offered up his son. From the physical completion of the solemn deed his hand was stayed by the same Divine authority which he had so far honoured. His design was accepted for a performance; and because he did not withhold his son—his only son—from God, because he did not allow either his reason or his affection to prevail against the Author of both, he was called the friend of God—he was blessed and made a blessing.

But against all this it is argued that what opposes man's inward sense of right and wrong cannot be from God. Hence the multiplied sneers at several passages in the sacred history; and the sly insinuation contained in the statement that "right actions and right motives are sufficient to justify us in the sight of a *moral* God."

But is not this to deny that man has any superior in creation? Does not the absolute supremacy claimed for what is called subjective religion amount to a deification of man? Is it not to say, "*Our* sense of right is right, *our* sense of wrong is wrong; let any one say to the contrary, no matter on what evidence of authority, and he is immoral. *We* are the ultimate standard of all morality! who is lord over us?"

What shall we say to this, my young friends? Is man a supreme being or a dependent creature? And if dependent, how far? As far as he thinks proper, or farther? If farther, where is the limit? Man is absolutely dependent, for life, and breath, and *all things*, his sense of right and wrong included. And Abraham's example is fraught with the deepest instruction.

With what an emphasis does his history enforce the great truth of vicarious sacrifice ! His son had been so educated in, and habituated to, the practice of blood-shedding in the worship of God, that when he heard his father say he was going to worship, and saw that he was not provided with a sacrifice, he said, " Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for a burnt-offering ? " And Abraham said, " My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt-offering. " The boy's confidence in his father appears to have been as complete as the father's confidence in his God. " So they went both of them together. "

Advancing in the history of the Jews, and the institutions of Judaism, how conclusive to our present purpose is the ordinance of the Passover !

The name of the institution, and the circumstances of its appointment, fully explain its import. The original word, signifying to *pass over*, not merely in the sense of *change of place*, but in the sense of *sparing*—passing without injury : Jehovah, in his work of judgment, having passed over and left in safety the houses of the Israelites, on the door-posts of which the blood of the sacrificed lamb was sprinkled, while he slew the first-born in all the houses of the Egyptians. For what purpose can we conceive such a ceremony to have been instituted ? There was no natural virtue in the blood of the sacrificed lamb, whereby the family, on whose door-posts it was sprinkled, might be preserved from the plague. The God of the Israelites did not require such a signal to distinguish between his own people and the Egyptians. No ; the token was for *their* sakes,—a sensible token of the fulfilment of the Divine promise of protection and deliverance. And are we not, from the repeated testimony of Scripture concerning the Lamb of God, fully authorised to pronounce that it was, through this, intended as a typical sign of protection from the Divine justice, by the blood of

Christ, which, in reference to this, is called the *blood of sprinkling*?

Bishop Patrick remarks that the blood was a sign, by which the *Israelites* were assured of safety and deliverance. On which Archbishop Magee adds, "the words of the original are, indeed, the blood shall be *to you* for a token." Patrick observes further, quoting Epiphanius, that there was a memorial of the transaction preserved even among the Egyptians themselves, though ignorant of the origin of the rite; for at the equinox, which was the time of the Passover, they marked their cattle, and their trees, and one another, *ex μιλτως*, with red ochre, or some such thing, which they fancied would be a preservation to them.

The memorial of it among the Israelites, in the annual feast of the Passover, is familiar to us all; as also its adoption in the Christian Church, as the Lord's Supper.

In this, as an evidence, the four celebrated rules given by Leslie as a test of truth clearly and undeniably meet. They are these:—

1. That the matter of fact be such, that men's outward senses, their eyes and ears, may be judges of it.
2. That it be done publicly in the face of the world.
3. That not only public monuments be kept in memory of it, but also that some outward actions be statedly performed.
4. That such observances be instituted, and do commence, from the time that such matter of fact is done.

The two first rules make it impossible for any such matter of fact to be imposed on men at the time when said to be done, because every man's senses would contradict it. The two last rules render it impossible that the matter of fact should be invented and imposed some time after, because every man would know that no such memorials had been instituted.

Mr. Leslie says—"You may challenge the whole world to show any action that is fabulous which will bear the test of these four rules. *It is impossible.* I do not say that everything which wants these four marks is false; but I say that nothing can be false which has them all."

It is said that Dr. Middleton endeavoured for twenty years to find out some pretended fact to which Mr. Leslie's four rules could be applied, but in vain.

To return to our great truth, the saving peculiarity of our religion—vicarious sacrifice—it was taught by all the sin-offerings at the Jewish altar.

Nothing there was done hastily or rashly, or at the mere caprice of the worshipper. Everything was arranged and conducted strictly in accordance with a pattern shown, and directions given, to Moses in the Mount.—Exod. xxv. 9, 40.

A pattern of what? The very expression implies an original, of which what was given to Moses was a copy. And what, we ask, was that original? Who that receives the whole Scripture, as given by inspiration of God, can doubt that the original was what St. Paul calls—"The eternal purpose which God purposed in Christ."

It was the everlasting Gospel. Sparks of the Divine light shone forth, as we have seen, in the worship of the earlier patriarchs; but a perfect constellation, radiant everywhere with Christ, was set in mosaic at the altar of burnt-offering and its detailed concomitants. The tabernacle, in all its parts and all its furniture, the morning and evening lamb, the red heifer, the dying and living bird, the goat sacrificed and the scape-goat, the priest in his linen coat, and in his glorious robes, the oil poured upon his head and streaming down upon the skirts of his garments, the blood with water sprinkled upon all the people, the blood with oil touching the leper on his ears, his head, and his feet,—all this, which, considered in itself, is a labyrinth without

a clue, a riddle without a key, when viewed as a pictorial lesson of the Gospel, is not only rich in everlasting truth, but it is ~~sur~~^{best}, our only trustworthy, because our only inspired, interpretation of the Gospel.

The New Testament is brief. Its statements of truth are given with reference to, and frequently in the language of, the Old Testament. It is, indeed, the second volume of a great work, by one and the same great Author; and every attempt to understand it, independent of the first volume, deserves to be a failure. When, for example, we read in one of the epistles, as descriptive of Christianity, that “the *blessing of Abraham* is come upon the Gentiles,” how are we to understand the phrase without reference to the history of Abraham? Or when we read, in another epistle, that the righteousness of God, without the law, was witnessed by the law and the Prophets, how shall we attempt to interpret the important saying, without reference to that Divine witness? Or when we read, in another epistle, that “Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the time, but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us,” how shall we understand what may be understood concerning the *reality* of the Saviour’s ascension and intercession, without reference to what is taught by the Divinely-appointed *figures* of the same?

A complaint is common, and readily received and repeated in certain quarters, that heretics of every opinion and every fancy, however wild, appeal to the New Testament for their support; and a conclusion has been hastily drawn from thence that the Scripture is too obscure to be its own interpreter, and that, consequently, we must have recourse to the voice of *the Church*, or the *consent of the Fathers*, or some rectifying standard or infallible judge, which shall set bounds to the wide wanderings of private judgment.

This has involved Christendom in endless disputes, because no agreement has been come to, or can be come to, as to what the rectifying standard is. The Church of one age contradicts the Church of another; the Fathers of the same age contradict one another; Councils contradict Councils, and Popes contradict Popes: all is confusion, as of right it deserves to be, when the appeal is from what was given by inspiration of God to what was guessed at by fallible men.

Is there, then, no interpretation in detail of the general principles of truth announced in the New Testament? Is there no authoritative rectifier of the vagaries of private judgment? Oh yes, there is. God himself has laid it in mosaic patterns; and although these patterns do not guide the interpretation of all the secondary particulars which have agitated the minds of ecclesiastical controversialists, they do guide, and ought to be allowed to rule, the interpretation of all that is essential to salvation.

But I must forbear. I have of purpose avoided prophecy, though the Jew urges us to look forward. His history, past and present, supplies an earnest of the future, and the sure word of prophecy enlarges in tones of rapturous exultation on the coming glory of Zion. But now I rest content with facts and evidence. Look at them.

Is there a corner of Christendom unpenetrated by the Jew, that mysterious stranger, bearing in his peculiar features the lineaments of Abraham, and at a glance announcing to us from what high estate he has fallen—cherishing in his spirit all the sullen pride of ruined greatness—exhibiting in his dealings all the caution and timidity of the despised stranger—attracting, by his attachments to the carnalities and peculiarities of his traditions, continued mockery and derision—moving, by his superstition, his obstinacy, and his blindness, the pity of some, the contempt of others, the neglect of nearly all?

On Maurice's Theological Essays.

A LECTURE

BY THE

REV. ROBERT S. CANDLISH, D.D.

FREE ST. GEORGE'S, EDINBURGH.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

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ON MAURICE'S THEOLOGICAL ESSAYS.

I PROPOSE to myself the task of giving you some idea of the contents of this book, and of their bearing upon questions which are most deeply interesting to men individually, and to society—questions involving the present power and ultimate issues of the Gospel of Christ. This is my single and exclusive object. I do not pretend to have mastered the other writings of this author; and I shall probably make little use even of such knowledge of them as I happen to possess. Neither do I venture to discuss the influences and tendencies which this book may be regarded as representing or advancing. I make no attempt towards a bird's-eye view of the literature and theology of the age. I intend to deal with this one work. And I am inclined to think, that if I shall succeed in dealing with it as I would wish to do, I may render more service to the cause of truth, than if I were to inquire and speculate and form a theory to account for its appearance, or to anticipate its effects. Doubtless, its appearance is a phenomenon which may turn out to be a great fact, significant of many antecedents, pregnant with many consequences. But I do not enter upon any vague and wide inquiry regarding its probable origin and possible results. I take the product as I find it. And I mean to try if English minds, so far as I have access to them, cannot estimate

its practical value, apart from all personal regard for its author ;—and apart also from all abstract and mystical philosophising about its relation to the present conditions of human knowledge, or to the progressive development of human thought and feeling.

To give some unity to my remarks, which must necessarily be miscellaneous if they are to touch the varied topics of the book, I may be allowed to indicate, at the outset, what seems to me the real matter at issue, the vital and essential question raised. It is this,—Does God deal judicially with his intelligent creatures? Does he try and judge, to the effect of acquitting or condemning, the persons of men—you, my brother, personally, and me? I may, perhaps, best raise the question, if I allude to a letter from Mr. Maurice to a private friend, published at Mr. Maurice's request by Dr. Jelf, in his pamphlet stating the grounds for his procedure against Mr. Maurice before the Council of King's College, London. I had not my attention called to that letter until I had completed my analysis of the Essays. But it seems to me to furnish a key to the Essays, which, on many accounts, is to be regarded as important. The letter was written in November 1849, several years before the Essays were published; but the theory developed in the Essays is contained in the Letter, and the process of thought and feeling through which the theory was constructed, is in a very interesting manner laid open. Let it be observed, that the Letter is written in reply to a question regarding the duration of future punishment. The Essays are written with a view to persuade Unitarians, and especially those of the recent and more spiritual school, that, instead of repudiating, they ought to welcome the Anglican Creed and Articles, as the real expression of that life which they are panting for, and their best defence, against counterfeits and exaggerations. It is evident, indeed, that the Letter is the

germ of the Essays. The author deems it a point of honour to produce it in that character, in so far as the doctrine of a future state is concerned. No injustice, therefore, is done by making a notice of the Letter an introduction to the consideration of the Essays. This is the rather desirable, because in the Letter, as has been said, he means "to tell his correspondent something of the processes of thought through which he had himself passed while endeavouring to arrive at the truth" (p. 3).

1. "I was brought up," he tells his correspondent, "in the belief of universal restitution. I was taught that the idea of eternal punishment could not consist with the goodness and mercy of God" (p. 3). But he explains how, when "he came to think and feel for himself, the views he had learned respecting sin" did not seem to "accord with his experience of it, or with the facts which he saw in the world." He shrunk also from what shocked his intellect and conscience, as being "a feeble notion of the divine perfections, one which represented *good-nature* of the highest of them." And he disliked the "distortions of the text of Scripture" frequently in use, such as making "eternal" signify different things when applied to punishment and to life respectively.

Thus three strong cords drew him out of the pit of old vulgar Universalism: a sense of sin; an apprehension of the divine perfections; reverence of the Scripture. Sin, in himself and in the world around him, was not to be made light of; the perfections of God were not to be resolved into mere good-nature; Scripture was not to be set aside, or twisted so as to mean anything or nothing. These were not, he acknowledges, "very deep, vital convictions." But "they were honest opinions as far as they went." And they made him "despise the Universalist and Unitarian theories as weak." "I do not know," he adds, "that I found any-

thing at all better" (p. 4). He passes at once, accordingly, to the reconstruction of his own belief, *de novo*; which was, it would seem, a work or process altogether personal to himself: "I can say, I did not receive this of man, neither was I taught it" (p. 5). Of course, no one is necessarily the worse for having to elaborate his own views and impressions of divine truth for himself, under the guidance of the Spirit of God, out of the materials furnished by the Word of God, and by his own consciousness and experience. And if, upon his emancipation from the lowest depths of Universalist latitudinarianism, the inquirer had gone on in earnest to follow out the three lines of thought which had been the means of his rescue,—sin, within and without,—the perfections of God,—the authority of Scripture;—keeping all the three distinct and parallel;—he would have been in the right way. There might have been, as "great confusion and darkness" as that through which, he says, he got "every glimpse" of what has ultimately satisfied and settled his mind; perhaps more, a great deal more. But the subject,—man, the sinner; the object,—God, the all-perfect; the medium,—a real and actual communication from God to man, precisely such as one man makes to another;—these three primary facts;—the sin of man, the perfection of God, the word of God to man;—accepted as first principles, and drawn forth in humble, loving reverence of soul to their proper issues;—must have led to a theology, with far more in it of the element of a real transaction between us and our Maker than the author is prepared to admit.

2. The origin of his positive faith, following upon the destruction of the coldly negative belief in which he was brought up, is described by him thus:—"When I began in earnest to seek God for myself, the feeling that I needed a deliverer from an overwhelming weight of selfishness was the predominant one in my mind. Then I found it more

and more impossible to trust in any being who did not hate selfishness, and who did not desire to raise his creatures out of it. Such a Being was altogether different from the mere image of good-nature I had seen among Universalists. He was also very different from the mere Sovereign whom I heard of amongst Calvinists, and who it seemed to me was worshipped by a great portion of the religious world. But I thought he was just that Being who was exhibited in the cross of Jesus Christ. If I might believe his words, 'He that hath seen me hath seen the Father;' if in his death the whole wisdom and power of God did shine forth, there was one to whom I might fly from the demon of self, there was one who could break his bonds asunder. This was and is the ground of my faith" (p. 4).

It will be observed, that in the author's transition state, the only two ideas of the Supreme Being present to his mind were,—that of the Universalists, who bow before a mere image of good-nature—and that of the Calvinists, and a great portion of the religious world, who, as he represents the matter, worship a mere Sovereign. Further, it will be observed that the predominant feeling in his mind respecting himself was, that he needed to be delivered from an overwhelming weight of selfishness. And, finally, since he cannot trust in any being who does not hate selfishness and desire to raise his creatures out of it, he welcomes the Being who is exhibited in the cross of Jesus Christ—especially believing his words, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," as one to whom he may fly from the demon of self, who can break his bonds asunder. There is truth in all these experiences. An earnest man cannot reverence either a mere image of good-nature, or a mere sovereign. He is crushed under the weight of selfishness, bound by the demon of self. But, in the first place, is there no conception of God, but either Infinite Good-nature or

Infinite Sovereignty, that haunts an awakened conscience? Is there no sense of a holy eye reading me through and through,—of the righteous arm of a Lawgiver and Judge holding me fast? Then, secondly, when my broken heart smites me for my selfishness,—my miserable selfishness, that will not spare Bathsheba in its lust, nor Uriah in its meanness,—my deplorable selfishness, that makes my very worship of God and my kindness to my fellows nothing else than disguised self-seeking,—I cannot feel that I have got to the root of the evil, until I hear the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day, and calling me out of my hiding-place among the trees of the garden. When,—feeling that he is reckoning with me for my disobedience, and feeling also instinctively that it is not in mere wrath,—I have the effrontery to say, She, thy gift, led me to sin; and when, — not smitten down for my monstrous ingratitude and heartlessness, I see him still waiting to be gracious;—that makes me know my selfishness. And now, thirdly, the Being whom I must have to deliver me—whom I cannot do without—is that same Being,—holy, righteous, waiting to be gracious,—who must reckon with me for my sin,—whom I would have to reckon with me for my sin,—whom I could not love or trust if he did not reckon with me, in most vigorous justice, for my sin;—who, pointing to the Son of his love, tells me that he beareth my sin in his own body on the cross, and slays the enmity thereby.

I have thought it fair to take the author's own account of the origin and rise of his theology as he gives it in this Letter, instead of forming a theory on the subject out of the Essays; although I may say that the theory which I was inclined to form, to account for the Essays, before I carefully read the Letter, was very much the same as the explanation which I have been considering. And before passing on, I desire to fix one thought in your minds.

It is always important to know the starting-point of one who proposes for our acceptance a theology, or a view of divine truth, avowedly—and if not exclusively, at least most intimately, based upon and bound up with his own experience. This is necessary if we would do justice, either to him or to ourselves. It is not, of course, so necessary when a man professes simply to illustrate an old and well-defined system, to place its relative parts in fresh and original lights, and bring out its harmony with the facts of his own life and consciousness, or of man's life and consciousness generally. Even in such a case it may be useful and interesting. But when one comes to us with a new system, and still more, when he comes to us with a systematic repudiation of system,—to give us his own reading of divinity and humanity, as if he were surveying a hitherto unmapped continent,—then, it becomes a matter of the highest importance to ascertain, if possible, his point of view from the outset; that we may fairly estimate the probable effect of his speculations on himself, as well as the influence which they ought to exert over us. For instance, take Schleiermacher in Germany. Those who know his history and writings better than I do, tell us that to the last his Moravian training and deep Moravian piety continued to steep his whole nature in an intensely spiritual warmth, and leaven his compositions with an energetic, spiritual life. Hence it might happen that opinions and tendencies might be comparatively harmless in his mind,—nay, might be so blended with his old Moravianism as to be not only neutralised, but, as if by some chemical affinity, absorbed,—which, nevertheless, when transferred to minds otherwise constituted and otherwise trained, might become the germs of the coldest Rationalism. Or take our own Coleridge. He began at the very opposite extreme from the German thinker; and was led on in a path which, probably, none

else ever trod,—through almost unparalleled conflicts and exercises of soul,—to such a profound insight into the guilt and misery of sin, and the glorious mystery of the divine government and nature, as must have been eminently blessed to himself, and must ever furnish materials of most interesting study to all inquiring students, whether of man's nature or of God's. But the height which a man may reach as he toils his perilous way from the lowest depth up the steep and rough ascent, though most profitable for himself, may be unsafe for one whose position, given to him, is higher still. I may thus be tempted,—with neither heart so ardent to aspire nor foot so firm to persevere,—to meet the adventurous pilgrim where he is—not resting, but cut off in the very heart of his struggling upward. And I may make it a matter of silly boasting that I can stand at ease where such a one as Coleridge, still pressing on, fell. Equally unsafe may it be for me,—alas! with but little of Moravian devotion, and, it may be, too little also of Moravian discipline,—to think that I occupy ground high enough, when I am on the level of that subtle idealistic philosophy, which one went to soar aloft on eagle's wings into the atmosphere around the throne, and bound by cords of love inseparable to Him who sits upon the throne, might, if not without peril, yet almost with impunity, make his scientific, because it was not his spiritual, standing-point. These remarks apply in some measure to Mr. Maurice; with one qualification, however, which is noted here, not invidiously, but as a necessary caution: that whereas he begins at a level far nearer that at which Coleridge began than that at which Schleiermacher began,—the level of low Universalism, not high Moravianism,—he does not appear to have pushed his inquiries so far as Coleridge did, into man's sinful nature and the Almighty's moral government. In particular, in his very first statement of the experience which originated his theology, as well as

throughout the whole of his subsequent exposition of his theology, there is an entire omission of the fact of guilt, as a real fact in our history, and a fact with which a righteous God must deal.

I may return again to the Letter. But it may be proper, before proceeding further, to submit an outline of what these Essays teach. This I scruple not to do in my own words, briefly but boldly, being prepared to verify what I say in full detail.

1. Love, absolute and unconditional, is the whole nature of God. This love is not mere facile and imbecile goodwill. It is compatible with indignation, anger, wrath: it implies wrath. "Wrath against that which is unlovely," is an essential attribute of it. The will of God, strong against the unlovely, seeks to subdue and assimilate all other wills to his own nature, which is love. Thus God is love.

2. Sin is something different and distinct from crime to be checked by outward penalties, or habit to be extirpated by moral influences. The first of these is the legislative idea of sin; the second, the ethical. Both are set aside; and instead of them there is substituted what may be called the exclusively personal idea of sin. An unloving, an unlovely creature, finds himself, at some awful moment, alone with the great Being whose very nature is love—whose name is Father. An intense feeling of his being in a wrong state, himself the doer of wrong, himself the thinker of wrong, himself displeasing to his Father, and not right with his Father, seizes him. It is not a sense of his having transgressed a law and being justly liable to punishment. It is not a sense of his being under the power of an evil habit needing to be eradicated. It is the discovery that he is not what he now sees that his Father is, and what he now is intimately conscious that his Father would have him to be.

Thus the case is stated: the question is raised. We have the nature and will of God on the one hand, and the sin of man, in a certain view of it, on the other. How the case is to be met, how the question is to be solved, is next to be considered. For this end,—

3. The actual position of man is brought out in two lights. He finds himself in the presence,—not merely of external circumstances fitted to exert evil influences, with, perhaps, an inward susceptibility of receiving these influences;—but of an Evil Spirit. He has to contend with a personal enemy—the Spirit of selfishness. And self being the plague of man, the Spirit of selfishness tyrannises over him, and must be overcome. But, on the other hand, man—and here Job is taken as the type—conscious of a righteousness deeper than his sin, and more entirely his own, although sin seems almost as if it were himself;—claiming also a sort of indefeasible right to be delivered from evil;—has the explanation of this contradictory experience in the presence of a living Redeemer, who is with him, in him, the root of his being. This is Christ in every man.

4. The person and work of Christ are the subjects next in order; his person as the Incarnate Son; his work in the Atonement. On the subject of Christ's person, there are two Essays. In the first Essay, his divinity as the Son of God is asserted. It is asserted, however, chiefly to the effect of explaining, by means of it, the entire process of man's emancipation and deliverance. The Redeemer, who is with man and in man, as the root of his being, is discovered to be a Son, an actual Son of God, a strong Son of God. Owning him in that character as his Lord, man is free. The Incarnation, accordingly, of which the second of the two Essays treats, is not a step towards the effecting of man's deliverance. It is such a manifestation of the divine perfection and the divine will, in human nature, as mankind

have ever been desiderating ; and such a combination and representation of all manhood's various properties as makes all men one. The value of it is, that it reveals God, and unites men. It is not, however, so far as I can judge, essential to man's redemption. It is rather the full and complete exhibition of it. Men are still exhorted to recognise and own the Christ within,—the Redeemer in them—the root of their being—the strong Son of God. For anything I can see, the Redemption is really independent of the Incarnation. But, in fact, there is really no Redemption at all, in any fair sense of that term (Essays, p. 117, &c.).

This appears plainly when the work of Christ is discussed ; especially in the Essay on the Atonement. There Christ is represented as giving up self-will—that self-will which is the root of all evil in man. He is also said to suffer the wrath of God. But how? Dwelling among men, he was content to endure all the effects and manifestations of that wrath against the unlovely, which is the essential attribute of love ; and would not have that wrath quenched till it had effected its full loving purpose. His sacrifice is the giving up of self-will. His endurance of punishment is his perfect willingness that the loving God's wrath against the unlovely should continue to work on among men, until all unloveliness disappears ; and that he, becoming one of them, should not be specially exempt. The idea of his expiating guilt by making himself a true and proper sacrifice of atonement, is in not very temperate language denounced ; and, in fact, neither the obedience which he renders, nor the cross which he bears, is, in any sense whatever, the procuring cause of man's redemption (Essays, p. 141, &c.).

Here I might almost close my summary. The essence of what this book teaches is in the statements which I have laid before you. The remainder of the book, though the larger portion of it, is little more than the drawing out of

legitimate and necessary consequences. I must trace these, however, as rapidly as I can. And while I do so, I ask you to bear in mind two conclusions as to the author's teaching, which I think you will agree with me are fully established. The one respects the condition of man. The other respects the mind and will of God, as his manner of dealing with men is affected by the Incarnation and Atonement of Christ.

1. The condition of man is not the condition of a fallen being. I am not guilty and under condemnation. I am not depraved, having a nature radically corrupt—a heart alienated from God. I am apt to be selfish; I am selfish; self is my plague. And being thus unlovely, I cannot but be miserable in the presence of the God of love. I have an oppressor, also—a tyrant: the Evil Spirit of selfishness, whose yoke I ought to shake off, but cannot. I have, however, with me, in me, waiting only to be owned, a Redeemer, a Redeemer living: a strong Son of God—one with that God of love who is my Father, as he is intimately one with me, the very root of my being. I see him becoming a man, the same as I am, and as all men are. * As a man, he sacrifices self-will, and consents to endure what I and all men have to endure—the punishment which the wrath of the God of love against the unlovely inflicts on the children of men, until its full loving purpose is effected. I find in him a representative man, as well as a strong Son of God. But alas! I find in him, no substitute—no vicarious Lamb of God.

2. The will of God is not only not changed by the Atonement—which of course is an impossibility—but it does not find in the Atonement any reason for a different mode of dealing with man from that which, irrespectively of the Atonement, might have been adopted as right and fitting. The wrath of God is not turned away from any: it is not quenched. But, what! some one says: would you really

have it quenched? That wrath against the unlovely, which is the essential attribute of all love worthy of the name,—would you have it quenched in the bosom of Him who is love, so long as anything unlovely anywhere or in any one remains? No. But the object against which the wrath burns is not merely an abstraction; it is a living person—myself, for example. And that wrath is not merely indignant or sorrowful dislike of what is unlovely in me on the part of a Father whose nature is love;—but holy displeasure and righteous disapprobation on the part of One who, however he may be disposed to feel and act towards me as a Father, is at all events my Ruler and my Judge;—whose law I have broken and by whom I am condemned. There is room here for his arranging that, through the gracious interposition of his own Son, meeting on my behalf the inviolable claims of justice, his wrath should be turned away from me;—and if from me, from others also, willing to acquiesce in the arrangement. If a moral government according to law is conceivable, such a procedure is conceivable under it.

Of course, even after such a procedure in our favour, He whose love we thus experience will have more cause than ever to be angry with us for whatever in us is unlovely. And he may deal with us in various ways for the removal of it. But still the Atonement will have effected a real and decided change in our position,—in our relation to God. There is, in consequence of the Atonement, and our acceptance of it, an actual removal from us of the wrath and the condemnation under which we personally were, before. But take the doctrine of this book, and there neither is, nor can be, any change whatever effected in the position of any man by virtue of the Atonement. All that Christ's endurance of the wrath of God, in the author's sense of that doctrine, can possibly do, is to bring out more vividly than ever the intensity of the dislike which the God of love has of the un-

lovely. This it does quite generally;—giving to all men an affecting proof that punishment must continue to be administered—that the wrath of the loving God cannot be quenched—till it has effected its loving purpose. This is all that it does. As to everything else, it leaves men where they would have been without it.

A momentous consequence follows. There is absolutely no security for any of the human race being ever beyond the reach of punishment; there is no security for the wrath of God ever being quenched in the case of any. Let me hold by the opinion, that the Atonement effects a real change in the position of those who submit to it; that it brings them out of the position of condemned criminals into the position of acquitted free-men, of adopted children—I can understand how, by a renovating process, and by a fatherly discipline continued here for a time, they are prepared for passing, ere long, into a world whence all that is unlovely is for ever excluded. But if I take up the author's view, I see nothing before any of us, even those of us who have owned a Son of God as freeing us from the yoke of the Evil Spirit,—those of us who have that knowledge of the Son which is eternal life,—except an indefinite prolongation of our present experience. For when, or how, are we ever finally to get rid of that ugly plague of self, with which the unselfish and loving God cannot but be angry? I confess when this result, not of the author's representation of the Atonement merely, but of his whole teaching in these Essays, began to flash upon my mind, I read almost with a shudder one of the fifteen conclusions relative to a future state to which he comes, and which he recites as final, in the Letter already quoted. He says "he feels it his duty," among other things, "*not* to deny God a right of using punishments at any time or anywhere for the reformation of his creatures" (p. 8). It was not the apparent questioning of God's right to punish for other ends

that startled me. But is it really meant, I asked myself, that there is never to be a time when,—that there is nowhere a place where,—the creatures of God are to be beyond the reach of punishment; so reinstated in the favour of their Father, and so restored to his likeness, that there shall be no occasion any more in their case for that which indicates his wrath against the unlovely,—nor indeed any possibility of it? And calling to mind the complete system of these most systematic Essays,—for so they are, whatever the author may profess,—I could not but perceive that the very same views, which hold out the prospect of ultimate deliverance from evil to all, absolutely preclude the certainty of complete deliverance for any.

This may be more intelligible to you if I ask you to follow me while I hastily sketch the substance of the remaining Essays.

It is not necessary to dwell on what the author says concerning the death and burial of Christ, his descent into hell, his resurrection and ascension, considered as parts of his mediatorial work,—his meritorious service and its reward. There is not much importance attached to them in that view. In fact, the chief anxiety of the author is to take all these events out of the category of what might be regarded as special and peculiar to Christ, and to make them part and parcel of our common human experience. The value of them to us is, that the Ruler and Lord of our spirits, the deepest root of our being—a Son of God, a Son of man—has tasted the death which we are to die, lain in the grave where our remains are to lie, visited whatever abyss of hideous vacancy might haunt the uneasy soul, proved the uninterrupted life of the entire man, and become invisible that he may be always, and especially in the Eucharist, really present with us. In such a discussion of these topics, much interesting sentiment could not but be expressed by

such a writer. It must be observed, however, that there is not only no mention made of any offices to be executed by Christ in connexion with our redemption after his death, but everything of the sort is virtually excluded. There is nothing like a sacerdotal ministry carried on in heaven—nothing at all analogous to the ministry of the high priest within the veil, the presenting of the offered sacrifice, and the making of intercession in connexion with it. There is no exaltation to rule and authority for the following out of the ends of his sacrifice. His ascension from Mount Olivet would really seem to mean nothing more than his disappearance out of the sight of the disciples at Emmaus. One would suppose him to be personally, in the body, as really on the earth, going in and out among us, as he was during the forty days that elapsed between his rising from the grave and his going up in the clouds to heaven. The use which is made of this idea for reconciling conflicting views of the Real Presence in the Eucharist is not a little ingenious;—although it may be doubted whether the Romanist will part with his actual eating of the body and blood of Christ in the wafer,—or the Protestant with his feeding on Christ by faith, in the Spirit and through the word,—for the notion of the Beloved of his soul being at his very side, while yet he may not see his face, or hear his voice, or touch even the hem of his garment.

But the more practical point for consideration at present, is the view given of these events in our Lord's history, as bearing upon the condition and prospects of men. It may be convenient here to depart a little from what might be the natural order; and, indeed, this is rendered necessary by the circumstance, that what the author says of the Resurrection in the eighth Essay, is closely connected with his more formal exposition of the Judgment-day in the twelfth.

The first thing, therefore, to be observed is, that there is

no general resurrection, and no final judgment. I do not argue these great topics here, nor do I go into the details of the author's reasoning. Of course he retains the words Resurrection and Judgment. But then he holds that every man's death is his resurrection. Death, according to him, is not the separation of soul and body; it is the entire man, soul and body together, rising out of the clay-cold form which we consign to the earth, not to be the seed and germ of a glorious body, but to be no more heard of for ever. Judgment, again, is not a trial,—a judicial process,—with a view to the pronouncing of final sentence, and the separating of men into two classes. It is merely an unveiling or uncovering, such as may be expected on our passing into a clearer light, disclosing and revealing to us, more and more, both God and ourselves.

Now see how this fits into what I pointed out as an inevitable conclusion from the author's doctrine of the Atonement. To all practical intents and purposes, the future state is to all alike absolutely nothing more than a continuation of the present. There is no day fixed,—nay, there is no prospect of a day,—when the most faithful followers of Christ shall be rewarded by their present chequered experience coming to an end; and a new era coming in, to introduce a new condition of life, with no more sorrow in it, and no more sin. Death is not such an era, nor the Resurrection, nor the Judgment. Nay, for anything I can see, when I come to undergo, and that for countless ages, the searching and relentless illumination of all above, around, within me, which awaits me as I shuffle off this mortal coil, never to be mine again,—I may have before me even an intenser, and still over intenser, struggle, with that unlovely selfishness which besets me now,—and a keener, far keener, sense of the wrath of my God against it! Ah me! is it

really come to this? Is my probation never to be ended? Am I never to enter into the joy of my Lord?

Perhaps the author might taunt me, as apparently he taunts Dr. Jelf, with "wanting that kind of security for the bliss of heaven which we want for our earthly possessions;" adding the quiet irony, "No saint in heaven has that bliss in fee; he never wishes so to have it; he holds it by continual dependence on a righteous and loving Being." True. But, nevertheless, I long to hold it by the same kind of security by which my Saviour holds it: and what is more, my Saviour tells me that I shall.

And now, with the Incarnation and Atonement in the past, on the one hand;—and the Judgment on the other hand, in the future;—the intermediate position of man may be ascertained. Two topics occur here, Justification and Regeneration.

As to Justification, it is scarcely necessary to say, after the sketch already submitted, that it has nothing in it of the nature of a forensic or judicial act. If there be nothing judicial in the Atonement, and nothing judicial in the Judgment, manifestly there can be nothing judicial in Justification. If God, in the Atonement, reckons as a Judge with his Son, as standing in the room and stead of guilty criminals—if, in the Judgment, he reckons as a Judge with all men, calling them to account and passing sentence according to their works,—then there may be keeping and consistency in our teaching, that when God justifies, he summons the offender before him, and looking upon him as one by faith with his own righteous Son, acquits and accepts him accordingly. Such a view, however, though in strict accordance with the Lutheran and Pauline doctrine, is repugnant to the whole spirit of the theology of this book. According to that theology, Justification cannot denote the

duction,—of a man into a new state, or a new relationship to the Supreme Being. It can be nothing more than the vindication or recognition of a state or relationship previously existing. And so it is. The resurrection of Christ is the justification of himself as the Son of God. And it is also the justification of all men, as thereby declared and proved to be sons. It is so, *ipso facto*, apart from any assent or consent on our part at all. Now it is true that Luther, following his great master, Paul, does connect the resurrection of Christ very closely with the justification of all who believe in him. The resurrection of Christ is his justification. In raising him from the dead the Father justifies him,—acknowledges him, not only as his Son, but as his righteous servant, who by the knowledge of himself is to justify many. His resurrection is the evidence of his meritorious obedience and vicarious sacrifice being accepted on behalf of the guilty. He was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification. Still our justification, on the footing of his resurrection—and, as it were, in terms of it—is a new act. The pardoning mercy,—the free, justifying grace,—is here. But, personally and individually, every man for himself, we must come in, or be brought in. And as we stand before the righteous Judge—the loving Father,—ourselves guilty, but united by the Spirit through faith to Christ,—united to him as raised from the dead for his righteousness' sake,—we have acceptance in the Beloved.

With Justification, Regeneration is intimately associated. Upon any system this is true. The view taken of Justification must always materially affect the idea formed of Regeneration. In the Essays there is an exact correspondence of the one to the other. Justification manifests a previously existing relationship; Regeneration apprehends, or realises it. The notion of a change of nature is not admitted. It affords scope for what, upon another subject might be relished as

pleasant raillery, about a new nature being superadded to the old, and the like grotesque fancies. But the new birth, as implying a renovation of man's moral nature,—and especially as implying that there is implanted in the heart a new seed, or principle, of godliness,—is unequivocally disowned. The name is retained, and the conversation with Nicodemus in the third chapter of the Gospel by John is expounded. But how? The second part of the conversation,—which speaks of the love of God to the world, as manifested in the sending of his only-begotten Son,—is taken, not as the necessary supplement or complement of the first part, which speaks of the nature and necessity of the new birth,—but as the full expression of what it teaches. Doubtless the second portion of this discourse forms the supplement or complement of the first part. The mistake lies in confounding or mixing up the two. The closing revelation made by our Lord to Nicodemus may be a key,—it is the key,—to his preliminary expostulation. But they must not be mixed up with one another. And the one must not be made the substitute for the other.

Keep the two parts distinct, and they wonderfully fit into one another. There is a work of the Spirit within me, giving my faculties of thought, feeling, conscience, and, above all, my will, an entirely new direction,—Godward, to use a good old word, and heavenward. There is presented to me by the same Spirit,—in Christ, in the Son of man lifted up,—a manifestation of the love of God, far beyond mere goodness—far beyond mere absolute love, with its attribute of wrath against the unlovely,—the manifestation of a love meeting the crisis of my guilt by the sacrifice of an only-begotten Son. They are separate; these two acts, or works. But they are simultaneous. Like the two gases under the electric spark, they meet. There is a flash of light;—and then a calm, pure river of water of life, clear as crystal,

proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb,—and making glad the city of God.

But if you confound them,—or if you put the one for the other,—you really make void both of them. There is no real change in my nature within me, if there is no real change in my relation without me. If the Gospel is to tell me, not that I must and that I may become what I am not;—but only that I ought to know what I already am;—there can be no occasion for any radical renovation or revolution in my moral being. All that is needed is that I shall be informed and persuaded: not that I must be converted, created anew. It is the call to accept a privilege never possessed, never possible, before;—a privilege which, however precious in itself, brings me too near to God, and places me too deeply under obligation to God to be agreeable to my suspicious and jealous soul;—it is this, and this alone, which makes palpable the necessity of my being made “willing in the day of the Lord’s power.”

Hitherto, following the Essays, I have spoken of Theology, or the Gospel of Christ, in its bearing upon men generally, simply as men to be redeemed, justified, regenerated; or as being actually redeemed, justified, regenerated. But any one, even ordinarily acquainted with theological method, knows that there is another view to be taken of the Gospel. It is to be viewed as, not merely meeting the wants of men, whether in the mass or individually, but as forming a society, based upon certain principles, and placed under certain rules. I refer, of course, to the doctrine of the Church a topic far too wide for full consideration now; on which however, I must at least indicate what I take to be the teaching of this book. There are three Essays bearing on this subject: those on Inspiration, on the Personality and Teaching of the Holy Spirit, and on the Unity of the Church. The connexion of the three appears to be this:—The Church

is informed by the teaching of Inspiration ; it is quickened by the indwelling of the Spirit ; and so, it is one.

1. Inspiration falls to be discussed in this connexion, as God's method of informing the Church—his manner of imparting knowledge. In this view, the Essay on Inspiration ought to have had for its title not Inspiration, but Revelation. That is the real question raised in it ; the question, I mean, —“ Is there, or is there not, given to the Church, an authoritative Revelation of the mind and will of God ? ” That is the question to be settled.

Very much of what the author says about the inspiration of deep, earnest thinkers,—as well as also what he says about the inspiration of creative genius in poetry and art,—may be admitted as true. Rapt sages, seers, singers, of every age and clime, have doubtless experienced, more or less consciously, the impulse and guidance of a power not their own ; a power which we need not hesitate to identify, as Milton did, with the fire that kindled Isaiah's bosom and opened his burning lips. In the pencil that could make the canvas glow with nature's brightest radiance, or sink far back into nature's remotest shade, or start into nature's busiest and wildest life, or calmly rest in the peace of nature's beautiful and awful death ;—in the chisel that could evoke out of cold marble, in living power and chastest purity, the ideals of nature's best and loveliest forms, till the dull matter all but speaks ; need we scruple to recognise the traces of the same Spirit of God, the same wisdom of heart, with which the Lord filled the men who were to cut the stones and carve the work of the Tabernacle ? By all means, let these and all other methods by which God may design to train his creatures to the love of the pure, the beautiful, the sublime, the holy, be appreciated and improved. Very possibly there is ground for charging the religious world, and religious men, with timidity and inconsistency in their attitude towards

Greek and Roman lore,—towards Greek and Roman poetry and art;—whether original, or revived and reproduced in modern efforts. There may have been too much vacillation between undue sensitiveness and scrupulosity on the one hand, and a tame acquiescence in usage on the other, under shelter of an unheeded protest. Certainly in these days the relation of Christianity to the products of science, taste, and genius, is a topic which cannot be evaded. And who so competent to deal with it as this author?—If only he would approach it with somewhat less of contempt for the not unnatural apprehensions and difficulties of serious minds:—and I must add also, with somewhat more of a knowledge of real human nature, among the average of the women of England, I dare to say, as well as of its boys and men (Essays, p. 278).

Still the question remains, Have we,—altogether distinct from these means by which God may partly train and teach those who make a wise use from them,—Have we, distinct from them in kind, a Revelation? Is the Bible an authoritative standard and rule of faith? Does God in the Bible make a communication to us,—exactly as one of us might make a communication to another,—by messengers sent at sundry times, and commissioned to speak in divers manners?

Nor are we here called to inquire into the nature of the inspiration granted, to one who has to convey a direct message from God, as distinct from the divine help which a man may have in the use of the common materials of thought and speculation. We are not even called to inquire whether the inspiration of the Bible is plenary and verbal, or not. Let it be first settled that we have, in the Bible, a collection of actual messages and communications from God to us; and we may then consider upon what principles they are to be interpreted. But the Bible is not, in these Essays, accepted as a revelation, in the true and proper meaning of that word.

It is indeed exalted to a high place, as being pre-eminently, and *par excellence*, the Book by means of which God discovers himself to us. It stands alone in that respect, and admits of no rival near its throne. Still the manner in which God discovers himself to us in the Bible, through the writings of prophets and apostles, is really not essentially different from the manner in which he discovers himself through the writings of other gifted men. The difference is a difference of measure or degree.

I may take the liberty of warning you whom I now address, against the attempt too often made to confound together these two questions of the Inspiration of Scripture, and its Divine authority. It is very easy to involve an inquirer in inextricable doubts as to the nature of the impulse or influence under which the authors of the Bible wrote; and as to the extent, to which it has secured the infallible accuracy of their thoughts, statements, and words. By a kind of sleight of hand, he is thus made to believe that it is the fact or doctrine of the Bible being an authoritative Revelation of God's will which is thus embarrassed. No two things can be more distinct. Satisfy yourself upon the point of the Bible being a communication from God; given by him with authority. Then, and then only, are you prepared to ascertain, from the Bible itself, what its inspiration really is.

And I may warn you also to beware of another controversial artifice,—a discreditable artifice,—which this author ought to have disclaimed. It is a precious old Puritan and Evangelical doctrine, that the same Spirit who superintended the composition of the Bible, is given to the humble reader of the Bible, that he may understand, believe, and profit by it. Can it be a mere mistake and stupid blunder, which makes the author represent these two offices as inconsistent? Are they not manifestly conspiring, not conflicting works? Are they not most beautifully coincident?

The author laments the cruelty to which the younger members of evangelical families are subjected (Essays, 340, 341). They are told that they cannot apprehend the truth and meaning of the Bible without a special inspiration of the Spirit in themselves, which as yet they have not. And then they are sent to satisfy themselves, by the study of a cumbrous external evidence, as to a complicated and incredible theory about the Bible being, down to its minutest jot and tittle, the handwriting of God, as directly and immediately as were the Ten Commandments on the tables of stone.

What amount of injudicious training there may be in evangelical, as in other families, I cannot tell. But how stands the fact, as to the doctrine actually held by our fathers;—as well as by us, who seek to teach it to our children? There, we say;—there is the Bible. The Holy Ghost was in the writing of it all through; he moved the holy men who spake in it; and he has left his own impress on every book, on every page of it. True, you cannot understand it without his teaching. He must himself give you understanding to understand the Scriptures, and open your hearts to receive them. The Father promises to give the Holy Spirit to you if you ask him. Search, then, the Scriptures, as writings which the Holy Spirit has prepared for you. Pray for the gift of the Holy Spirit to be with you, and in you. Search and pray in faith. You will not have long to wait. The bright glory of God shining forth everywhere, as the pervading characteristic of all the Bible, in all its parts; and your hearts in you being made willing unreservedly to accept and to do the will of God;—this glory of God in the Bible, and this owning of the will of God in your hearts,—these two meeting together;—you will know of a truth that the Bible is the Word of God, better and more surely than whole libraries of external evidences could teach you.

I ask your pardon for what may look too much like preaching. It seemed the shortest way of meeting a misrepresentation, and giving an idea of the doctrine of the divine self-evidencing power of the Gospel, as bound up with the doctrine of the necessity of divine teaching to apprehend it. For further study of both, I send you to John Owen. It will be a sad day for our country's theology, if the massive thinking of the old Puritan Chancellor of Oxford shall ever be displaced by more modern methods of grappling with the errors of Socinianism and Infidelity!

2. To constitute the society which the Gospel is designed to form, not only is information by the teaching of Inspiration provided,—but quickening or life also, by the indwelling of the Spirit. And the issue is the one universal Church. Here let it suffice to say that, practically, as between Evangelical divines and these Essays, the issue lies within small compass. • Is the Church a society, whether visible or not or partly visible and partly not,—is it a society distinct from the world,—distinct from the general mass of mankind? Is the work of the Holy Spirit in forming the Church a work of personal dealing with individual persons, one by one—with a view to separate them, by a process of conviction and conversion, from the world,—to change them from what they naturally are,—to make them a peculiar people? The separation may not be outward; there may be no leaving of old societies—no joining of any new one. But it may be not the less real on that account. The doctrine of the Essays would seem to be, that under the influence of a universal presence of the Holy Spirit, convincing the world of sin of righteousness, and of judgment, juster views of moral evil, of moral good, and of God's discrimination between the two, pervade society wherever Christianity prevails. Through the influence of that presence men are brought to know and feel, not what they need to be and may be, but

what they already are—sons, justified, regenerate. And as this process, not of conversion, but, as it were, of self-recognition, goes on, the Church is in course of being formed. In short, the Church is the world acknowledging its position in Christ; it is mankind become alive to the apprehension and realisation of the actual and universal redemption of humanity.

You perceive how completely and symmetrically the different parts of the author's theology in this book hang together. Throughout, there is a careful and consistent disavowal of anything being really done by God. The whole resolves itself into mere discovery on the part of God; outward or inward discovery as regards us; or both; but still discovery alone.

This comes out very strikingly in what was the last Essay in the first edition of the book—the Essay on the Trinity in Unity. That great mystery the author rightly holds to be the crowning and culminating point in theology; the resting-place of the inquirer; the home, as it were, of spiritual sacrifice and prayer. In one view, indeed, the doctrine of the Trinity may fitly be the beginning as well as the end of a right theological method. It will naturally be so, if there are separate acts or offices to be ascribed to the several Persons of the Godhead, and if these are to be considered as laying the foundation of spiritual experience. In that case, we can scarcely dispense with a dogmatic and formal statement of this truth, at the commencement of any summary we mean to give of God's ways of dealing with men. Even then, however, it will always be interesting to rise again, at the conclusion, into the high contemplation of the essential nature of God; and the wondrous manner of his subsistence as Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. For thus the ultimate and united glory of whatever is accomplished by the Persons of the Trinity, considered apart from one

another, may be ascribed to the one undivided Godhead, in whose infinite wisdom and love the whole plan had its origin and rise.

The theology of these Essays admits easily of the postponement of this doctrine of the Trinity to the close. In truth, according to that theology, the doctrine is really the result or product of a process of induction; opening up, one after another, the glorious Three in One. First, God is apprehended as being to us a Father. Next, it is felt that there must be one to be our champion—our deliverer from the Evil Spirit,—and that he must be the Son of that Father,—his Eternal Son. And then, there must be a Spirit, in whom the Father and the Son are one,—and who, proceeding from the Father and the Son, quickens men. As the Spirit of the Father, he quickens them to the confession that they are sons of God; and as the Spirit of the Son, to the confession that they are brethren. I shall not offer any remarks here on this exposition of the baptismal formula. I merely observe, in the first place, that the distinction of the Persons in the Trinity is chiefly viewed as a distinction of relationship; our belief in it being grounded on the original filial relationship in which we are supposed to stand, simply as creatures, to God as our Father; a relationship for which, unless it be in some very vague and figurative sense, I find no warrant, either in reason, or in conscience, or in Scripture; and, secondly, that while no distinct offices or works are ascribed to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost—while there is no distribution among them of the parts of any real and actual transaction—it may in the long run be found not a little difficult to guard any such representation of the Trinity,—based upon an almost exclusively subjective foundation,—from lapsing into Sabellianism;—and so becoming a mere threefold exhibition or manifestation of the one Person, the Father.

I come now to the concluding Essay, in which one would almost think that the author manifests some little irritation. He is like a man who has travelled a long road, with infinite pains, all the day; and who, as weary night closes, and he catches a glimpse of the hospitable mansion of rest, finds a heavy gate flung unceremoniously in his face, or a strong bar suddenly let fall across his path. But really he need not be so impatient. He might have foreseen this result all the time. And, in fact, he has had an eye to it. His previous Essays have thoroughly demolished the ground on which,—I say not the doctrine of unending retribution,—but any doctrine of retribution at all, can stand.

Hence, I really am not very careful to join issue with him on the subject of this last Essay. My issue with him would be, or rather has already been, on a higher and wider theme; the nature and character of the moral government of God. I stand for the authority of God as Judge, in the plain English meaning of the word judge. I stand for the authority of his law, and its sanctions; apart from which I see no hope for earth, no security against heaven itself becoming as hell. A theology without law,—law in the condemnation,—law in the atonement,—law in the justification,—law in the judgment,—is to me like the universal return of Chaos and old Night. But a few brief remarks may be allowed upon the Essay in question.

As to the word “eternal,” of which the author makes so much in his correspondence with Dr. Jelf—as well as in the concluding Essay in the second edition of his book, manifestly arising out of that correspondence,—I confess myself to have been not a little puzzled at first to make out what the exact bearing of his somewhat subtle criticism was meant to be. I am inclined to think, however, that it is, after all, a mare’s nest he has found. He will not hear of “eternal” signifying endless duration. Eternity is not

endless time. It is something positive. I believe he is substantially right. But I suspect that when any person or thing comes to have associated with him, or with it, the attribute of eternity, it will be extremely difficult to make out that endless duration is not necessarily implied. I will try to explain my meaning in one or two brief propositions.

I. The words "eternal" and "eternity" do not denote merely negative ideas: they are not negations of time, but assertions or affirmations of what is independent of time. Infinity or immensity, in spite of the negative form of the word, is not a negation of limited extension, but the assertion or affirmation of what is independent of limited extension, as eternity is of limited duration. Time, or limited duration, is in eternity as limited extension is in immensity. But no multiplication of limited durations—no prolonging of time either way, will make eternity: as, in like manner, no multiplication of limited extensions will make immensity. Call them laws of thought or real existences, as you please; or say that by necessary laws of thought—by the unalterable constitution of our mental nature, they imply eternal and infinite being. At all events they are positive, absolute realities—not notions reached by merely adding together an indefinite number of limited durations and limited extensions, or by imagining the removal of the limits on either side.

II. Whatever the word *eternal* qualifies, it removes altogether out of the category or region of time. Whatever is thus qualified, although it exists in time, is not any longer subject to the conditions or within the measures, of time. It does not grow, by progression or prolongation, from time on to eternity. It leaps, or is carried at a bound, clear out of time into eternity. When it is said, "He that believeth in the Son of God hath eternal life," the life which he has is still in time, for he who has it is in time. But the eternity

of it is not merely a lengthening out of the time. It may be called a quality, or it may be said to denote the quality, of the life spoken of. More properly speaking, it indicates what we may venture to call the region, or sphere, or essential nature of that life, as belonging to the category of the absolute, the fixed,—and not to the category of the relative, the mutable. The eternal life, therefore, which man, believing in the Son of God, receives, or has, is a life as fixed and absolute, as remote from the vicissitudes and as much beyond the measures of time, as is the life of God.

III. This life is in the Son, and he is the eternal Son, eternally begotten. In his correspondence with Dr. Jelf, the author more than once refers to the use which he has been accustomed to make, in his public teaching, of the idea of eternity, on which “his suggestions respecting punishment depend,” as a conclusive argument against Arianism. “In speaking of the doctrine of Arius, I have again and again explained to my pupils, that his errors arose from his mixing time with relations which had nothing to do with time.” (*Grounds*, &c. by Dr. Jelf, p. 19.) Again, speaking of Athanasius, he says: “He felt that Arius, in attributing notions derived from time to the only-begotten Son, was, in fact, bringing back the old divided Pagan worship.” Athanasius “asserted the *eternal* generation of the Son, not as a dry dogma, but as a living principle, in which every child and peasant was interested—certainly not understanding eternal to mean *endless*.” (Letter to Dr. Jelf, p. 9). The meaning would seem to be that, by calling the generation of the Son eternal, the relation implied in it was lifted above all notions derived from time;—and all inquiry as to the date of it consequently silenced.

IV. But whatever is the force and value of the word “eternal” when it qualifies the generation of the Son, as an argument against the Arians,—exactly the same is its force

and value, when it qualifies the life which a man believing in the Son receives, as an argument against the very idea of a date, or an end, or a change. Let the author be consistent with himself. He meets Arius, who assigns a beginning to the existence of the Son, by means of the word "eternal." Of course I know he does not mean that the word "eternal," as applied to the Son, denotes, merely—without beginning. It does not meet the Arian heresy directly. But what I ask is, Does it meet that heresy really and *bonâ fide*? If so, it must be because when eternity is predicated of the Son, or of the generation of the Son,—whatever else is to be understood, or whatever more,—it must, at all events, by implication deny that there was or could be any commencement of the Sonship. And so, when eternal life is given, it is life possessed of a quality or character to which the limits and laws of time do not apply. But, nevertheless, or rather on that very account, the possibility of change or end is excluded.

V. Now, I challenge the same principle of interpretation precisely for the opposite expressions—eternal death, eternal punishment, eternal fire. Eternity has a Son for the Father. Eternity has a life for those to whom the Son gives life in the knowledge of himself. Eternity has a death, a punishment, a fire, for those whom the Judge shall condemn. And whatever that punishment or fire may be, — whatever stripes, whatever horror of destruction from the presence of the Lord,—there must attach to whatever of evil has the character, or stamp of eternity affixed to it, in connexion with whatever persons may have it as their portion, the very same independence of the accidents of time—the very same exclusion of the possibility of change or end—which belongs to the Son as eternally begotten of the Father; and to the life which consists in the knowledge of the Son, and is, therefore, like the Son, eternal.

The plain truth is this: it is the author himself who should be the object of his own metaphysical scorn. It is the author himself who is for introducing the idea of time, with its changes, into the unbroken oneness of eternity. Grant that eternity is the very being of God. Then I hold, that whatever He marks out in his word as eternal, has in it the same quality of endurance with the being of God. And it will be very difficult to make Scripture say anything else than that the exercise of penal severity — the infliction of righteous retribution — has upon it this mark of God's own eternity.

But metaphysical subtleties, as well as minute and critical word-catching, may well be dispensed with, when so awful a theme is before us. They are especially out of place when they can serve no other purpose than that of clouding and obscuring what the author must know is the real point at issue.

On several accounts, I may be allowed to express my regret on account of the treatment which this book and its author have received. I have no right to sit in judgment on the proceedings of ecclesiastical or academic authorities in England, but I may form and express an opinion; and I have no hesitation in saying that I regard the summary ejection of Mr. Maurice from his offices in King's College as a calamity. Mr. Maurice, in one of his letters to Dr. Jelf, refers to some "Scotch Calvinists, heavily bowed with the yoke of the Westminster Confession," who "are turning to our forms, as witnesses of a Gospel to mankind which they are hindered from preaching" (p. 16). It is just possible that a recent case in Brighton may have been in his eye. I would only say, whether that be so or not, that if any process for censure, or deprivation of office, against Mr. Maurice had been conducted as that process was conducted. —and as we are accustomed to see such processes conducted

in Scotland ;—with some delay, yet with full publicity ; with all the regular formality of a carefully-drawn indictment, an examination of witnesses, and the fullest hearing of parties ;—considering the man, the church, the cause concerned ;—unspeakable good might have been effected ; a most valuable testimony for truth might have been borne ; and an exposure made, not of one isolated error, but of a systematic form of false doctrine,—such as England might have been the better for ages hence. For I must, with all deference to Principals, venture to make another remark. How any theologian could bring himself to discuss and condemn—or even to discuss—what Mr. Maurice says on the subject of future punishment, at the very close of his book, and almost by way of a mere appendix,* otherwise than in connexion with his whole previous teaching throughout all the Essays, passes my comprehension. I have not done so. I do not intend to do so. I recall your minds in a sentence or two to the actual state of the question, and leave you with a single observation thereafter.

What is our position here and now ? on this earth, and for the space of some threescore and ten years which we have to spend on the earth ? Are we unfallen creatures,—not guilty, depraved, condemned ;—tormented, no doubt, with a plague of self within, and sadly vexed and oppressed by an Evil Spirit of selfishness tyrannising over us ;—but still having near us and in us, as the root of our being, a Righteousness, a Redeemer, a strong Son of God, who has sounded the depths of all our experiences ;—and also a Spirit coming forth from the Father and the Son, to show us that we are all sons of God, and are all brethren ? Is this our present

* This remark applies particularly to the first edition of the Essays, which alone Dr. Jelf had before him, and in which the subject of the future state is not considered in a separate essay at all, but occupies merely a few pages at the end of the Essay on the Trinity.

state? And have we in prospect before us indefinite time, beyond death, in which, under a clearer light of discovery and revelation, the awful problem of God's will prevailing over ours, or our will resisting God's, may work out somehow its solution,—the loving Father's wrath against the unlovely burning son, in respect of all of us, and not quenched till its loving purpose is fulfilled? Or are we a race of respited criminals, over whom the righteous sentence of the holy and righteous God is suspended, that a dispensation of mercy may run its appointed and limited course? If this lost view of our present state is the true one (and Scripture must be read backwards or written over again,—nay, the universal conscience of mankind must be annihilated,—if it is not), then how sad a thing is it to let any vague and general reasonings of ours, about what we think should be the ultimate issues of things, interfere with the urgent work of persuading the guilty criminals, whose respite is so precarious, rather to embrace the offered mercy than remain under the old condemnation, aggravated as it must be by the fresh guilt of the rejected amnesty and mercy! Show me one hint in all the Bible of any offer of grace, or any opportunity of salvation, beyond the limits of this present life, and I will try to calculate chances for myself and my fellow-sinners. But if you cannot, stand aside, and I also will stand aside. Let us be still. And let God himself proclaim on Sinai the threatenings of law, and fill the air round Bethlehem with the soft song of peace. Above all, let him, in the cross of his own Son, reveal the inevitable certainty of retribution—the unsearchable riches of grace.

My closing observation is a practical one. I had intended to trace slightly the author's views, as developed in this book, to some of the sources whence they might have been, if they have not been, derived. There is little

or nothing that is really new in them. Mr. Maurice cannot be called an original writer as to matter, though his manner and style are fresh. He is not, probably, much acquainted with the literature of Protestant theology. If he is, it is the worse for his candour; for in that case his misrepresentations are inexcusable. He writes as if the field had never been gone over before, and as if he was making discoveries; never indicating any knowledge of the fact, that all his reasonings against the current orthodox and evangelical doctrines have been anticipated and answered over and over again. I might show the coincidence of his views as to the inward light with those of Barclay and the Friends; the extent of his obligation to Edward Irving and Thomas Erskine for his ideas of the Incarnation and Atonement; and the agreement of his opinions, on all the leading points of Christian doctrine, with those of ordinary Unitarians: with these two exceptions: that, under whatever limitations, they admit a resurrection, a judgment, and a future state of rewards and punishments; whilst, on the other hand, with whatever explanations, he asserts strongly the doctrine of the Trinity. But to return to my concluding remark;—

The heavy weight upon every thinking man's mind in connexion with this whole subject, is the sad and seemingly hopeless state of the vast multitudes, not in heathen lands only, but at our very doors, to whom there seems actually to be no opportunity given for escaping the wrath to come. How that weight should lie less oppressively on my mind if I embrace the author's view, than if I hold by the common belief of Christendom, I cannot understand;—unless I have a far clearer revelation than he can give me, of a more favourable condition of things, when life's fitful fever is over. Nor can I see any reason why men seeking to persuade their fellows to embrace an offered means of escape from coming

judgment, should be more violent or more ecstatic than those who have to tell them that they are in a wrong state, and that that state, while it lasts, is hell. But this I say,—If any man accepts the Gospel as a message of mercy for himself, and rejoices in his escape from liability to condemnation, and his present possession of eternal life in the knowledge of the Son of God,—he lies under an obligation not to be measured, to go everywhere among his fellows, that, knowing the terror of the Lord, he may persuade men. I say, moreover, that it will be foul guilt in him if he is not the foremost in every good work for rescuing society from ignorance, poverty, and crime. And I say, finally, that he has a weapon of power which none else can wield, when he has to tell of an all-sufficient Atonement, a free Justification, a full Salvation. I call upon the Evangelical Churches everywhere to arise and to do their duty in these perilous times. God expects it at their hands. “Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem. Shake thyself from the dust; arise and sit down, O Jerusalem; loose the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion!”

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